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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF

LADY SARAH LENNOX

First Edition . . . . *October*, 1901.
Reprinted . . . . . *November*, 1901.
Reprinted . . . . . *December*, 1901.
Reprinted . . . . . *January*, 1902.
Reprinted . . . . . *March*, 1902.

W. Hogarth, pinx.

Walker & Cockerell, ph. s.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
LADY SARAH LENNOX
1745–1826

DAUGHTER OF CHARLES, 2ND DUKE OF RICHMOND, AND SUCCESSIVELY THE WIFE OF SIR THOMAS CHARLES BUNBURY, BART., AND OF THE HON: GEORGE NAPIER; ALSO A SHORT POLITICAL SKETCH OF THE YEARS 1760 TO 1763 BY HENRY FOX, 1ST LORD HOLLAND

EDITED BY
THE COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER
AND
LORD STAVORDALE

WITH NUMEROUS PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAITS
VOLUME II

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1902

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES.

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CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY SARAH LENNOX, TOGETHER WITH OTHER LETTERS RELATING TO HER LIFE.

(*Continued.*)

Correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox, together with other Letters relating to her Life. (*Continued.*)

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Goodwood, 14 May, 1781.

Je crois que le diable se mêle de nos affaires, my dear Lady Susan, for nothing else could so completely *boulverser* both your mind & mine, so as to make us both act exactly contrary to all our former systems ; I can assure you I am very sorry to be forced to pay you the compliment so justly due to your good sense, & to take the consequent reflection on myself, as it's very evident that *what is contrary to great goodsense must border on folly:* but so it is, & my praises must flatter you, being extorted by truth from a mind very unwilling to see as you do now.

I never read so sensible a letter as yours, & it struck me the more because it is almost word for word the language my brother has been holding to me, & I cannot say more in your praise than to tell you you reason like him : I am perfectly sensible to all your objections & your just fears, & am very sorry you are put to such a tryal when it is not your *own* choice : for therein consists the only difference between your situation & mine, which I

have for some time intended to mention to you, but delay'd it till I was more certain of its taking place. You probably guess by this time that marriage is in question, & as you are totally unacquainted with everything relative to me, I must give you *my history* as shortly as I can. There was an officer in my brother George's Regt whose name is Napier,[1] a son of the late Ld Napier, & uncle to the present Ld N. He is a younger brother, of course has nothing. To mend his fortune he married in Minorca an officer's daughter as rich as himself, & having children their situation was not very easy. He is nephew to Genl Johnston, who married Ly Cecilia Johnston; so much for who he is.

My acquaintance with him began at Stoke 5 years ago; about 2 years ago he left the 25th Regt & went into the 80th, where he got a company which he raised. They were order'd to America. On his arrival at New York a terrible fever broke out, & he was so ill as to have his life dispaired of; however he went to Charlstown, & while he was there his poor wife died of a fever at New York, & one of his children. He came over here as soon as he could with one daughter of about 5 years old, which is the only child he has left. You would hardly believe, my dear Ly Susan, that a man who has had reason to know the distresses of poverty & the inconveniences of marriage, should choose to put himself in the same situation again, & you will think still worse of his sense for the choice he has made of me, for

[1] Colonel George Napier, eldest son of Francis, fifth Lord Napier, by his second wife, Henrietta, daughter of George Johnston, Esq., of Dublin. Colonel Napier's first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Captain Robert Pollock, by whom he had one surviving daughter, Louisa, who died in 1856.

most undoubtedly all things considered there is in all marriage 1,000 to one they will turn out ill, & in mine 10,000 to one against us ; but no one argument that has been urged to Mr Napier has had the least effect upon his determined purpose. He says he has known me long enough to judge of my character, that he has a peculiar turn of mind which prevents him being mortified about my character, that he don't marry me out of vanity to brag of my merits, but because he is convinced that my character & disposition, such as it is, suits his, & that if I love him he has not the least doubt of our being happy. He knows I *do* love him, & being certain of that he laughs at every objection that is started, for he says that loving me to the degree he does, he is quite sure never to repent marrying me, because he has so thoroughly considered over the evident objection to it ; that it is not a new thought, for that from the first moment he knew me he wondered nobody had thought of proposing to me ; that he was always exactly of the same opinion with respect to the world as he is now ; in short, nothing can be more firm, or, if you please to call it so, *obstinate* than he is in thinking that I can make him happy *en dépit de tout.*

As for me, my dear Ly Susan, my situation is easily understood. I have every advantage by living with my dearest brother that is possible to have, but the affection I have for Mr Napier, the gratitude I feel for his excess of partiallity to me, the pleasure of being so sincerely loved, & the hopes of that pleasantest of all societies, which a married person only can enjoy, tempts me to give up the present comfort for the future. My present life, tho' the most happy in a thousand respects, yet

has for these many years past been unpleasant in one respect: I have but very very few friends, & every one of them are by their different avocations drawn away from *my home;* being very much confined to it by my situation, it became absolutely necessary for my friends *to come to me* or give up seing me. The latter has proved the case; for 3 years past I have scarce seen my relations & none of my friends, & I have lived a more solitary life than ever. My spirits are not equal to that; however if *nothing* affected them I could have gone on for ever so, but when once my preserving the advantages of living with my brother were only to be purchased at the expense of making a man I love very unhappy, & depriving myself of his company, I confess I could no more have a doubt that it would be happier for me to marry. The only things that could counterballance such interesting motives were, first, the good of my dear child, secondly, the loss of my brother's friendship. You will easily believe, my dear Lady Susan, how my heart has been almost torn in pieces by the doubts my aprehensions caused me on these two points. I am sensible that Louisa loses *worldly* advantages in a small degree by the transition from her uncle's protection to being in Mr Napier's house, but it depends on her uncle to make that change very trifling, & in every essential point I am convinced it will turn out to her advantage from the good opinion I have of Mr N., whom I am certain will by his attention to her education enable me to give her a much more useful one than I could alone: for he has no other avocation than the cares of his family. My brother has ten thousand, so that I could derive much less advantage from living with

him than one can supose, considering how capable he is to advise, but it always was & always must be *general advice* from the little time he has to spare.

But altho' I am persuaded of this, it required much pains to persuade my friends of it, & I have not succeeded as I wished. My 2 sisters approve of it, Lady Albemarle the same, but my brother don't. He uses *your* arguments, & says, "Why change when you are well? You risk all, & may lose all," but he repeatedly assured me that it was only to save me distress that he was against it, but that he wished me to decide entirely for myself; that having so done, that he did not take it the least unkindly or as the least mark of ingratitude in me, & should never alter about me. At the same time he told me fairly he could not, nor would not *encourage* what he hoped would not happen, & therefore I must get those friends to protect me in it that saw it with other eyes than he did, that he would do nothing against it nor for it. I have met with the greatest kindness from all Mr Napier's relations, altho' it is undoubtedly a very bad match for him in every light; my small income is no more than the necessary expense which I bring with me, & the little income he had by his company, he has had affection enough for me to give it up, that is, to ask leave to sell out. I know but too well what a sacrifice this is, but there was no deceiving him or myself as to the impossibility of our being happy if he staid in the army, for I must have follow'd him to America or stayed at home; if I had gone, I must have taken Louisa at the risk of her health & the impropriety of such an education, or have left her behind me. He is to undertake the business

of an agent to the army: if he succeeds ever so tollerably in it I shall be content, provided that at my death I don't leave him worse off than I found him, & a very moderate income will answer that hope. To finish my history, I must tell you I have some hopes of seing my sister Louisa soon, & shall under her protection conclude my marriage, for I own to you that I think myself such an *old fool* to marry at all, that I have not the courage to take one single step about it, & as my brother don't, it will end in my quarrelling with Mr Napier, who says I have but one fault which is *delay*, but that it is so great a fault that it puts him out of all temper. He is very little acquainted with *the world*, & cannot comprehend why I am so excessively ashamed of taking any steps about it alone; however I really only wait for my sister's coming, & in the month of July at the furthest shall probably be settled *chez moi*, which *chez moi*, alas! is not my dear, beautiful house here, but will be some vile house *near* London, if not *in* London.

I am *illnatured* enough to take comfort to myself from your misfortune of living in London, since we shall meet so much by this means.[1] You say I know what London *was* & *will be* to you: I know it still better for myself, but my part is taken long ago upon that score, & the only advantage upon earth I have over you, is, that I can bend my disposition to *any* thing that is necessary, which you cannot. I admire your tough, *oaklike* mind, but I avail myself of my own weakness & at least take the good of it, since I have suffered by the bad of such a bending, pliant turn of mind. A

[1] Mr O'Brien was at this time working for the Bar.

retired life suits me very well in every respects & I will continue it in the midst of London, for I gave up the world upon sound and fair reasoning, & no temptation shall ever make me seek it again to the detriment of my dear Louisa's character: I am not a fit person to introduce her into the world, & I never will attempt it. I will not do, as I have often seen mothers do, make her innocence & pleasing ways a support for me by not letting her go without me into the world; at the same time I have the greatest dislike to letting her be like Fanny Wriothesly was, *at every body's service,* & to make the point as clear as possible to the world I will never appear with her in public myself, & *she shall never appear but with those very few near relations whose protection is so very advantageous to her.* I hope you think this is a good plan, for believe me, my dear Ly Susan, your opinion is one I hold very very high, both from your uncommon understanding & great knowledge of the world. This plan of retired life will I am sure answer best to me, but if you will give me leave to say my opinion about *you,* I think you ought to pursue a very different one yourself. You have no children to make you have an interesting occupation at home; reading & employment is *born* in the country, where it is so various, but in London it won't do, & Mr O'Brien's time will be so entirely taken up, you will have no resource but in society for which you are formed by nature. You & I shall never go again all bonneted up & hooded up in publick, & giggle & laugh at the ridiculous people we see, but I won't promise but that we shall laugh at them at home & have the more comfort, as by that means we shall not run the risk of being abused

as we have been, but enjoy our fun in a quiet way.

Give my compts to Mr O'Brien, & tell him that I wish him much better luck than I think he will have, but that I have not the conscience to blame him for doing as I do myself; we both play a deep game, I hope we shall not meet with ruin, but with happiness. God bless you, my dearest Ly Sue.

Ever most affectionately & truly yours,

SARAH LENNOX.

Lady Susan O'Brien to Lady Sarah Lennox.

May 19th, 1781.

MY DEAR LY SARAH,—You say in the 2nd page of yr letter that, "probably by that time I must guess marriage is in question." But indeed you are mistaken, & I shd have gone through twenty before the idea wd ever have occur'd to me. I hardly believed myself awake when I read, & consider'd yr letter. I perceive clearly by it that you are extremely in love, & of course everything will appear to you in a very delusive point of view; that is all I wish you to beware of. But that is what you will not be, as it is the very nature of passion to deceive; & I think the greatest excuse for a *young fool* more than an *old one*, is that the sentiments they feel for the first time they naturally think can never alter, an illusion any second passion must destroy.

I have no doubt the D. of Rd will always continue very kind and friendly to you, but by what you say it is clear he is extremely against your marrying, & may not the taking a step of such consequence, entirely contrary to his opinion, be a

cause of lessening his regard & esteem for you, & that alone will make you unhappy.

As to Miss Bunbury I sincerely hope she will not feel the change of yr situation, but I think you must be *sadly in love* not to see there is danger that she may: she will certainly only have a share of yr attention & affection of wch she now has the whole, & what is divided must be lessen'd.

Yr living so much at Goodwood has probably been a reason of the fondness the D. & Dss of Rd have for her; her being at a distance from them may diminish it, for we are all *animaux d'habitude*, & I conceive a great difference between being a very good uncle & shewing her what is call'd kindness & protection, and having ye sort of love & fancy I imagine him now to have for her. As to yr giving her a better education with Capt N.'s help, I look upon that as quite a deception, or in plain words *nonsense*. You are certainly very capable of giving her as good a one yrself as you need wish her to have, & I think he will reason much more justly, if he thinks you will procure a much better one for his daughter than he cd possibly obtain for her without you. I am sory, if you will marry, that it is a man of small fortune; it is an additional & never-ceasing little plague that goes on tormenting one incessantly, & neither time or habit, that lessens every other ill, has the least effect on this. It does not signify having the general idea of œconomy, or having made up one's mind to relinquish great expenses.

There is a perpetual little uneasiness occasion'd by the want of money; a little something which arises every day, & every day wants a fresh remedy, like the continued pricking of a pin, tho' no very

violent agony yet enough to make one's whole life uncomfortable. You may trust me on this subject, my experience is too good, and tho' Capt. N. may be used to live on a small income & œconomise, he will not like it a bit the better, for as I sd before in this case, *l'habitude n'y fait rien.*

Yr scheme of getting into the agency business is a very advantageous one if successful, but like all others attended with many difficultys. You cannot expect the luck of Calcraft, & it is a work of time to establish a reputation, & gain a confidence necessary to gain those appointments: however all this you know much more about than I do.

As to the approbation of yr 2 sisters, I am satisfied it is only because they think you are determined, & therefore wish everything to be done that can be for yr present satisfaction, & as much as possible to secure yr future happiness, but if they thought you wd be easy without it, I am very much persuaded they wd strongly advise you not to marry. As to Ly Albemarle's opinion I don't think it's of much consequence, & if it did not so well agree with yrs at present, I don't believe you wd. I wonder to find how much I have gone on writing, for when I began my letter I only intended to wish you happiness & not say a wd more. But I can't help feeling hurt at yr marrying again; there was a propriety in yr retreat, & a dignity annex'd to the idea of *one great passion*, tho' unfortunately placed, that gratified yr friends & silenced yr enemies. I have so often heard you praised & admired for not marrying again & giving up yr time to yr daughter, that I grieve that you shd change a plan, the only one in the world that perhaps cd thoroughly reinstate you in the good

Lady Sarah Bunbury,

from a mezzotint by E. Fisher.

opinion & esteem of everybody; but whatever you do, or wherever you are, believe, my dear Ly S, it is my most sincere & ardent wish that you may be as happy as the lot of humanity will allow.

For my part nothing has occur'd since I wrote, worth mentioning. Mr O'B. is still in London, & I am now at Melbury with my mother, & surrounded with oaks, but I assure you I have nothing of the *oaklike* disposition you imagine. I am become quite a willow & very often a weeping one, for my spirits are but low, & I can't form any scheme for this law situation that affords me any pleasure even in imagination. Adieu.

Affecly yours,
S. O'B.

What does the Dss say to all this? Does she laugh at you, & say it's all *mighty foolish?*

Lady Sarah married, on August 27, 1781, the Hon. George Napier, second son of Francis, fifth Baron Napier. He had married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of Captain Robert Pollock, who died in 1779, leaving one daughter, Louisa Mary, who died unmarried in 1856.

After her re-marriage, Lady Sarah gave up living at Halnaker, in Goodwood Park, where she had spent the last few years.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Mr. Conolly's, Whitechapel, Sept. 3rd, 1781.

My dearest Ly Susan,—I am quite angry at myself for having been so long delay'd writing, because your letter was so full of advice which I have not follow'd, & it is so common for people

that receive advice against their wishes to take it ill, that I might appear angry when indeed I am not the least so. I do not wonder that my marriage should appear imprudent to you, not only because in fact it is imprudent in a worldly light, but also because everything in this world may be seen in two very different lights, & situated as you are, you must have seen it *par les mauvais côtés*, for unless you had lived with me it's impossible for you to understand all the considerations which have induced me to think it *right*, exclusive of my own happiness, which I confess is very much concerned in it; but for Louisa's sake I am convinced I shall some time or other prove to you I could not do better. Indeed, my dear Lady Susan, there is nobody who allows more than I do for people differing in opinion on most subjects, & I am sure you must allow that marriage is one that allows of the greatest doubts, as no human wisdom ever could ascertain that a marriage would turn out well or ill, till experience proved it. Judge then if I can take your advice ill, & be convinced that my not following it don't make me the less obliged to you for it; and tho' it may be said that a woman that has been married but a week can be no judge of her future happiness, yet I will venture to be certain that if I am not so, it must be owing to some fault in my disposition or temper, because Mr Napier knows my character perfectly with all its imperfections, & has not married me without reflection, & being satisfied with me such as I am so far as to shew me such confidence & such dependence on my affection & faith, as a sensible man does when he chooses a wife, I do really think, *tout bien consideré*, it must be my own fault if I am

not as happy as he wishes to make me; & I have no doubt but that I shall continue so.

I was married at Goodwood parish church. Ly Albemarle was so good as to go with me; I chose the time of my brother being abroad (for he is at Spa) as best, because of his not being pleased with my marriage, which would have put him to some difficultys about it, & he has been so very kind to me that there is no attention I can pay him too great. He is so good as to do me justice, in saying he is satisfied with my conduct throughout the whole of this affair, in which I have proved that my affection and defference to him went as far as he could wish it to do; he says that since he could not convince my reason, he would not have me blindly follow his advice, but be guided by my own opinion.

Louisa behaves like a little angel on this occasion, & makes all who know her love her ten times better; she would be silly or unfeeling if it was a matter of perfect indifference to her, she would be prejudiced if she set herself against it, but she is affectionate & sensible, & so she keeps herself in a kind of doubt wishing to see everything in the pleasantest light, but prudent enough to take no decided opinion till she sees what her situation is to be; in short, she is just what she should be.

I beg my best compts to Mr O'Brien, who I supose is with you now; I hope he finds his scheme succeed. By the bye, my br bid me tell you that he is sorry to be of your opinion on that subject, but wishes him success very sincerely, & if you come to town he will do himself the pleasure of waiting on you. He also bid me tell you that *when Mr O'Brien was Lord Chancelor* & not before, he would

make a demand upon him for £100 you owe him for marrying; so pray give him notice. Adieu, my dear Lady Susan.

Believe me ever most affectionately yours,

SARAH NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

May 29th, 1782.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—You desired me to let you know how I did, & I am sure I could not find a more proper time than this to tell you that I am very well in spite of the influenza, for *so general* an illness has never been known here in the memory of man. I have never heard for certain that it was fatal to anybody, but it's horrid troublesome, for I, who have had it in the slightest degree, have a violent cold & some fever; but all billious people are very bad with it, Mr Napier has kept his bed, Louisa was bad, & our servants are all ill.

I hope to hear from you that it has not reached the country, but if it does, you must get rid of it by sweating or gentle phisic, & drink wine, for it's of the putrid kind.

I have not a word to say of *private* politicks, for I have not *seen* a Minister since you went. Ld Pembroke has got the Governt of Portsmouth, but my brother George keeps the command of the camp this year as Lord Pem. don't go. They have given Col. Hales Moncton's Regiment & rank to Ld Effingham, who you know *resigned* some years past. Military folks take notice that this Ministry can act by *favor* as well as the last.[1]

[1] On February 22, 1782, General Conway brought a motion to discontinue the war in America, which was only lost by one vote, and a week later the Government found themselves in a minority of

We are all grieved at Piggot's being gone before the great news came, for it is most provoking to stop a lucky man in his career of victory;[1] but as Ld Keppel had wrote himself with the greatest gentleness to Rodney, & that all means have been taken to recall Piggot in vain, we hope that all will go right & that nothing but newspapers will scold.

Mr Napier begs his best compts to you both. I won't make you pay more for my stupid letter by putting it in a cover, so adieu.

Ever yours,
S. N.

Ly Howe is so well she goes to the Birthday.

nineteen. On March 20, Lord North, finding it impossible to continue in office, declared his Government at an end. Lord Shelburne was at once approached to form a Ministry, but he refused. The other Whig party was the King's only alternative. Lord Rockingham accepted the task, and formed an administration which included both sections of Whigs. The principal posts were as follows: Lord Rockingham, First Lord of the Treasury; Lord Shelburne and Mr Fox, Secretaries of State; Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Duke of Grafton, Privy Seal; Earl Camden, President of the Council; Admiral Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty; and Lord Thurlow retained his post of Lord Chancellor.

[1] On April 11, Sir George Rodney signally defeated the French fleet off Guadeloupe. The latter had been dispatched under the Comte de Grasse to join the Spanish fleet in the West Indies, and capture Jamaica. Rodney, on hearing of his approach, at once determined to prevent their junction, and although the French fleet was much superior to his own, both in men and guns, attacked them, and by a manœuvre, which was then attempted for the first time, divided the French fleet in two, and enveloping one half with his whole fleet succeeded in capturing or sinking six ships of the line, including De Grasse's flagship. The French admiral was himself among the prisoners.

Before the news of the glorious victory reached England, Admiral Piggot had been dispatched to supersede Rodney. This caused much dissatisfaction in the country, but it was too late to recall Piggot, and Rodney was rewarded for his services by a peerage and pension.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

July 6th, 1782.

DEAR LY SUSAN,—I am not brought to bed, but so near it that to write is really a great fatigue to me, but yet I am determined to answer your letter as well as these strange times will permit.

Immediately on Ld R.'s death[1] the King told Ld Shelburne he should place him as Premier, & the King then told it to my br, who was neither surprised or displeased at it for his *own* sake, as he desires no more than to have good measures pursued, & while Lord S. does that it's sufficient: but he foresaw others would not be pleased & so it proved. C. Fox flew out into a violent passion & resign'd. Ld John Cavendish has resign'd. It's *reported* the Burks are *turned* out by Lord Shelburne, but I believe that it's premature. All that can be known for *certain* yet I heard this moment from the Dss of Richmond, viz, my br has been these 3 days negotiating between Lord Shelburne & the angry parties to settle matters, he has talk'd his voice quite away & sunk his spirits & health, & nothing is yet fixed. Ld Keppel has not determined what he will do; nothing is determined but Charles'

[1] Lord Rockingham died on July 1.

The chief changes which ensued on Lord Shelburne's acceptance of the post of First Lord of the Treasury were as follows:—Lord Grantham and Mr T. Townshend became Secretaries of State; Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Colonel Barré, Paymaster, in place of Burke; and Lord Temple, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in place of the Duke of Portland. The Duke of Richmond retained his post of Master-General of the Ordnance. Fox, Cavendish, and the others who retired with them, were much abused for so doing by their former colleagues, and from this dates the political antagonism of Fox and Pitt. The latter openly accused Fox in the House of being more at variance with men than with measures.

violence. My br says that as long as Lord Shelburne does right *he* thinks it very wrong to oppose him; that suspicion is unfair when there is no appearance of wrong; that it's time enough to oppose him when he does wrong. This is the present state of polliticks; settle it as you can, for it's beyond all of us in this town.

Ever yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

July 9, 1782.

My dearest Ly Susan,—Charles is mad, & ruining himself I fear to all intents & purposes. It *is said* that there is to-night a meeting of 36 members & lords at Ld Fitzwilliam's, all *violent* & vowing opposition; if this is *true* they will have force enough to do double mischief but not to *crush* Ld Shelburne, whose cards they are playing by giving him the fairest opportunity to court popular favor, by opposing good measure & fairness to violence, insted of sticking to him like leeches as they ought to have done & preventing his doing mischief.

I saw Charles in the H. yesterday; he told me he feared my br & he *must quarrell*, & he shew'd a violence that provoked me. Now mind my brother's conduct. He says, "Ld Shelburne *may be false, ambitious*, & *cunning;* well, but what then? He finds it his interest to carry good measures into execution, & shall I thwart him in that out of dislike to the man? Shall I oppose them *before* he acts wrong? Shall I stop all negotiations, all that is for the country, to indulge a dislike to a man that promises to carry the 3 great points I wish into execution, viz, peace, œconnomy, & an equal Parlt.

No, certainly my duty is to support *good measures;* if he fails in them, my duty is to quit him instantly, but not till then." So much for himself. As to Charles, my br takes his part with the King, tells him that Charles has been ill-used & must have allowances made for his anger; he tells the King it was a very *unwise* measure to put a man so hated as Ld Shelburne at the head, but that upon the *foregoing* grounds he will support him & try to bring the others to do the same. He has *talked*, & been *patient*, & tried all sorts of persuasions to inspire them with *true love of their country*, but poor dear Charles is so surrounded with flatterers that tempt him to think *he alone* can overset the whole fabric, that it's in vain to talk, & to-morrow I believe it will all come out. Adieu. God bless you & mend the times.

Yours,
S. N.

10th July, 11 o'clock at night.

The House is still sitting, but this is the *scrap* of acct I heard of it. Charles made a fine speech but not conclusive, he *abused nobody* & only threw little hints out upon Genl Conway, but not against my brother, *thank God.*

I saw old Ld George Cavendish this morning, & find that it is not *Charles* alone that is violent; all the Cavendishs, all the Rockinghams all agree & lament my brother's being *imposed upon*. In short, it is hard to say who has acted the wiser part, but, thank God, my brother is allow'd by all to have acted a most upright, disinterested part; if it turns out well or ill is another question. Ld G. C. told me that Lord Shelburne used to say to Lord F.

Cavendish & Charles, "I have been with the King & I am not at liberty to tell the particulars, but you will find everything settled in the most satisfactory manner." This he said on all occasions.

You see what a difficulty the opposers lay under. Ld G. C. says it's like a famous bully he heard of, who used to say to people, "Sir, you are to supose I have thrown this glass of wine in your face," & then drank it very quietly. Ld S. has given them to understand he wishes to throw it in their face, but he keeps so aloof from doing so, that all that *can be said against him is all to be answered by one word*,—"You are mistaken, Ld Shelburne does exactly as you all wished, he has not altered a measure since you were all joined with him."

It is a most uphill task for them, & I have no idea how they will get through with it. Much depends I fancy on the news from Ld Howe, which is nearly expected; if he beat the combined fleets, we may quarrell & do well. If he is beat, it don't signify what we do.

Adieu once more.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

London, 8th of August, 1782.

My dear Ly Susan,—I have been three weeks in hourly expectation of being confined, have been very uneasy, & very *cross* as you may guess at not getting over this tiresome business; however they assure me I am to be so well in consequence of waiting that I comfort myself a little.

I have little to tell you of politicks; I think they keep very quiet for the present. Ld Howe is come in to take water & as many ships as he can get,

which the Jamaica fleet's return will help a good deal; Henry Fitzgerald, who came in it from thence, says he imagines the recall of Rodney will hardly be credited, so great is his favor there. The Comte de Grasse is here, & *fort fêté* by gentlefolks & mob too, for they doat on him for being *big*, & their vanity increases by every inch of his size I believe. He is mighty well pleased with their huzzas, but is going to take his tryal at Paris, where I *fear* he won't come off so well, poor man.

You see how cavalierly the Americans treat us: *Dieu sait ce qui en arrivera.*

The Irish are disposed to discontent upon losing the D. of Portland, who by all accounts was more exactly the thing for them than any man. Ld Temple[1] won't do there, *I believe*, from many little things I have heard; but as Charles says, "There is one good thing that belongs to Ld Temple, which is his wife." Time will shew, but so far is certain Ld Nugent[2] has got about him, & he is very well inclined to go on in the old beaten track of dirty jobbs. I saw Charles one day, but know nothing of his politicks; I supose he waits for *time* to justify his prudence to the eyes of the world. I confess I am & shall long be in the dark about it, for it is *impossible* for anybody to foresee events, let them be ever so wise, & I cannot submit my faith implicitly to the forecast of either my brother or nephew, each being liable to err in judgement;

[1] George, second Earl Temple, succeeded his uncle in 1779. He married, in 1775, Mary, only daughter and heir of Robert, Earl Nugent. In 1784 he was created Marquis of Buckingham, and was twice Viceroy of Ireland, viz. in 1782 and 1787. He died in 1813, at the age of sixty.

[2] Robert Nugent was created Viscount Clare in 1767, and Earl Nugent in 1776. He died in 1788.

I have at least the pleasure to think both act right in following their ideas of *right*.

Mr Napier & Louisa beg their compts to you & to Mr O'Brien, to whom I beg mine. We were told he had been ill, but I conclude he is well again, or I should have heard of you. Pray if you see Ly Harriet Ackland tell her that there is a Captain Symondson come from America that *raves* of *her*. He is a great friend of Mr Napier's & a most pleasing, *odd* man, but very friendly about those he loves, & she is his first & greatest favourite; he has sold out from bad circumstances, & I am very sorry to say I don't foresee any prospect of amendment in his fortune.

The *beau-monde* goes on much as usual. The few that remain in town go down to Windsor to keep up the ball as well as they can. Ly Melbourne loves her son so much that she goes twice a week to see him at the Christopher at Eaton, where she & Ld Melbourne[1] give a dinner which the Prince of W. honours with his presence; he sups at Mr Delmé's most nights after the King & Queen leave the terrass, & he calls upon Mrs Armsted[2] every morning, romps with the Miss Cheshires in an evening.

My nephew Charles Lennox has had a bad blow with a tennis ball at Portsmouth that alarm'd us much for a short time, but he is quite well again. My brother is at Portsmouth about fortifications; I believe Genl Conway has *bit* him with that rage,

[1] Sir Peniston Lamb, created Lord Melbourne in 1770, married, in 1769, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke. He died in 1828, when he was succeeded by his second son, William, afterwards First Lord of the Treasury. His eldest son, here mentioned, died in 1805.

[2] Mrs. Armstead afterwards married Charles Fox in 1794.

& I am sorry for it. The Genl himself is much complain'd of for inattention to officers; I perceive he is most *bitter* against Charles, for my br is very candid about him & kind to him.

Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan.

I am yours most affecly,

S. N.

On August 10th, 1782, Lady Sarah Napier's eldest son was born, who was christened Charles James, and became the famous General Sir Charles Napier, conqueror of Scinde, etc.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

London, 11th September, 1782.

I am very well able, my dear Ly Susan, to give you my thanks for your kind anxiety about my health, as I am perfectly recovered, all to being a little weak & nervous, but the latter was a complaint which having a brat to provide for (without much hopes of doing it) is not likely to cure; *mais au reste je suis enchantée de mon fils.* It is a very healthy, strong child, & promises very well to make his way in the world as well as his neighbours, poor little soul! Louisa is doatingly fond of it, which you may guess is a very pleasant circumstance, for as I am not one of those who know how to nurse & make a fuss with a little child, she is always pressing me to attend more to it, & wondering how I can be so little taken up with it, which you see entirely precludes all idea of jealousy, a passion which happily for her she is not disposed to have, but which you know people are but too apt to create in young minds where it would never have come of itself.

The town is perfectly empty, & not the worse for it, as the solitude one lives in gives an idea of a country life. Our affairs are much as you left them, excepting in one respect, which is that Mr Napier (who is by nature a very active person in what he undertakes) has gained my brother's praises very much for his great attention to his place;[1] in consequence of which my brother has given him a great deal more to do, & *some* additional pay.[2] Indeed I believe that if either of them could be tempted to do what many others do & give or receive *perquisites*, nothing would be so easy as to have an excellent place, but if my brother should ever be seduced to give up this point by keeping such vile company as Ministers, Mr Napier, who has not the same excuse for *degenerating* or rather *bending to the times*, would not take anything upon the score of perquisites. *Therefore* his place will never exceed £300 a year, which being at the best a most uncertain income, & requiring such close attendance that he must not quit London for one week even, makes it *pas grande chose.*

Your account of Ld W. & his charter is charming; the more *vile* things he does the better, as it's the best chance to enrage everybody against him & reunite all old friends.

I hear Charles saunters about the streets, & brags that he has not taken a pen in hand since he was out of place. *Pour se désennuyer* he *lives* with Mrs Robinson,[3] goes to Sadler's Wells with her, & is all

[1] Captain Napier was superintendent of the Woolwich Laboratory; in which capacity he was instrumental in introducing important improvements in the manufacture of gunpowder.

[2] The Duke of Richmond was Master-General of the Ordnance.

[3] An actress. She is better known as "Perdita," that being the character in which she captivated George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.). She died in 1800.

day figuring away with her. I long to tell him he does it to show that he is superior to Alcibiades, for *his* courtezan forsook him when he was unfortunate, and Mrs Robinson takes *him* up. I don't know what to say of his popularity, I fear he neglects it; time will show. I am just now fretting at the change of the wind, & if you have any charity I shall see it by your writing me word the *moment* you hear our immense fleet is safe out of the Channel; I hear there are, with all the various ships attending, near 300 sail! God send it safe out, & a glorious return!

My brother has been bit, not by a dog but by a general, for Mr Conway has made him fortification mad, & *my polliticks* teach me to think he is doing very foolishly in every light; I am afraid his wits are in mortar, or he would see he had much better sharpen them more for the keen tricks they are to encounter. Security is dangerous to genls in the field, why not in the closet too?

Mr Napier & Louisa beg their compts to you & Mr O'Brien; Louisa has had a sad cough, but is quite well again. Adieu, dear Ly Susan.

Ever most truly yours,

S. N.

Pray read a novel called "Cecilia."

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Purfleet, Jan. 28, 1783.

My dear Ly Susan,—If I was to con over all sorts of pretty excuses for my abominable neglect in not writing to you, I never could learn *a good one*, therefore *pray forgive it;* that is all I have the face to say. But to shew you it was not all idleness, I

must tell you that I have been taken up with my little Charles who was very ill with his teeth; then with my brother, who was very ill too, & the Dss being out of town I was all day nursing him. Louisa has had something of illness too, & besides this we come out of town every now & then to this place, which is called Purfleet, & is a magazine of gunpowder, which Mr Napier proves thousands of barrells of, & L. & I walk about to *revive* us a little with country air. It is so retired that I can give you no news from it but what I hear by letter; however, as it is to me very interesting, I tell you that I find that my brother has given up the Cabinet, & says he will never go into one again: but he is still doubtful about the Ordnance. From this speech *I guess* that it is not Ld S. who is the offender, but *one* who will not be *turned out* of *any Cabinet*, & whose influence I supose has made it so unpleasant to my brother; & I also conclude that my brother shams a *doubt* about the Ordnance that he may keep it one year longer, so as to be able to bring in his accounts & new regulations *as clear as the sun.* For you may guess that to give it up now would be worse than the story of the *bear & the fiddle, that broke off in the middle;* for much use may be made by ennemies of unfinished scheemes. By the bye, I have reason to think (all prejudice apart) that his new regulations are *excellent, just, humane,* & oeconomical in the end, tho' at first they sound great on account of the increase of salaries which are given to save cheating. Of course you know that time & experience alone can prove the use of them. I wish he may do so for one year, & then give it up without having received a farthing himself, which *entre nous* I believe will be the case.

I shall be in London next week & will let you know all I hear; as I have no frank nor no news now I will only tell you that I hear that the peace is far from a disgraceful peace.

Ever yours most affecly,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

London, Febry 19th, 1783.

My dear Ly Susan,—That I have a thick head is no news, but *so very* stupid as to direct my letter to you *at* your brother's, is really past my own comprehension, but it's the atmosphere of London, I believe, that quite takes away the *peu de bon sens dont j'étois douée.* Mr O'Brien is such a will-o'-the-wisp that it is not my fault I never saw him, for before I scarce knew of him being in town each time he was gone again, otherwise we wished much to ask him to a family dinner; if he comes again, I beg he will let me know of it in better time.

I have had the pleasure of seeing Ly Lucy, from whose servant I got your letter & packet of necklaces; pray make my most sincere thanks to Mrs Melliar for her kind present which I accept most gratefully. My phisical friend, of whom of course you may guess that I consulted, says he has no idea of its doing the least harm & may very possibly do good: he suposes it hemlock. My little Charles wears them, & tho' he is perfectly well, yet as he begins to shew signs of another tooth we shall see its effects.

My dear Ly Susan, what say you to polliticks, I believe that chaos was quite a joke to present times.[1] *My news* is that *nothing* is *certain*, altho'

[1] On February 17 the Government were defeated after a long

hasty people have already appointed Charles First Minister. I find Ld North has not yet taken a *very* decided part, so all hangs on that point; but in all probability Ld Shelburne will march, for *his* friends say, "He ought in honour to resign as he has been betray'd." That's a handsome way of going out you know.

I won't name my brother's politicks to you because I really do not understand them, but in my poor opinion he wants to *spin* sentiment, which does mighty well in *love* but not in *politicks*, & he will try to be so very right that he will be *very wrong*. Lord Carlisle has acted a very noble part in my mind; Genl Conway I hear *clings* to the *bâton*, & is not likely to have it wrenched from him by fair words or foul.

Mr Pitt is vastly blamed for his arrogance, & yet

debate in the House of Commons on an amendment, condemnatory of the terms of peace, moved by Lord North, who carried it by 224 to 208. This was followed by resolutions moved on February 21, that the concessions made to the enemy were unnecessarily liberal, which were carried by a majority of 17. Lord Shelburne at once resigned.

The defeat of Lord Shelburne's Ministry in Parliament, and his subsequent resignation were the outcome of a coalition between the Rockingham Whigs and Lord North's party. When Fox and his friends resigned after Lord Rockingham's death, they at once threw themselves violently into opposition, and carried the bitterness they felt against their late colleagues to such a pitch that, utterly regardless of consistency with their former views on the American question, so frequently and vehemently expressed, they joined with Lord North, and adopted his views in condemning the terms of the proposed peace as being too favourable to the enemies of England. The king, thinking that he foresaw the entire destruction, by what was virtually a Ministry of the Old Whigs, of his long-cherished scheme to preserve intact the power of the Crown, made every effort to avoid that combination. It was not till he had exhausted all his resources that he consented to receive the coalition. On April 2 the construction of the new Ministry was announced. The Duke of Portland became First Lord of the Treasury; Fox and North, Secretaries of State; Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Carlisle, Lord Privy Seal; and Viscount Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty.

he was frightened out of his witts on Monday; I believe he is not yet hardened to a Minister's place.

When I hear anything for certain you shall hear it.

Ever yours most truly,

SARAH NAPIER.

P.S.—I have this moment had a visit from my brother who talked politicks to me very freely. As to the *chaos*, he agrees with the idea I had formed of it, viz, that nothing which may arrise out of it can surprise him, whether Lord Shel. stays in, or Charles is Minister, or any one thing, in short, that can be named, is all possible *now*. As to himself he told me that he confessed he was distressed with his situation. This opening allow'd me to say to him that it was a pity he had not given his place up the instant he left the Cabinet and to ask him why.

His answer was, "It may seem very vain to say I think I can be of service in the Ordnance, & yet no man ought to take a place if he is not of opinion he is fit for it. I own I think I am. I have begun great changes, I meant them for the good of my country & not for my own emolument. If I forsake my plan for fear of being abused for avarice, which I know I don't deserve, is it not forsaking all the good I proposed to do?"

"Yes, brother, I see your reason in a very laudable light, but what does very well between you & I won't do in politicks. *Great features* are necessary to support your character, not to spin fine thoughts. How long will it take you to finish your business? Perhaps a year. Well all that time you lie under the imputation of avarice in some

sets, & tho' your friends can easily clear you of that, the answer is, 'Well, well, the D. of Rd may not want money, but he wants power, patronage, or something; your great patriot loves a place as well as his neighbours.'" "It's very true, Sarah, I see all that very clearly, & therefore I am distressed, but still I think I ought to keep it, unless I meet with stronger reasons to oppose it." Now, my dear Ly Susan, there is much to be said in my brother's favor, particularly as he is determined not to join Ld North in any case whatever. I see he is a little come off of his friend Lord Shelburne, but still he approves of him in *general* tho' not in *retail:* but he looks on it as disgraceful to join a man whom he blamed for so many years as he did Ld North. He blames Charles for it very much, & says it will be for a *time* only, as Ld North will only make use of Charles & then discard him. He tells me too that numbers of country gentlemen have forsaken Charles for joining Ld North.

Dieu sait ce qui en arrivera; en attendant, je suis assez amusée du fracas.

My best respects attend Lys Ilchester, both senior & junior.

P.S.—My br denies that Ld S. sent offers to Ld North, but avows his sending great offers to the D. of Portland & Charles, which they rejected.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Febry 25th, 1783.

My dear Ly Susan,—Notice was to be given this day in the House that it would adjourn for a week in order to give time to form a new Administration, so *adio* Ld Shelburne. I have heard

nothing of the new Administration, for the chaos is not yet cleared. The D. of P. will *probably* be Premier, Charles Secry of State, *if* Ld North insists on being C. of the Exchequer, & in *that* case my br don't join *I believe* (*mais il ne faut jurer de rien*); but if Ld N. consents to let his son & friends proffit of the loaves & fishes, & keeps out himself, I should guess my brother would join them, & Charles be C. of the E.; but it's all surmise except Ld Shelburne quitting, which is *certain.*

I suppose Lord Holland's ghost haunts him in the shape of Charles Fox, for nothing but a supernatural *power* could I think make Charles the *guide* of Administration, in spight of all the pains he takes to *marr* the genius that Providence gave him. I am so far from thinking he seeks greatness, that I am sure greatness pursues him into gaming houses etc. etc., & since the Fates have decreed him to be Minister, can he avoid it? You will see he will never keep it, but it will always come back to him.

Ld Carmarthen & Ld Mountstuard have resigned their ambassadorships to-day. I won't write to you any more this week, for I daresay I shall hear nothing but lies till it is finally settled, & then the papers will tell it you more clearly.

I am most truly & affecly yours,

S. NAPIER.

This is my birthday. I am 38, & I see nothing "new under the sun," except that till I was past 36 I find I never knew what *real happiness* was, which from my marriage with Mr Napier till now is much greater than I had any idea of as existing in human life, & it is no small satisfaction to be able to say *that* at 38, as at least it secures that happiness from

Colonel The Hon. George Napier.

all the dangers of change, in consequence of youth's flying away; indeed if I am to judge from the *present* of the *future*, nothing can ever diminish my domestick comfort & happiness but illness or death, for you know I mind poverty as little as anybody.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

March 25th, 1783.

I had not the heart to write to you, my dear Ly Susan, when every hour made my news a lie; now that something is settled, however bad that something may turn out, it is possible to talk of the Administration because it seems that there *is one* at last. I am tired to death of conjectures & wondering, & have nothing more to say on the present occasion than that Mr Pitt is *young*, but as Ld Shelburne is only behind the curtain I presume the *same* Adn will go on in the *same* manner. I am quite ignorant of my br's intentions, so pray don't ask me any questions about him, for by what reasoning he can prove that he is of service to his country by being on the opposite side to the Whigs, & by belonging to an Adn with which he don't act in the Cabinet, is vastly beyond my comprehension. It is one of the mysteries of politicks that I don't the least understand, & in my poor judgment I should think there was but two ways, either to join Ld North if he thinks it tends to the good of the country in the end, or if he thinks not, to leave town entirely & retire to Goodwood. But I supose he thinks otherwise. Mr Conway has at *my request* (not my brother's) given Mr N. a captain's commission in the 100th Regt. It is a *step*, but if it don't lead to something better soon it will by no means answer

my intention in asking it, for however secure peace may be supposed to be, I wish him back into the Guards; for while a man belongs to the *young Regts* he is always at the mercy of the whims of Ministers, & in the Guards a man is never ordered out but on *real service.* The 100th Regt is in the East Indies & is coming home, *therefore* Mr N. don't go to *meet* it, but should a whim take Mr Conway to leave them there, then he of course will go, & I shall *certainly* go too, bag & baggage. You may easily guess such an idea is not a very cheerful companion for us, but it's not our fault; if my friends won't get us a better *berth* we must take up with that, tho' I confess I shall think it a little *hard,* that having such connections in the 2 last Ministries, it ends, after one year in sending my husband to the East Indies a captain! Because he has served sufficiently to give him a claim to a lieucy in the Guards, which is all I ever asked of my brother, but in vain.

My family are all very well. I have got Mr Napier's daughter home, she is a very fine child of 7 years old, very sweet tempered, which as you may guess is a great satisfaction to me. I send her every morning from 9 to 2 to an excellent, quiet, good school in Westminster; it answers all the purposes of *morning lessons* without the faults of school education, & is extremely convenient in every respect. My Louisa is just as you left her, only a little taller, & very happily *weaned* without the least mortification of the vile habbit she had acquired at Richmond House of suposing it quite necessary for a girl of her age to go to publick places at least once a week. She has been out but three times this whole winter, & thinks as little about it as I could wish her to do.

By the bye, *I* have been at the Play ; the *divine* Mrs. Siddons drew me there, & *fully* answered my expectations, tho' I was taught to expect much more than I would believe possible.

I have never yet been to an Opera, but I have to several assemblies, where I went on purpose to shew that it was not my husband's wish that I should shut myself up, but on the contrary his most earnest desire for me to return the civilities I have met with from so many people of character that their attentions are most flattering to me. The very kind reception I met with from all my old acquaintance (the Dss of Bedford excepted) has fully answered our purpose in going, for now I have the satisfaction of proving that it is not the rage of being in publick that guides me, as I decline most occasions of appearing when it is in my power, not from necessity but choice, prudence, & a degree of indifference, which a long habit of living at home has given me to the worldly amusements of a town.

Pray present my respects to your mother ; I hope Ld & Ly Ilchester are well. I have seen Ly Lucy but once, & have not been to wait on Ly Harriet, because I was sure she could not attribute it to inattention, & must know I mean not to intrude my visits on anybody. Pray give my love to Mrs Melliar, and tell her I begin to flatter myself that her necklaces will do wonders for my little boy ; when he cut his 4 first teeth he was ill 3 weeks first, & now he has 4 more *appear* to be coming & he is as well as possible ; could she be so kind as to send me some more of them, or dirrect me how to get them ? I should be excessively obliged to her.

I have just seen in the papers that poor Dean Digby has lost his wife and daughter in one week !

Is it true? I have no *gossip* to tell you, but that the P. of Wales is *desperately* in love with Ly Melbourne, & when she don't sit next to him at supper he is not commonly civil to his neighbours: she *dances* with him, something in the cow stile, but he is *en extase* with admiration at it. The Dss of Devonshire is taken up with nothing so much as the prospect of nursing her child herself, which she talks of with so much eagerness as if her whole happiness depended upon succeeding. I do hope she will go on successfully. Adieu, my dear Ly Susan.

Ever most affecly yours,

S. NAPIER.

Lady Sarah gave birth to a daughter in July, who was christened Emily Louisa.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Salisbury St., No. 15, July 4th, 1783.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—I am very near lying in, but wish to make my excuse to you for my abominable silence, which is owing to my being so entirely taken up with my dear sister Louisa, with the hot weather, & my uncomfortable feels, which you understand must be the case in a little lodging in summer with my incumbrance. My little Charles also has not been so thriving as I wished, & I was forced to send him to lodgings at Kensington for the air; visiting also takes up my time, but as he is better I am quite satisfied, & every comfort that I can wish for is procured for me by that selfsame unalterable dearest of sisters, who is ever & for ever the same in affection & tenderness.

She has got my Louisa with her during her stay, as in this house the poor soul was a prisoner, for

it's out of the Strand, & I can never let her walk without servants & equipage which I had not. As to money matters & fortune, I think a *guignon* attends us, for my sister *has* used her interest & in vain for us, but patience, *il ne faut point se désesperer*, a month or two more that she stays may produce something.

The Ministry are *firm*, I understand, notwithstanding the checks they met with, & were they to be removed it still must come back to the same, if Ld North continues to use the same fairness he now does on all occasions. The rub about the Prince rather did good than harm.[1]

My 2 brothers & all the Lennoxs are gone a frisk for a month to Paris, to pay their *respects* to the King; the Dss would not go.

I seldom see Charles Fox, indeed never; for he now & then sups at my sister's at 12 o'clock, but there is always so many people I cannot have a chat with him. I can, however, perceive that with the kindest intentions he will never serve his *friends effectually*, as he has not the *faculty of obtaining favors*, & is vastly *too* complaisant to other Ministers.

Mr Napier & Louisa beg to be remembered to you & Mr O'Brien, to whom I beg my compts. I have not an easy feel enough just now to add more than my most affectionate love to you, my dear Ly Susan.

S. Napier.

[1] On June 23, a message from the King was delivered to Parliament recommending to its consideration a separate establishment for the Prince of Wales. All that was asked was £60,000 to equip him at his outset in life, as the King himself had decided to settle himself £50,000 per annum, to be paid from the Civil List. This sum was accordingly voted.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Mr Conolly's, Whitehall, 22nd Sept., 1783.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—I litterally don't know whether I have written to you or not this age, for I have a most sad trick of puting my letters in a drawer where they lie forgot till they are so old I burn them. I, therefore, may perhaps repeat what you already know in saying that my sister Louisa is gone to Ireland, my sister Leinster as bad as gone, for she is going, & we are all settled here by our fireside so like last winter that this summer of pleasure is passed like a pleasant dream. I wish it had been a little more realized by my dear sister's kind exertions to get us something more than hopes, but tho' I believe *intentions* are for us, yet I really believe it is not too easy for Charles to give, as one is apt to think; at least I am willing to think so. The world says they are very *firm:* I doubt it, for I fear the Irish politicks are bad & the storm will begin there. Mr Pelham is abused for forsaking my br, but I hear my brother does not find fault with him. Of course he is best judge, otherwise I should have call'd him a dirty fellow for persuading my brother to resign & then taking a place himself; I should have found fault with neither separate, but together seems to me to be a little in the doubledealer stile.

Charles gave me some hopes he was to do something for Mr O'Brien *in time*, but he says to us all, "time only can ennable me," & I believe he is right. There is not a living soul in London so I can tell you no news, except that you must sew some black penny ribbon upon every ribbon & gown you have of whatever collour, & say it is

à la Malbrook, as Louisa Bunbury is now doing on an old bonnet; for if you are not *à la Malbrook*, you are nothing. The reason? Why, the Dauphin's nurse sung a Flemish song of the death of ye D. of M., & in it his page announces it to ye Dss *tout en noir*, & so must your ribbons be. Adieu.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

10 Nov., 1783.

My dear Ly Susan,—We had the pleasure of Mr O'Brien's company to dinner the other day in a family way, & he & I had a good deal of comfortable chat together, for altho' I really can hardly say I am much acquainted with Mr O'Brien having so seldom seen him, yet with a person so intimately acquainted with all one's friends, one can with the greatest ease, get acquainted in a minute upon an interesting conversation. Ours was extremely so to me as it gave me much information about you. I am very sorry to find you continue so averse to his present pursuit; for he has quite convinced me that having no children it is rather a laudable than a wild scheeme, for him to occupy his mind in some pursuit from which he secures the absence of *ennui*, a chance for fortune, & a certainty that if he *does* obtain any it will be in a pleasant way; whereas, either being quite idle or seeking for a place distresses his mind, & prevents his enjoying present comfort. I don't say that I am of his opinion, for *I myself me*, should think myself perfectly content to be in his situation, viz, with a reasonable income & no children to provide for; but then each person *ought* to be the best judge of their own feelings.

I cannot but approve very much of Mr O'Brien's

great dislike to being a sollicitor for a *place*, for I am convinced he will be much the nearer obtaining it *by indifference than anxiety*. Alas, my dear Ly Susan, experience teaches *me* this language! but yet I do not entirely despair, because I cannot persuade myself that Charles has *altered his nature*, which must be the case if Mr O'Brien is not mistaken in thinking that Charles *cuts* his old friends: if he does not (as I firmly believe), then depend upon it he will, (tho' late) do all he ought to do if he remains Minister long.

I am more hurt than surprised at his abominable neglect of Lord Ilchester, & yet I am certain he loves him as much as ever: but these wretches who surround Charles quite undo him in a thousand instances. I have not seen him these two months, & probably shall not for 6 more. To show you I don't preach what I don't practise, I could make up a very plausible cause of reproach to him in the following case: Charles knows that we have only £500 a year, 4 children to *keep* out of it, & 3 of them to provide for at our death; that my income ceases with my life; that Mr N. has the *esprit* & *rage du service* beyond immagination, that he has served near 20 years, is a deserving officer, & is of a rank both in his family & in the army, to entitle him to *some* favor. He knows that a company in the Guards is the utmost of our ambition, & particularly suited to Mr N., who happens to have 4 or 5 of his oldest friends of other Regts collected in the First Regt of Guards, which makes him so anxious to be in it. Charles also knows that Mr N. is not unreasonable, & is so averse to an improper promotion that he would be happy to be assured of a compy in 3 or 4 years. Well! Charles

knowing all this, complains he cannot make Genl Conway do what he wishes (which just now was a majority), & in the midst of this complaint Charles gets Mr Stanhope rewarded for the loss of Tobago by a company in the Guards, & the very next week he gets him the 2nd best place in the Ordnance, *sans soufler un mot* to us. Now, my dear Ly Susan, have I not a little reason to think that Charles is unkind, to lavish about twelve hundred a year on Mr Stanhope, & never once think of my husband for either of those things? £600 would have satisfied both amply, & by dividing it I own he would have done himself more credit than at present, for I will say that there is not an officer in the army would grudge Mr N. a reward for his services, & there is scarce one can bear the name of Mr Stanhope, so very much is he disliked. I had a great mind to be in a *rage*, but I have overcome my anger upon the reflection that Charles has good quallities enough to attone for a thousand faults, & I have no right to expect from him an attention which no one relation of his ever yet acquired. I am determined not to grow unreasonable & think him *ungratefull*, because he is *partial*; the first is a crime, the latter is only a weakness. So much for Mr Charles.

You know I supose of Mr Flood & Mr Grattan's affair;[1] the former will die they say. I long to hear how the Ministry appear this sessions, it is generally said they are strong; *nous verrons*. I

[1] On the appointment of Lord Northington to succeed Lord Temple as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Flood stood forth as leader of the Opposition while Grattan supported the Government, and so heated and personal were they during one debate that they were both taken into custody, to prevent any mischievous consequences. There does not seem to have been any duel.

hope & believe my brother is to be very moderate. Adieu, dear Ly Susan, how I have scribbled nonsense!

Ever yours most affecly,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

19th Dec., 1783.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—I have been in twenty minds if I should write or not, for I hate to say unpleasant things, & yet you must be curious to hear *the fashion* of the greatest Minister this country is likely to produce![1]

Princess Emily[2] says, "I'll tell you what. *That* Fox may be a rogue, I know nothing of *that;* all I know is that he is a *great* man, & this country is ruined unless such a great man governs it, so I

[1] On December 8, Fox's great Bill for the better government of India passed the House of Commons by 208 to 102. In the Lords it passed the first reading without a division, but this was the end of its triumphant career. Secret and underhand schemes were in progress to prevent it becoming law, for the King was determined at any price to get rid of his Ministers, and decided to carry out his project by means of this Bill. He gave Lord Temple a written paper, in which he declared, "That he should deem those who should vote for it not only not his friends, but his enemies; and that if he (Lord Temple) could put this in stronger words, he had full authority to do so." By this means, on December 15, the day appointed for the second reading, the ministers found themselves in a minority of 12 on a question of adjournment, and the Bill itself was thrown out two days later by 95 to 76. That same evening the Secretaries of State were ordered to give up their seals, which were given to Lord Temple, by whom the rest of the Cabinet were dismissed the following day. Pitt was at the same time appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Earl Gower, President of the Council. On the 22nd, Lord Temple resigned the seals, which were given to Lord Sydney and Lord Carmarthen. Lord Thurlow, Lord Chancellor; the Duke of Rutland, Lord Privy Seal; and Viscount Howe, First Lord of the Admiralty, completed the new Cabinet.

[2] Princess Emily, second daughter of George II. She was mentioned in vol. i., p. 3, as Princess Amelie.

wish him success with all my heart." If Princess Emily is right, consequently we who know Charles is not a rogue must admire him ten times more.

Mr Napier, who you know scarce knows Charles, admires him much on this occasion, & says, "'Tis the cause of humanity he supported." However 'tis fallen, alas, whoseever cause it was. It is *said* & *believed* Lord Temple used the King's name, & got many votes by it, even at the last critical moment. Ld Graham did all he could to bring the old D. of Montrose to the House *against* the Bill; but the old soul nobly resisted, & told him he was too old to turn fool or knave, having as yet deserved neither of those epithets during a long life. But poor pitiful changelings who tremble at the King's name were soon found, & as you know they carried it on Wednesday. On Thursday, Mr Erskine[1] moved a *bold* motion much to his honour; you know *soldiers* are apt to be violent, & the *new* Ministers call it *madness*. But it's not a foolish madness at least, & Ld Temple may rue the day it was made. On Thursday night, the D. of P., Ld N., & Charles were deliberating *in Council together* what was to be done, when at 12 o'clock comes a *messenger to order* Ld North & Charles to deliver up the seals immediately.[2] The Duke of

[1] Erskine's motion was to the effect that the Commons looked on anyone as an enemy to his country, who should presume to advise His Majesty to prevent, or interrupt, a careful consideration by that House of a remedy for the abuses which prevailed in the government of the British dominions in the East Indies.

[2] Massey, in his "History of the Reign of George III.," gives a different account of Lord North's dismissal, taken from the Locker MSS. "Lord North received his dismissal with characteristic humour. He was in bed when the despatch arrived, and being informed that Sir E. Nepean, the Under-Secretary, desired to see him, he replied,

Portland *guessed* he had a *billet doux* of the same nature, & went home to seek it. This morning I saw Charles full dressed going to Court, & laughing as he passed us as much as to say, "I am not ashamed of my part in this play." The new Adn will of course be soon formed, they are now deliberating if they will *dissolve* the Parlt *to-morrow*, or prorogue it for a fortnight & *then* dissolve it.

I am called, & rather than not send this I will end abruptly.

Yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

22nd Dec., 1783.

The great Ministry of Lord Temple is over! It was told in form to-night in the H. of Commons that his Lordship had *resigned*, & the motion for an address to His Majesty to beg him not to dissolve the Parlt was *carried without a division.* Never was there a more triumphant power than Charles', nor mortification to the folly of those who attempted such rash measures. Oh! how I grieve that my dear brother was among them! It quite breaks my heart! What a head! To be misled by boys, flatterers, & knaves! A head capable of every good, which the best of hearts would dictate to him if he would but *let his own sense & heart guide him!*

Adieu, dearest Ly Susan.

Ever yours,
S. NAPIER.

that in that case Sir Evan must see Lady North too; and he positively refused to rise. Sir Evan was accordingly admitted to the bedroom, and, on informing Lord North that he came by His Majesty's commands to demand the seals of his office, Lord North gave him the key of the closet where they were kept, and turned round to sleep."

Lady Sarah Napier.

Short Account of the Business in the House of Commons begun January the 12th, 1784.[1]

At 2 o'clock in the morning the House divided after a very long & most interesting debate, in which Mr Fox display'd abilities that astonished those who knew him best, and Mr Pitt spoke worse than usual it is said.

Mr Fox had on his side	232
Mr Pitt „ „	193
Majority	39

Mr Fox then moved three Resolutions to prevent the Ministers from issuing any money for the army, navy, or any publick service in case of a prorogation or dissolution of Parliament. The object of these Resolutions was to prevent a prorogation or dissolution, Mr Pitt having pretty dirrectly avowed his intention to dissolve the Parliament if they did not comply with his measures.

These three Resolutions were carried without a division. Lord Surrey[2] then moved, "That it was

[1] When Parliament reassembled, as appointed, on this day, the moment the Speaker had taken the chair Fox rose, and, although several members were waiting to take the oath, insisted on bringing forward his motion, that the House should resolve itself into a Committee to inquire into the state of the nation. Pitt interrupted him, and informed the House that he had a message to deliver from the Crown, but even this failed to deter Fox, who was upheld by the Speaker, and continued the debate. Fox and his friends continued their violent and frantic attacks on the Ministry, but in the end overshot their mark; for their senseless frenzy alienated many of their supporters, who could not fail to admire the firm front shown by a young man like Pitt in a situation of such extreme difficulty. By the beginning of March the Whig majority had dwindled to one, and Parliament was dissolved on March 25. In the new Parliament the Whigs for the first time in seventy years found themselves in a minority; and thus the success of the King's policy of bringing about their downfall was at last assured.

[2] Charles, Earl of Surrey, eldest son of Charles, tenth Duke of

peculiarly necessary in the present situation of affairs that there should be a Ministry possessed of the confidence of the people." This was also carried without a division. Lord Surrey then moved, "That the changes in the late Administration had been preceded by alarming rumours, in which the sacred name of Majesty had been unconstitutionally made use of to influence the proceedings of Parliament; and that appointments to the present Ministry had been attended with circumstances new & extraordinary, & such as did not tend to conciliate & procure the confidence of that House." As these motions contained a direct censure, the Ministry were driven to the necessity of dividing.

Mr Fox	196
Mr Pitt	142
Majority	54

Eighty-seven members left the House, by which

Mr Pitt lost	51
Mr Fox „	36
	87

House broke up at 7 o'clock on the 13th morning.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

January 14th, 1784.

My dear Ly Susan,—I was so much hurt at the idea, which Mr O'Brien seemed *justly* to have taken, of Charles being *unkind* to you both, not to mention it to Charles with regret & surprise, & also

Norfolk, succeeded his father, on his death in 1786, as eleventh Duke. He died in 1815.

some doubt about the facts tho' they seemed so clear. This day at 5 o'clock, as I was going out to a dinner (for which I was too late), Charles came, & not having an instant to spare from the House of Commons, where his presence was absolutely *necessary*, he spent those few moments in expressing with the greatest *sincerity* (which I will *swear for*) his uneasiness at having appeared in so different a light to you both from what he feels. He tells me that he has often thought *how* he could be of use to Mr O'Brien by recommending him to his friends, but that it is evident it is a very *difficult* matter to recommend a lawyer at *first;* consequently he has not succeeded to his wishes yet. Charles says that he cannot *bear* the idea of Mr O'Brien's thinking he *cuts* him for that; (these are his words) "Besides having obligations to Mr O'Brien, besides his being my very near relation, I *like* him personally most excessively, & I shall be quite unhappy if he goes out of town with that notion, so may I trust you to write or to see him tonight to say, that I will take it as the greatest favor if he will come to me tomorrow morning? If he is going out of town he may come as early as he pleases; I will see him *at any hour*, & pray make him come, for I shall not be happy if I don't see him." These are his words, dear Ly Susan, & till this instant I could not write to you, but have been dying with impatience to tell you this. It may be *nothing pour la poche mais beaucoup pour le cœur* if your affection for old friends is like mine, & feel happy at their being less to blame than we think them.

Put off your journey for *one* day, & come to me tomorrow evening if you can, for tho' I dined out

today I am far from well, and it was a case of necessity not choice.

Ever yours most affecly,
S. NAPIER.

Charles *could* not *go* or *write* to you himself to-night.

On June 30, 1784, Lady Sarah's second son was born—George Thomas, afterwards knighted for his distinguished services in the army. He served all through the Peninsular War, & lost his arm. His charming autobiography written for his children, was published in 1884.

Lady Sarah's eldest Napier daughter, Emily, was adopted by Lady Louisa Conolly, & lived all her life with her, until Lady Louisa died in 1819. In 1830, Emily Napier married Sir Henry E. Bunbury, fifth Baronet, & nephew of Sir Charles Bunbury. Lady Sarah removed, in 1784, to Stretton House, near Wolverhampton, and lived there for some time.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

London, 8th Sept., 1784.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—I write to you from hence, tho' in the confusion of packing (for we set off to-morrow morning), rather than make you pay more than is necessary for my letter, which, thanks to Mr Pitt, you must now do in a most unmerciful way for every scrap of writing.

We are all on the march, *infantry* & all, for Stretton,[1] near Wolverhampton in Staffordshire, & this house is to be sold or lett; pray recommend it to your friends if you can find any single rich man. My family are all well except my eldest boy who

[1] Stretton Hall, a fine old mansion built after designs of Inigo Jones, now in the possession of Francis Monckton, Esq.

is feverish & unwell, but will I trust get well with country air. My sister Louisa has *begged* my little girl Emily, who is turned out quite beautiful, & I own it gives *un petit serement de cœur* to part with her, but when I consider *who* it is to, I think it a *duty* to my child quite incumbent on me. My youngest is a boy, & seems a very fine child. Louisa is all impatience to be off, because it is so *hot* I supose. How does Mr O'Brien do? I have seen Charles *once* since you went. . . . He gives up all hopes of change in Ministry, & comforts himself with Mrs Armisted, & all he seems to lament is the want of £2,000 for to buy the house at St Anne's Hill which he longs for. Adieu.

Ever yours,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Stretton Hall, Sept. 24th, 1784.

I am astonished, my dear Ly Susan, with the account you have given me of poor Mr O'Brien's dreadfull illness, but terrible as it has been I cannot but look on it as a blessing that it at last has proved itself so evidently, that nothing else can again be mistaken about it. My dearest Ly Susan, how my heart bleeds for your sufferings! What you have gone through is amasing! even all your family fortitude I fear was shook by such a tryal! The kindness of your friends was very natural, but not less pleasing & comforting to you. . . . Give our most sincere congratulations to your husband, whose illness made us all shudder in the recital even.

I take for granted with you that he will now

think of nothing but his health, at least I hope not; pray let me know from time to time how he goes on.

We are settled here very comfortably; a large house, well furnished, & a pretty garden, rather damp I fear, but yet it seems to agree with my children, as they are all well, & my little boy who was sick is recovering. Adieu, my dear Ly Susan, don't forget to tell me something of yourself.

Ever yours most affecly,

S. NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Stretton Hall.

The perfect dearth of news which one has at this distance from town teaches one, with the help of Mr Pitt's vile postage regulations to write just as the servants do, once a quarter or so, to say "I hope you are well as I am, etc." In Mr Pitt's *laconick* style then do I address you, my dear Ly Susan, to know how Mr O'Brien continues in his health & spirits, & how you yourself are. . . . Have you let your house yet? We are still here, & I fancy shall not stir, unless the dearness of the country should drive us to Wales, but otherwise we are very well satisfied with our *gyte*. Our society is quite to our minds. Louisa & I were agreeing that for people who live the year round in the country, 'tis pleasanter to have what is called the *lonely* time in winter, as one can settle very comfortably to occupations in winter; whereas in summer one naturally daudles out of doors, & that is the best time for company. I told you, I believe, of the Moncktons, our very pleasant neighbours; his sister,

the fine Miss Monckton, is to pass next summer here, & I've my doubts about liking her, for I've a notion a mere fine lady & *soi-disant bel esprit est un mauvais meuble pour la campagne;* perhaps I do her an injustice tho'. We have been 3 weeks on a visit to Crewe Hall, which we all liked vastly. Mr Crewe & Mr N. took excessively to each other, & sat up talking & playing at chess till 2 or 3 o'clock in a morning. Miss Crewe play'd at backgammon in the morning with him; she, her mother, & brother played at cribbage in the evening with him, so he was perfectly occupied from morning till night, & they seemed pleased to find a person ready to be usefull to them all; for, as young Mrs Crewe says, there are so many men in these days who are *ennuyé* to death if they are not exactly in their own set, & at their own amusements, that a man who likes anything is quite a treasure in the country. Louisa rode out in the morning (*a great treat to her*), & drew with Miss Crewe, & tho' there was no young person there contrived to divert herself vastly, partly with a play acted by children in the neighbourhood, which she went to. As for me, *j'eus la bêtise* to be frightened at the bad Cheshire roads, & to miscarry the very first night of my arrival there: was there ever such a stupid thing? I am, however, quite well again now, & I was so well nursed, it was quite lucky for me I was there. Mrs Crewe & I who don't love cards or backgammon used to sit & talk over old stories, of which you may guess we had not a few, & of course your name was often in question; she desired me to tell you how sorry she was to hear of your cause for distress about Mr O'Brien's health, & begged to be remembered to you. She is gone to Ireland to see her mother. Adieu, my dear Ly S.; receive Mr N.

& Louisa's best compts, & all join in the sincerest wish for your husband's perfect recovery.

Ever yours most affecly,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Stretton, 10th May, 1785.

Certainly no apology is necessary to me, my dearest Ly Susan, from a friend like you, as I always take for granted it is not intentionally that you appear to have forgot me, & yet I was just preparing to write to you when I received your letter. . . . Indeed both Mr Napier & I read your accounts of your poor husband's miserable state of health with the truest concern & interest for both your sakes. . . .

As you say nothing of Ly Ilchester's health I hope it continues good, tho' she does breed so fast. I wish with you that I was not in the same way, as I have just as many children as I wish to have, but I am afraid I am breeding again. . . . I have also a very just cause for *anxiety*, I trust in God it will not increase to fears, & indeed I have much flattering prospects that it will not by taking very *great care*. Just 3 weeks ago Louisa was seized with a violent cold & cough; at the end of the week we sent for a surgeon, the only man of knowledge about here, & he at once said her lungs were *irritated*, not *hurt materially*, & that if a week did not remove all the unpleasant symptoms he should be alarmed & advise us to get *better advice*. I leave you to judge the shock this gave us! His advice was instantly followed, which was, to *live upon milk entirely* with a very little gentle infusion of bark at times. This succeded so instantaneously

that before the end of the week *every* bad symptom disappeared, but as long as her cough continues I am in hot water. I am wholly taken up, with Mr. Napier's help (who has been more kind & tender on the occasion than I can express) in watching her every hour. . . . I am sorry my information about Spa, where I passed a summer 18 years ago, will be of so little use to you, for I'm told "*que tout est changé*" so compleatly there, that I should scarce know it: however you shall hear what it was. The place did consist of 6 or 7 largish houses, & the rest a neat village of houses containing an entry & staircase, with 4 rooms of about 9 or 12 feet square, one of them a kitchen, one for the landlord only (for they are chiefly widows), & the 2 others for you with bedchambers over them; all plain white-washed walls & wooden chairs, *very clean*. Farmhouse windows, at which everybody (*for the world lives in the great street*) peeps in as you sit at breakfast, so that if you have not a backroom or a large house, you are at the recipt of custom all day. If it rains, Spa is detestable. If it's *fine*, & your *health* admits of it, 'tis impossible to resist entering into the goodhumoured idleness of the whole place, particularly as it is easily done without expence. You need never ask a *soul to eat*, but dine at 2 or 3 o'clock in peace. You may walk out *in the street* or in a promenade close by all the morning, buy your own greens & fruit, read the papers at the booksellers, go a shopping, or make parties for the evening; after dinner you go on *foot* to the rooms, play ball, or walk, make your own party, & *walk* home (or in a chair if sick) at 9, 10, 11, 12 o'clock. In *my* time all was shut up at that hour; but now I hear late hours, parties at

home, & dinners are the fashion. *My system was* (*et je m'en suis très bien trouvé*) to *cut* all the tiresome English, to join the agreable ones if asked; if not, I comforted myself with chusing my own society among the forreigners, which I always found civil, chearfull, obliging, & very often agreable. I am afraid the mere eating & drinking is expensive; but your very delightful servant will remedy that very much by his care. Your dress need cost you nothing but a French lutestring for dress, as the great perfection of Spa is that it is a perfect masquerade, & that as you will probably chuse to dress French, you may do it cheap. A lady who left Paris last autumn told me that the *Queen & everybody* wore white linnen levettes & nightgowns *all day long*, no apron, & a chip or straw hat with ribbons, & that when she went to the great miliner for a *cap* to bring home, she told her there was no such thing except a *court cap*, & she sold her a straw hat for 5 shillings, & the lady could not get the same in London under 10 shillings, tho' Mad Bertin the miliner get hers from England: this is an *annecdote in dress* worth your notice. Take gauze handkerchiefs in plenty of an ell square; I get them reasonable at a shop I will look for the dirrection of, & add it. I know nothing of men's dress, but that a Bruxelle camlet is a stronger kind of Irish popplin, & much worn there for habbits & coats. There are riding horses to be hired that carry you creeping up the hill to the fountain at 6 or 7 in the morning, for it's 2 miles or more off. An English saddle would be usefull, & by the bye, if Mr O'Brien has an easy poney he likes, he had better carry it. It saves a post horse, & can always be well sold. If you love riding, & mean to carry 2 menservants,

your horse will be of use, as there are places within 50 miles round well worth seing, & parties often made.

Yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, 20th Sept., 1785.
(Direct to *me* at Mr. C.'s in Merrion St., Dublin.)

My DEAR LY SUSAN,—My accounts of Mr O'Brien from Spa are both bad & good; I hear of his suffering much still, but I hear also of the good chance he has for an ammendment. Your letter delighted me being perfectly comfortable & agreable, & I longed to answer it, but all sort of pleasure of *that* kind is gone in two minutes with me, for when a gleam of spirits comes across me & I set down to write, Louisa's, my beloved Louisa's health is uppermost, & *writing* produces a calm for reflection which oversets all my spirits; they are kept up only by dissipating them with my care of her, & the various objects that surrounds me. *Thought* is useless to *her*, & destruction to *me*. I mean *forethought* as to the consequences of her illness; all that *can* be done by *art* is a continued chain of thoughtfullness about how every hour of the day is to be employed, & the varietys attending her illness produces variety of occupation. A thousand *nothings* make up the whole of *everything* so essential to her. Writing is become so irksome to me, that I shall not attempt to thank you in proportion to my gratitude for your letter, which pleased me doubly by diverting her so much: I shall content myself with the *business*. My sister is not one bit angry with you about the Polish ly;

she will shew the same attention she shews those strangers reccommended by her dearest friends, & tho' she says it is not much, yet she cannot help it, as the *numbers* of English & forreigners that she is desired to be civil to would take up her whole time, if not done *upon a plan.* It consists in this. As Louisa don't *live* in town, she waits for some notice given her of their arrival. She writes a civil note & asks them to dinner of a Sunday, which is a kind of publick day here: she sometimes asks them again on a Sunday at Xmas when the house is full of company, & presses them to sleep one night, & if she *happens* to have a dance once a year she asks them. Be assured that Mr Napier & I will *forward* all sorts of civilities shown to your Polish friends, as much as we can, but you well know how often one finds difficulties in trifles. God bless you, & restore Mr O'Brien to better health. Mr N. & I join in most sincerest good wishes to both.

Ever most affectly yours,

S. NAPIER.

At the end of the year 1785 Lady Sarah lost her eldest child, Louisa Bunbury, aged seventeen, from consumption.

Her third son, William Francis Patrick, was born on December 17, 1785.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, 2nd March, 1786.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—It is but lately that I've had the resolution to write to anybody, for the number of my kind friends creates so large a correspondence, it is quite an undertaking for *me* who have but one and the same thing to say to all! To

say how truly sensible I am to their anxiety about me, and to talk of my dreadfull loss, a subject which can never be exhausted by one who feels its influence in *everything*. My dear Ly Susan, you talk of my reason & my remaining comforts—what does that reason teach, but that the more *real* happiness I have, the more I am able to enjoy it, the more heart-breaking is the thought that *she* is gone who made me see every pleasure in its brightest collours! All my occupations were dirrected to *her* pleasure or use, all views for future plans of life had *her* for my first object, all my joy in the kindness of my nearest & dearest relations was doubled by their giving her an equal share of it. . . . It is not *reason*, it is not what is left me (happy as it makes me), that can reconcile me to my loss, for how can I forget amidst all my family that *she* is wanting, whom every soul misses as much as I do!

No, my dear Lady Susan, 'tis religion alone that can soften such a loss; her death carried up my thoughts to that Heaven where I *know she is*. There I think I see her looking down on this world in a very different point of view from what we see it, despising it, rejoiced at having left it, & receiving the just reward for her extraordinary merit, for indeed indeed it *was* very uncommon at 17 years of age: how few have any character at all! Yet she shewed how far human perfection can go at that age, even when the passions have not disturbed that angellick disposition towards everything that was good! Patience, fortitude, self-denial, generosity, feeling, and gratitude fill'd up the measure of her merits, which orriginally flow'd from the sweetest natural disposition, & was *proved* by a long & painfull illness, in which each day show'd some

new perfection. . . . I owe it to the way of thinking of my husband & sister, that in the first emotions of distress they turned my mind to see the *truth*, & from them I have derived a way of thinking which alone could have procured me the peace & composure to which I am now fully returned. I am able to do as usual, my friends have no more gloom thrown over all their chearfullness by the sight of a dejected object. . . . My 4 little children have *all* had different illnesses, & kept my mind much employ'd, & of course their recovery gives a new spring to my spirits, which has been very usefull to me. The society I meet with here is, as you know, the most pleasing, free from hurry & bustle, & truly satisfactory to every mind who feels the joys of friendship. I need not say how pleasant it is to me to find my relations here so fond of Mr Napier that his being kind to me is *now* no part of the cause of their kindness to him, 'tis all for his own sake. Mr Connolly in particular has formed the strictest friendship with him, & I'm much mistaken in their characters if *ever* it changes. Our future plans are still uncertain; . . . at present our purpose is to go back to Stretton in the course of this spring or summer, & there wait (with great œconnomy) for such circumstances as point out to us the propriety of leaving retirement. I beg my best respects & regards to Ly Ilchester, & to all those who enquire so kindly after me, my warmest thanks to them are due. I hope Mr O'Brien will keep well long enough to be certain of a cure from Spa. Mrs Crewe is just now on her road to London, & better in health. I hope to see Ld & Ly Ilchester, for I don't know when we leave this, being *pressed* by the Connollys to settle here entirely, but prudence

Thomas Beach, F.S.A. pinx.

Walker & Cockerell, ph. sc.

Henry Thomas, 2nd Earl of Ilchester.

forbids. I have but left myself no place but this to say how truly I am,

Yours most affecly,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, 24th of May, 1786.

My dear Ly Susan,—A very long silence from you alarms me, for last year it was caused by distress, & I shall not feel easy till I hear you have had no such distress now. I have heard of Ld & Ly Ilchester, but despair of the pleasure of seeing them, for they pass like meteors through Dublin I'm told. I shall be very sorry for it. I know you will wish to have an account of me, & therefore shall without scruple say all I think you would like to hear. The situation I am in, surrounded with so many kind friends, by a chearfull society, & a thousand advantages, has had its effect & restored my mind to as much tranquillity as it can ever have; but in proportion as my spirits get stronger they are more agitated, & in the same half hour I can laugh, & in a few minutes feel *un serement de cœur*, as if all nature was darkened before my eyes & I had no further business on this earth. I reproach myself for having, only for one hour, forgot my loss, & I revive it with all the strength of my immagination. This I call *agitation* & not right, therefore I endeavour to mix with chearfullness, & do not upon reflection reproach myself with it, tho' I do so at the moment I am in tollerable spirits. Mr Conolly is gone to London for a month to see Lord Strafford[1] & Ly Anne. He writes word that my

[1] Thomas Wentworth, second Earl of Strafford, was Mr Conolly's uncle on his mother's side.

brother Richmond immediately endeavoured to persuade him that Mr Pitt was *very kind to this country*, in answer to which Mr Conolly laughed & advised him to save his breath, for it was quite in vain, as he rekoned himself a much better judge than my br on *that* score, & would assert & prove the contrary if ever he was called on. So my br has, I fancy, given up this *persuasive scheme*. Mr Napier sends his compts to you both. Adieu, my dear Lady Susan.

Ever most affectionately yours,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, 28th March, 1787.

My dear Ly Susan,—I very much approve of your stile of correspondence, which prevents it being a ceremony with you, & always induces you to make no speeches when the *envie* comes. You see I follow your good example, but hope you mean to abide by the same contract I engage for, viz, that nothing essential to our wellfare or happiness is to be neglected towards each other, for if you don't promise that, I shall have the fidgets about you during a long silence. . . . I fear you have sustained a sad loss by Mr J. Pitt's death: will *she* continue to live there? We saw nothing of your brother & Ly Ilchester here to our great sorrow. Castletown goes on as usual, *always* the receptacle for society, comfort, & friendship, & very often for inumerable personages, some old, some young, some agreable, & some very intollerable. The Christmas is the general rendezvous of the nobility, gentry, & mobility here. It was very full & very sociable, which is uncommon in a large company, but the long gallery

divides the party so much one is capable of being very quiet at one end, tho' there is *dancing* at the other; however I am not sorry it is all over, & we have enjoyed *our quiet time*, which is during the bustle of Parliament. We have the world here only once in the week telling the news, & we are rid of them soon. The Irish politicks are vastly too intricate for a *volume* to describe, much less a letter, but it's plain to see there is *no system* here, nor can there ever be any: the interests of individuals are so contrasted that nothing can be carried on with regularity, & all must depend on the events of peculiar situations. Just now the Church are violent, some think they are right, others think that to assert their right is dangerous. God knows how it will all end, but to an impartial looker-on it appears as if the *best* people were often made the instruments of harm by ambitious, designing people.

I hear that in England all goes on *piano piano*, but still it does creep on towards the opening the eyes of the world to many things they hitherto saw darkly and falsely.

I had a letter from poor Mrs Greville, who is at Richmond with her sister, who is very ill. My sister Leinster & her family are going to Barrège for the summer. Her invalids are better. As for ourselves, our march is fixed on by *us* to begin on the first of May towards Stretton with our tribe, but the Conollys object, & all I can obtain is that if I will do them the *favor* to produce another puppy in the month of July, they will *swear* not to ask me to stay longer than Septbr, for without this promise I must absolutely fly while I *can move*. I am afraid of growing like the bitch in the fable, & if you

were to see my noisy, sturdy boys, you would easily comprehend the likeness, for even Castletown can scarcely sufice to their spirits & riots.

I am glad you like Harry Fox's wife,[1] for I've set my heart on liking her too; he writes as if he was very happy. My best compts to Mr O'Brien, with Mr Napier's to both of you. Louisa often enquires after you, & when I describe to her how comfortable your home is, she is vastly pleased with it.

Ever yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, 25 June, 1787.

My dear Ly Susan,—I am very selfish for being satisfied with *your being well;* I never troubled myself with returning the obligation which you make of my writing by your kind anxiety about me, & I think what tempted me to write now is a certain rage of what my poor sister used to call "winding up my bottoms," which always seizes me when I am near lying in. There is not an *account*, an *arrangement*, or a *letter* I leave unfinished, by a sort of instinct which leads me to be prudent & forcasting about an event which no hour of our life is free from the risk of, but which comes across my mind more readily at these periods. I am, however, perfectly well, & so, thank God, are all my family now, as Emmy is just recovered of a feverish cold, & my eldest boy Charles beginning to pick up a stronger share of health. The Conollys could not miss of carrying their point in persuading me to stay to lie in here, & my full intention is to decamp in August,

[1] General Hon. Henry Fox married Marianne, daughter of William Clayton, Esq.

but they seem so positive we shall not, that it is not easy to *swear* against their intentions. . . . Mr Conolly has had a little accident by a fall from his horse, that bruised his legs & confines him, but I believe it is litterally no more than tedious. The poor Duke of Leinster[1] is but just recovered of a most dangerous wound got three months ago in the most provoking manner. There was some cudgelling between the actors, & the wife of the beaten one thought it pretty to call to the Duke by name to save her husband from being murdered. His goodness of heart made him forget he was no harliquin, & leaping over the stage-box he fell on the spikes, got four wounds in the thigh, & *hung by them* till lifted off. His danger was kept a secret till it was all over, but his slow recovery broke it by degrees to the poor Dss who is with child, & has made us all very miserable a long time, for there never was a more lovable creature breathing, nor one more beloved. His aimable little wife adores him, & he doats on her & her six pretty girls: it's quite charming to see them all together, & they are so domestick you scarce see them separate. Thank God he is at last *radically cured*, but a new misfortune now hangs over us. Lord Gerald, the youngest boy, is I fear lost in his passage from Jamaica home; one carries *hopes* a great way on these occasions, but I fear *reason* is against us. My poor sister, who is at Barrège (in great spirits with the recovery of Lucy, who was thought in a dangerous way), expects three of her sons to meet her there, & writes with such heartrending expressions,

[1] William Robert, second Duke of Leinster, married, in 1775, Emilia, only daughter of Lord St. George. He died in 1804, at the age of fifty-five.

"That if dear little Gerald arrives in time, she entreats he may be of the party," that it is quite shocking to be under the necessity of damping all her spirits by this cruel piece of news, & as we have no account whatever of the ship he sailed in for six months, one puts off & puts off the evil day as long as possible. . . . She is quite given up at Lloyds. Thus you see, my dear Lady Susan, how little *reason* we have to hope. What you tell me of your sister Lucy vexes me very much, & I don't wonder it's lower'd your spirits, but I trust to God it will prove a false alarm: has she been tempted to try the new idea that *the juice of crow's stomack* (for which there is a learned name, & a book written about it) has done good in cancers, & never failed in other violent humors? Hemlock I conclude she knows the efficacy of, but God forbid she should want any of these things. Your brother Strangways[1] is not, as you know, subject to the common routine of society, & he has been twice in Ireland, & *once in Newgate*, without giving the least hint of it to his best friends; the Newgate story is curious, *so like him*, so *right* yet so provoking, that few would have had the resolution to punish themselves in order to put another so much in the wrong as he did Lord Earlsford,[2] particularly as Ld Earlsford doing wrong is no sort of novelty. We enquired for your brother lately, & they say he is gone again. . . . Dean Marley is just come from Engd & has no great news; I think by all accts they say the Prince

[1] Colonel Hon. Stephen Fox Strangways, second son of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester.

[2] John, Lord Earlsfort. He was raised to this title in 1784, at the same time as he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland. He was created Earl of Clonmell in 1793, and died in 1798.

acted a little against the judgements of his best friends, & that he has proved a more cunning politician than any one *in* or *out* of place. But there is no truth in his acting contrary to Mrs Fitzherbert's wish, for he likes her better than ever, & makes more fuss with her. I'm glad he has not forsaken her, sorry he does support her in so undignified a manner as to beg people to visit her, & more sorry he had not courage to be *poor* a little longer & defy the world. . . . Adieu, dear Ly Susan.

Ever yours most truly,

S. N.

In 1787, Mr and Lady Sarah Napier bought Celbridge, in the Park at Castletown, co. Kildare, Mr and Lady Louisa Conolly's lovely place, and while Celbridge House was being added to they all lived at Castletown.

Lady Sarah's fourth son, Richard, was born on August 7, 1787.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

15 September, 1787.

My dearest Ly Susan,—I don't know if you received a letter which Mr Napier intended to write to you, but fears it did not go, about six weeks ago, to tell you that I was brought to bed of a 4th son, & that we wished much to hear from you. He is excessively disturbed at himself for having been careless about this letter, from the moment the newspapers announced to us your severe cause of affliction, for such are the sentiments of friendly minds (& *his* is most truly one of that sort) that they cannot bear the least appearance of inattention to those they like at a moment of distress, & that *we* feel yours most sensibly, my long-loved

friend, you cannot for an instant doubt! . . . All the idea of comfort that *can* be listened to is the situation I immagine your poor sister's[1] was, & if her complaint was as you feared, you ought to be thankfull for her early release. Our best compliments to Mr O'Brien; will he have the goodness to write me some account of the *whole* family, poor Ste. Digby & yourself in particular, & desire him not to forget himself, whom I hope continues in *very* good health.

I am sure you will be sorry when I tell you that we have taken up our abode in Ireland for good, by the purchase of a house & some acres of land. I lament those friends (tho' *few* in number) that it will deprive me of seing, & I trust they will return it to me; but exclusive of those few, I had not much temptation to live in the country & could not afford London, so that it was impossible to resist the pressing & repeated entreaties of our *best* & most constant friends the Conollys, who made a point of our taking advantage of a purchase, which in every respects suited us, *close* to this place, & we have taken it on a lease for ever, which with our savings yearly we are to make our *own* compleatly by paying off the capital by small sums at a time. . . . We shall not go into our house till next summer as it won't be ready; in the mean time our quarters are good *here*, & we have the advantages of overseeing our work people every day. Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan.

Ever most truly & affecly yours,

SARAH NAPIER.

[1] Lady Lucy Digby had been suffering from cancer for some time, and died this year.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, May 29, 1789.

My dearest Ly Susan,—I so perfectly understand your listlessness about writing that I want no other excuse, but I am very sorry you feel it, & I hope that you don't give way to it to the prejudice of your health; if you would exert yourself I am convinced you would conquer it. Your letter is *as usual* written with more good sense than most people's, & in these days of madness, folly, lying, let me tell you a *plain letter of truth & sense* is quite a rarety. I hear from a furious Foxite that the poor King is *well, not* lethargic, & only weak still; *so I believe it at last*, & very sincerely rejoiced I am, as all people of humanity *must be*, to think he is relieved from misery, & may one day recover strength of mind sufficient to see the truth, & live in harmony with his two noble sons.

As for their mother, did not the change in her character astonish you?[1] I declare that I have for *years reverenced her name*, & admired the judgement of Providence in placing so exalted a character in a station where my miserable one would have

[1] Sad injustice to the Queen, who behav'd much better on this occasion than her two noble sons; but this is the effect of such violent party as Lady S. then lived with.—S. O'Brien.

In June, 1788, the King had been seriously indisposed, and though various treatments were tried grew steadily worse, until early in November he became completely incapable of transacting business. A Regency Bill was put forward by the Government, placing the Prince of Wales in the King's place, but with certain restrictions as to his powers. These clauses were strongly contested by the Opposition, who looked for an immediate return to power owing to the Prince's friendship; but before the Bill had passed both Houses the necessity for it had ceased, for by the end of February the King had almost recovered.

been a disgrace! & now I still affirm the judgement of Providence is always right, but I see she was chosen to punish the poor King's faults by her ambitions and conduct insted of *me* by my faults, and I *still* rejoice I was never Queen, & so I shall to my life's end; for at the various events in it, I have regularly cathechized myself upon that very point, & I *always* preferred my own situation, sometimes happy, sometimes miserable, to what it would have been had that event ever taken place.

If it was possible to say I wished for what I would not do were it in my power, I should say I did for a moment wish I was his wife, & that was in reading the physician's report. Willis says all mad people are the better for the kindness of their friends, when they see them *often;* I own I did almost exclaim, "Poor soul, if I was yours, I would never leave you an instant, but try & calm your suffering mind!" But then I soon forgot my pity, & rejoiced in the reflections on my own present happy state, which no poverty can lessen. And yet fortune *tries* us pretty well, for it is sufficient that *we* are interested in anything, for it to turn out what is called *unlucky:* . . . however I have also had many very charming circumstances to alleviate distresses. The living in this house has enabled us to *build,* if I may so call it, ours, for it has already cost us in & out of doors 13 *hundred pounds,* & not furnished yet, & I assure you that there is not above 3 hundred of it that we can accuse ourselves of having spent *unnecessarily;* that is, in ornamenting the place by planting, laying down grounds, & adding some very *necessary* comforts to the house; & the excuse one makes to oneself for this is that the house will *let* or *sell* better, & so it will. At

present I am in the full enjoyment of the diversions of *fancy* & *scheeming*, for my sister & I go there almost every day, sit in the different rooms, which want only papering, & settle how charming each will be: then we admire the orchard in full bloom upon the grass we have lately sown, the turn of a new walk, the look of a clump that *is* or is *to be*.

4th June.—Since I began this letter a strange adventure has taken place—I mean the duel between a prince of the blood & my nephew C. Lennox.[1] What is also strange is that we have no *authentick* account of the *whole* business. My brother's letter contains words to this effect, "I have the happiness to inform you that *the* duel is over quite safely to both, with great honour to Charles, who behaved as properly as his most sanguine friends could wish; I refer you to the account signed by the seconds for particulars." This silence about the orriginal words (which were the words the Duke found fault with Charles for having put up with), the seeming to be still ignorant of those words & of their author, is a mysterious conduct that does not seem natural, & my brother's not even mentioning to any one of his friends here the noble conduct of the Duke in not intending to fire, & saying he had no

[1] Charles Lennox, only son of Lord George Lennox, succeeded his uncle as fourth Duke of Richmond in 1806. He died in 1819, at the age of fifty-five, in Canada, where he was Governor-General, of hydrophobia, from the bite of a tame fox. The quarrel which resulted in this duel between the Duke of York, the King's second son, and Colonel Lennox, arose from an observation of the Duke that he had heard words used to Colonel Lennox in the club at Daubigny's to which no gentleman should have submitted. The Duke, on being called to account by Colonel Lennox, signified his willingness to waive his rank and meet him as a private individual. Accordingly an encounter was arranged for May 27, on Wimbledon Common. Colonel Lennox fired first, and missed: the Duke thereupon refused to fire, and as he adhered to his determination the affair terminated.

annimosity to Charles, all this wears, I fear, the face of *party* much too strong to be judged by the common rules of duelling. On one hand, the Prince was cruelly ignored by his mother in her allowing Mr Pitt to comply with my brother's insulting wish of putting Charles over all the Duke's officers & friends in his *own* Regt without his knowledge, & to compleat the impropriety making C. a lt.-colonel in the 4th year of his being in the service, and not content with such a sudden rise making it such a jobb, by *insisting* on poor old Col. Jones giving it up to him, that in reality Charles *puts money in his pocket* by being lt.-colonel. All this *enraged* the Duke, & has tempted him to be, I own I think, a little too ready to punish Charles' impertinence (for impertinent he is, I hear continually, about the Princes), hence arrose that pique & *qui vive* which the Duke has about Charles, & having given them a little excuse for blame they have Pitt-like made it a party affair. Lord Winchelsea of all people was the last to chuse for a second against one of the Royal blood, & his folly in asking that foolish question of the Duke looks like wanting to force him to a sort of *excuse* to *Charles.* Luckily the Duke was on his guard, & kept up his dignity so well, they can only say he is obstinate, not mean. I fear poor Charles must at last come to what he ought to have begun with, & fight the man who orriginally said the offensive words. The papers say it is St Leger; I hope not, for he is a great friend of Mr Napier's, & that would add to the misfortune of the whole affair, which I think very terrible; for Charles has less credit for his conduct from the odd circumstances attending it, than he ought to have. I have no news to tell you from

hence but political, & so little of that, that it is scarce worth it, only that our family is somehow *si faufilé dans la politique*, that it always interests us a little. The D. of Leinster is *stout*, & 'tis said Ld B.[1] is determined to take his place from him, but we suspect he cannot without the King's sign manual, & that the King won't give it, for he is very unruly about that same operation of signing still. Charles Fitz-Gerald[2] is a Pitite, & is to have a good place we *hear*. Henry is a valliant knight, & scorns to change his buff & blue. Robert is a Pitite, & *Chargé d'affaire, Secretaire, et Plenipotentier à Paris;* I hope & I *believe* he will do credit to his place, & as he never was in Parlt, was a Pitite from choice, got this place from his uncle, & that it will be essential use to his learning business, I own I do not *regret* his being on that side; but I am provoked at Charles, who does it only for a dirty thousand a year, a sinecure!

Dear Edward[3] is also a thorough Foxite, but is far away; he left Halifax with an officer, a servant, & 2 woodmen, a compass, & necessaries, & passed through the woods to Quebec in 30 days; lost but ten miles in their route by missing a mountain, &

[1] George, first Marquis of Buckingham, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, to which post he was appointed in 1787, and had before held it in 1782. He died in 1813, aged sixty. His rule in Ireland was most unpopular, and matters became so unpleasant for him that he left the country in June, 1789, and never returned.

[2] Lord Charles Fitzgerald, second son of James, first Duke of Leinster, was born in 1756. He was created Baron Lecale in 1800, married Julia, widow of Thomas Carton, Esq., and died in 1810, when the dignity expired.

Lord Henry, his next brother, was born in 1761, and married, in 1791, Charlotte, Baroness de Ros. He died in 1829.

Lord Robert, the fifth son, was born in 1765.

[3] Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fourth son of James, first Duke of Leinster, was born in 1763; he died in prison in Dublin from his wounds in 1798, during the Irish Rebellion.

going on a river which was sooner done in the snow. They chased a moose deer, shot him, & eat him, came such figures to Quebec, nobody would receive them the first night, & they are quite well & delighted. He writes his mother the most natural & pretty account of his journey you ever read, comments on the spirit of the chase, the melancholly end of it, the superior passion of hunger driving away pity, his low spirits when he thinks of all his friends, & ends,—"My dear mother, I fear we are all beasts, & love ourselves best. Don't trouble yourself about me ever, for heat & cold equally agree with me. I beg your pardon for saying so much about myself. Well God bless you all, men, women, & children." . . . So ends this dear spirited boy's letter, & while he is living in wild woods to pass the time till my brother George & Ly Louisa may be brought to consent to his marrying Georgina who he adores, they have cruelly married her to Lord Apsley,[1] & the ungrateful girl has consented. We dread the effect this news will have on him. To return to politicks, Ld B.[2] is vapouring to excess here, & all his success is owing to Captain Pakenham's[3] cleverness, who has worked like a horse through the sessions to regain him a majority in Parlt, & alas, alas, this same Captain Pakenham is the most delightful of men, the most noble, the most friendly, the most honest, the most agreable, & married to Louisa Staples, *l'enfant de la maison.*

[1] Henry Bathurst, Lord Apsley, succeeded his father as third Earl Bathurst in 1794. Georgina, Lord George Lennox's third daughter, died in 1841.

[2] Lord Buckingham.

[3] Afterwards Sir Thomas Packenham, G.C.B., an Admiral of the Red; second son of Thomas, first Baron Longford of the second creation. He married Louisa, daughter of the Right Hon. John Staples, by Henrietta, daughter of William Conolly, Esq., and died in 1836.

Is it not so provoking that he will *love Lord B.*, whom all the rest of the world hates? Don't forget us most kindly to Mr O'Brien. I cannot finish my letter without adding two *true* annecdotes of Ld B.; on the Queen's birthday he gave a ball at the Castle (*undressed* 'tis true), & all the men were *ordered* to come in *green*, the Marquess's *own livery*. On the Thanksgiving Day he gave a dinner, & left out all the delegates, & he *ordered* his aide-de-camps to *wait* in a row behind his chair, & strange to tell all obeyed both his orders! Adieu.

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Celbridge, near Dublin, 1789.

My dear Ly Susan,—It is impossible for me to recollect at this distance of time, the exact dimmensions of Moldcomb House,[1] but I have made a very rough sketch of it, & as I was in the *planning* way could not resist adding another slight, ill-done sketch of my *present* house that you might take *hints* from it, as 'tis so excellent a house, tho' old fashioned, that I wish you to see a little *mon coin du feu*. I have also added a slight sketch of Mr Pakenham's, as it's reckoned so good a house, & done by Ld Longford, who is a good builder, & understands the usefull part of the business; I hope some of them will be of use to your brother Charles.[2] It is commical to recollect that the last time I had the pleasure of seing this same grave married person, it was in his cradle. If anybody had at *that time* shewn me

[1] In Goodwood Park.

[2] The Hon. and Rev. Charles Redlynch Fox Strangways, third son of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, married, in 1787, Jane, daughter of the Rev. Dr Haines. He was born in 1761, and died in 1836.

by magick power the future events of my life, how I should have decided them *lyars!* As telling impossibilities! For such my mind *then* & long after thought them. My old age has taught me *this* lesson, at least, to be sure that I am *now* much happier than I deserve to be, & much more so than if I had been what *then appeared likely* to take place. But tho' these reflections carry a most serious train of thought with them, yet at this instant they arrise from a laughable idea that my drawing for your brother Charles brings back to my mind, viz, I have been told that my breaking my leg was a sham, & that this same Charles Redlinch was *my son by a great personage.* Did you ever hear this anecdote? (I forgot I was writing this *on* the plan. Cut off this & burn it). Adieu.

Ever yours,

S. N.

Lady Sarah's fifth son, Henry Edward, was born on March 5, 1789; and her second daughter, Caroline Henrietta, in February, 1790.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Celbridge (our home), by Leixlip, near Dublin,
February 15, 1790.

My dear Ly Susan,—I think I may as well write Mr Napier's *annual* letter to you myself. I am not brought to bed, but mean to be so before the end of this week. I have had a long, tedious illness from a jolt or a cold or something, that made me keep my room 6 weeks, so that in *all* I shall have the satisfaction of being a poor, helpless, unweildy prisoner for 3 months before I can rout about to my satisfaction, which is the most barbarous of things to me this year, as I am just settled in

my new, dear, chearfull, comfortable, pretty house, & have 40 things to do every day, which I now do by proxy, & you know how terrible it is to *describe* where a rose tree is to be, or a shelf in the house, & all those little finishings that require *l'œuil du maître. Mais il faut prendre patience*, & to say the truth, my very pretty little flock of brats surrounding our fire-side would make me an ungratefull creature to complain. I have 5 boys (my girl you know is given to Louisa), I hope to have another & *only one*, just to comfort me in my old age, when my boys are gone to school. I am perfectly well now of my complaint, & in remarkable good spirits for *me* (so near my time, which is apt to lower me), but, in short, the delightfull prospect of a *home*, pleasant in its self, well situated, the hopes of bringing our living within our income, & yet be comfortable, the good health of our children, our own *tollerable* health in spite of this detestable climate (the only draw back to our satisfaction), the friendly, affectionate joy shewn by the Conollys at every mark we give of pleasure here, the pains & care they take to lessen every common difficulty that occurs, all together spreads a gleam of sunshine on us that has its full effect on Mr Napier's spirits & mine. I therefore take this opportunity to *gossip* a little with you.

My sister Leinster is in London now. I shall feel odd to be in Ireland without either (as Louisa also goes to London) in spring, but it suits my *rage for home* which at present is great, & in summer time they all return.

I fancy by your account of Lady Westmoreland [1]

[1] John, tenth Earl of Westmorland, was this year appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in succession to Lord Buckingham. He

(who is just arrived) that you will be a good prophetess, & that her manner & stile will support her & her lord's favor in spite of the disadvantage they are under, for party runs higher than ever here, & party is stronger too. Lord Charlemont, Mr Grattan,[1] Mr Conolly, & the Duke of Leinster have worked hard to settle a Whig club, and it is wonderfull its *effect;* it creates order, method, union, & business, so that for the 1st time Opposition here are a *phallanx*, not a rope of sand. And the consequence is, that they are to have this very day a minority of 100 or upwards, & the members are but 300 in all, so that the Ministry have taken the alarm, & sent off expresses to London about it. The D. of Leinster has resumed his former city interest which is *personal*, Mr Grattan is suported by the Independants or popular party in the city, & Govt have only the police in pay to take their side, so that the Duke of Leinster hopes to get Henry Fitzgerald chosen with Mr Grattan, &, to *pave* the way, he has carried his point in making the city *refuse* Ld Westd & Mr Hubbard[2] their *freedom.* There is not one speaker on Govt side, & many on ours. This is all very pleasant, & I own I enjoy it. Mr Conolly was at Court in London, & H. M. *rump'd* him (for having been an Irish Ambassador), so he did not go to the Queen's

married, in 1782, Sarah Anne, only daughter of Robert Child, Esq., who died in 1793. He died in 1841, aged eighty-one.

[1] Henry Grattan, son of John Grattan, Esq., for some time Recorder of the City of Dublin, was born in 1746. He studied law, and in 1775 entered the Irish Parliament. Throughout his life he struggled with great determination to advance the freedom of Ireland, and to obtain good terms and good markets for her manufactures. He died in 1820.

[2] Hon. Robert Hobart, eldest son of George, third Earl of Buckinghamshire (who succeeded in 1793). He succeeded his father on his death in 1804, and himself died in 1816, aged fifty-six. He accompanied Lord Westmorland to Ireland as Chief Secretary.

drawing-room for fear she should be all condecension to him, as it's understood the plan is to make the poor King bear all the odium of anger, & *she* is to be all *goodness*. But this manœuvre won't do, & so he came away, & since Ld Westd came he sent him word that as His Majesty thought him a bad subject, Ld W. as his representative must of course receive him as such, & that as he knew he did not deserve the appellation, he would not subject himself to be treated like one, & begged to assure His Excellency it was no personal disrespect to him that kept him from the *levée*. Louisa is enjoying this escape from the Castle balls, & the *wise* ones look so *serious* about it. Mr Napier begs to be remembered to Mr O'Brien & you. We hope his health continues good. Adieu.

Yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Celbridge, 12 October, 1790.

When I hear of afflictions that bring my own full back to my heart with all its agonies I am by the same power disabled from writing on the subject as I was on my own, till the lenient hand of time makes it possible to write calmly, & yet feel every strong emotion of what one *has*, *one does*, & one *must* suffer, in thinking of those beloved lost angels never more to be seen by us! Thus, my dear Ly Susan, I account for my long silence; my pen so often taken up & laid down, my resolution to write so often broken, have only this excuse—what shall I say to her? Is your poor brother's[1] heart broken?

[1] Lady Ilchester, wife of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, died this year, leaving one son and five daughters.

Or is he from strength of constitution & mind enabled to bear this severe shock? When will *you*, & *all all* around you hope to forget for a single moment that such an angel *was*, & is no more? My dearest Ly Susan, these are sad, useless questions to ask, & what else can I say? Answer me anything *pleasant* that it may have pleased God to have given among you for comfort, but do not tell me any particulars of affliction, that I own to you my spirits are not equal to; for the likeness between those angels' faces is too strong in my memory to bear it. I will tell you a *pleasant* event in our family, because I am sure you will share in joy for any good that gives us pleasure. My sister Leinster, being at Tunbridge with her family, saw Lord Chichester there, a most pleasing young man, whom all the misses wanted to catch as a prize, & while she was wondering *who* the lot would fall on, he took the greatest fancy to her *little* girl Cecilia Ogilvie, just 15, who went out only now & then as a favor. He talked to her much, sought her out in rides & walks, & is so excessively in love with her, that it would be like enchantment, if it was not certain that she is not *handsome*, but one of the most bewitching little creatures ever known. Ld Donegall[1] is going to be or *is* married to an Irish Miss Godfrey, a handsome well behaved girl, & he is for delaying the marriage in order, he says, to make *better* settlements hereafter; but as it is supposed a *ruse* of an agent of his, who don't like the word *settlement at all*, it is to be hoped Ld Donegall won't delay it *long*, as those delays are foolish, & a

[1] Arthur, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Donegall, married, as his third wife, Barbara, daughter of the Rev. Dr Godfrey. His son Lord Chichester's engagement with Miss Ogilvie was broken off, and he married, in 1795, Anna, daughter of Sir Edward May, Bart.

little hard on the young folks, who are very much in love; & in every respect it promises very fairly for happiness to both. No words can express my sister's joy, as she sees by this her only remaining wish gratified, that of knowing her husband & his daughters all having a security of every comfort in the establishment of the eldest, for tho' he has saved them each a most excellent fortune, which, by the way, Lord Donegall liked exceedingly (being *poor* with £45,000 per annum), yet a *home* is a very comfortable thing to the girls if they had the misfortune to lose their mother, tho' they are *loved* most excessively by all the Fitz-Geralds; yet my dear sister felt a most natural pride in not liking to have them run the risk of being looked on as *half* sisters, tho' I verily believe it never would have happened. I supose you can tell me nothing about war or peace, for it is an enigma, & yet Governt people now try to say it's war. I am very very uncomfortably situated about it, for my love for my husband, my large family, my age, & my dear *home* (so long sought after) necessarilly make me dread it, & yet I am *quite persuaded* by Mr Napier's arguments that having no friends or interest with Ministry, it is *his duty* to work for the maintenance of his children, & what line can he pursue with so much advantage as *that* in which he was bred, which he understands, which he likes, & of course is best suited to, & in which he has work'd his way for 26 years? To resign it at the eve of war is neither consonant to his principles or his interest, for it is his *only* chance of promotion, & if it please God to approve of his steady attachment to those principles he was bred in, as I think it must, I will hope he will be enabled to sell out at the end of the war, & so reap the

reward of his good intentions in securing *something* for his children, which is *all* his ambition. It seems to me very cruel & at the same time very odd, that Ministers generally promote both in army & navy men who are *fine*, or rich, or contempteous about their duty, in prefference to those who really *love* it. I know that interest makes many exceptions, but after that, sure it's most useful to employ those who love the business! And yet I have the most vexatious examples of the contrary in the Napier family, for my brother-in-law Captain Patrick Napier left us & our comfortable home, for fear he should be out of the way in case he had the least chance of being employed at sea; but yet he says he is sure he shall not till all good ships are employed, & nothing but wrecks left, one of which he may possibly get, if war takes place. . . .

Ever yours,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Hot Wells, Bristol, 12th of June, 1792.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—If I had the least chance of seing you, being on English ground, I should have written to you to contrive some means by which we could meet; but, hearing Mrs John Pitt was here, I made immediate enquiries through Mrs Pechell, who called upon her to know if you were likely to come to Bath, & the answer was, "No, for that you were at Melbury & not likely to leave it."

In despair, therefore, I now sit down to give you my history & to beg yours, for without these historical epistles annually we should never know

MELBURY HOUSE, DORSET.

From a Sketch.

[*To face p.* 80, *Vol. II.*

anything of each other. How is Mr O'Brien? How are you? How is your mother? Have you any plan in view, or do you keep on in your steady farming life? I thought nothing could move us, but Mr Napier was ill with dreadfull colds all winter, which terminated by the severest attack on his lungs, & terrified me so much, I was ready to sail to Teneriffe, where I heard the climate cured the most desperate complaints; but after two months' anxious & miserable state of mind, it was decided that as Mr Napier's illness had taken a favourable turn, the wisest, cheapest, easiest march would be by sea to Bristol, & having settled 5 of my little dears at home with a clergyman's daughters, who undertook to manage them & my house in my absence, we left Dublin with Louisa, Charles, & George Napier, & arrived here after 8 days' sail, Mr N. at once finding the good effects of the sea, which counterballanced the torments of being in a ship, which to a convalescent is terrible in every shape. He has been mending ever since, & I may now hope he is *recovered*, tho' still weak, nervous, & his lungs extremely delicate. . . . I expect my sister every day from London, where she has passed the winter & is on her return to Ireland, where I hope we shall go in July, if Mr N. continues mending so just as not to fear the "Island of Mists," as Ireland was justly called; but if ever it is wholesome 'tis in summer & early autumn, & by that time we shall judge if it is *necessary* for us to quit it for some years to re-establish his strength, which cause alone could reconcile us to change our habitation now, being so settled there. My sister is arrived since I began this letter, & I am so entirely taken up with her after so long an absence, that for the

present I can only assure you, my dear Ly Susan, how sincerely Mr N. & I join in wishing you & Mr O'Brien every happiness this world can give, in which *health* has almost the pre-eminence, for without it nothing can be enjoy'd.

Ever yours most truly,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Bristol, 24th June, 1792.

My dear Ly Susan,—I do grieve very much I did not write to you immediately on my arrival here, as I might by that means have secured seing you, altho' in an uncomfortable way, for Mr Napier's health is still so little advanced as to preclude much satisfaction to me in seing my friends, as he will not allow me to treat him as an invalid when our friends come, & he has twice hurt himself by only doing as other people do, & always found the room too hot or too cold, & all the *little cares* that an invalid requires have been set aside. . . . At present I am fallen into a new distress, by a severe billious fever in which my second son is since ten days, or more for what I know, as he was *ailing* some days without being much minded. It now proves a very obstinate fever, but Doctor Bain flatters us it is lessening gradually these 3 days, which makes him hope there will be no relapse. I am entirely confined to his room, as my own maid happened to be gone to Suffolk to see her friends, so that I could trust nobody to watch him. I now write from his bedside, & have but little time to dwell on all I had to say to you, which these are the heads of.

First, to thank you most sincerely in Mr N.'s name & my own for your kind offer, & assure you

that had we staid in the south of Engd, we looked towards Stinsford as the head quarters for pleasure to us; but Ireland must do for us if *possible*, if not, we must move to another climate quite. Mr N. is now a convalescent, & must call himself so till Septbr, when it will be neccessary to decide what becomes of us.

My sister Louisa is just now arriving in Ireland; my sister Leinster stays for her son Robert's wedding with Miss Fielding, & then goes to Ireland too. I am truly sorry for poor Ly Ilchester's illness; I hope she will accept of my most sincere good wishes.

Mr Napier joins me in our compts to Mr O'Brien, & he begs you to accept his thanks; he knows the merits of Godbolds. Adieu, remember me to Mrs Melliar.

Ever yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Hot Wells, Bristol, July 30th, 1792.

My dear Ly Susan,—The illness I wrote you word my poor little boy was ill of, turned out a most dangerous and tedious fever, which kept us till he was able to sail. The time is now come, & we leave this on the first of August, with the satisfaction of having the greatest hope of Mr Napier's perfect recovery by *care*, *time*, & *satisfaction*; the latter is absolutely necessary, I am certain, to delicate lungs, & as far as happiness at *home* can contribute to his satisfaction, which happens to be his peculiar pleasure, he will enjoy it, as our dear children are all well, the Conollys in Ireland, & my sister Leinster going there.

Poverty with its attendants always creates a degree of misfortune to people who have children, & to thoughtful minds most, of which cast he is; but in this we must do as millions of others do, & therefore I am packing up with great joy & delight for our return, but with the regret at having lost the opportunity of seing many of my friends, some by accident, others by my own fault. The latter I cannot forgive myself, for had I written to *you* & to Mrs Poyntz, who *was* at Bath, I should have seen both, but till Mr Napier was *safe* I really forgot *le peu de bons sens dont j'étais doué*, & hardly know what I did. My brother Richmond promised to make us a visit, but his camp interfered; he is grown very *good-humoured* & *gracious* to me. I say it is because he is grown old, & consequently family affection recovers her power in his heart; some people say it is because of the new changes in politics, so much talked of, that *soften* him to the other party, but at all events it's *pleasant*, & I never mean to obtain more favor from him *than a sister's claim of affection*, so that I am quite satisfied. So is Mr N., for he wishes to be *well* but not *dependant* on him; so all's right. My brother George is also very gracious to me, *& that's* pleasant, tho' I shall probably never see them for ages. My sister Leinster has her 2 sons married to her satisfaction, but not daughters, for I think she is a bad general & keeps them too much in London.

I don't know if Charles Sturt[1] is in your neighbourhood, if he is, it will *grieve you* to see the beauteous little Emily Sturt wilder than a little colt

[1] Charles Sturt, of Crichel, co. Dorset, born in 1763; he married Lady Mary Ann Ashley-Cooper, daughter of Anthony, fourth Earl of Shaftesbury. Their daughter Emily died young.

with spirits, and alas! *sure to die soon.* Her case is *almost* despaired of here, & the doctor thinks the *sea* is her *only chance*, & therefore thinks it the least cruel to send her home than abroad; there never was such a distressed family without the least *real* cause of distress, for *common* sense would make them all comfortable. I am dying to be with dear Louisa & her *hay;* I grieve to find she comes to London again in winter, but I see Mr Conolly will always find business there. Miss Vernon,[1] the Maid of Honour, is here, & a most sensible, pleasant, reasonable body, & obliging to a degree. There is a Miss Strangways here that says she is very *distantly* related to you: who is she? Mr Napier's sister Mrs Johnston is returned from India, but by mismanagement we shall not see her, which vexes us sadly. Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan, our best compts to Mr O'Brien.

Ever most affecly yours,

S. N.

P.S.—Pray write me word what river or fall you went down in America that no woman had ever been, for fear I should *lie.* Pray present my compts to Ly Harriet when you see her, & put your mother in mind how good she was formerly to me, which I shall never forget. I have still the little earings she gave me, & bid me "never give them to a miss," & I never have. Pray also give my

[1] Hon. Evelyn Vernon, Maid of Honour to Queen Charlotte, daughter of Richard Vernon, Esq., of Hilton, Staffordshire, and Evelyn, daughter of John, first Earl Gower. Lady E. Gower had married, first, John, first Earl of Upper Ossory. Miss Vernon was therefore half-sister to Mary, second Lady Holland, and she spent the latter part of her life at Little Holland House with her niece, Hon. Caroline Fox, Lord and Lady Holland's only daughter. She died in 1830.

love to the worthy & good Mrs Melliar. Has Ly Ilchester the same passion for flowers? I am grown to have it too, but I cannot so well afford it.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Celbridge, near Dublin, Oct. 1st, 1792.

My dear Ly Susan,—Your kind letter reproached me for not having written to give you an account of our arrival, but indeed I was much hurried, for my nerves *now* feel the agitation I have been in before, & I cannot yet feel settled. I see by your calling my boy's complaint billious, that I never wrote you *after* the beginning of it, which I *thought* I had, so that you don't know it turned to an inflamatory & putrid fever at the *same* time, which made his case so desperate for 3 weeks I was almost distracted, but it pleased God to restore him to me. . . .

Miss Vernon came just about that time to Bristol, & by her very good-natured attention won our hearts. She made us acquainted with Mr & Mrs Hippesley & her sister Miss Stuart, by far the pleasantest family I almost ever met with, & at their house I saw Mrs Cox, that was Miss Horner, & was vastly happy in hearing from her more about you than 20 letters would have told me. Indeed, my dearest Ly Susan, your affectionate conduct to Ly Ilchester, tho' she certainly deserves it of you, is exemplary; for it is not every daughter who *devotes* their *whole* life to attending on an infirm mother, & Mr O'Brien's acquiessence to it, is a still greater proof of his most *honourable* mind, which I always thought, and am now perfectly convinced of. It must give you great comfort to think that *after all the lamentations* about you, the very event has put

it in your power to return all your mother's adoration of you tenfold, for had you married Lord Lansdown for example, I beg to know if *he* would have given up *ten days* to such a life, or have allowed you to do so. He loves that same Malagrida[1] too well to have put him to the smallest inconvenience for his wife's sake. In short, all is for the best in this world, & we may always turn even our errors to virtues.

The horrors of Paris exceed all immagination, but don't *fancy* there is the least danger of the like in either England or Ireland. In the former *all spirit* is gone, & an Englishman & passive obedience are synonymous terms; in Ireland there is great spirit left, & it wholly depends on Government to turn it to a proper channel. If *they* will but divert it to the objects of improvements, all Irish will eagerly catch at a *new object* of improvement. I don't say they will follow it long, but they love novelty, & Govt does very foolishly in trying to raise up quarels between the Catholics and Protestants, for the purpose of an *excuse* for an union which will ruin Ireland, for the nasty Presbeterians will run away with the bone. Adieu, compts to Mr O'Brien.

Ever yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

6th of January, 1793.

I never read newspapers, & therefore have been ignorant till now of my dear Ly Susan's loss, which it seems is long past![2] I hope to hear soon from

[1] Malgrida, so nicknamed by the King.—S. O'Brien.

[2] Elizabeth, first Countess of Ilchester, died at Melbury in 1792, aged sixty-nine.

you that your present situation is as comfortable as you can wish it to be, and every particular that can point out these comforts to me as certain will interest me so much, that I trust, my dear Ly Susan, you will not refuse it to me. I will say nothing of your loss, tho' I know it must have affected you much, but it was so long expected that your mind must e'er this have been made up to it. How is Mr O'Brien's health? I hope quite good & yours also, for without those blessings one can enjoy nothing. Tell me how all your brothers & sisters are disposed relative to yourself; is their society likely to influence your way of life?

I supose you won't forgive my saying nothing of our Irish politics, as they *sound* so *terrible*.[1] That good-natured Mrs Crewe wrote to beg of us to *take shelter* at Crewe Hall, & we got her letter of *terrors* just as we were preparing for a ball at Castletown, where we have passed a *very* merry Christmas, tho' *canons* are sent down to the county of Louth, within 20 miles of us! The truth is, that it's all a bug-bear; unless the Catholics are very ill used *indeed*, nothing will tempt them to join the *small* portion of

[1] The state of Ireland at this time was both alarming and critical. The French revolution had raised a fresh longing for freedom in the breasts of many, who were already alive to the religious enthusiasm that had spread through the country. Catholics and Protestants were ready to fly at each other's throats, and the spirit of lawlessness which pervaded every class was kept alive by agitators, who hoped in the general confusion to gain their own ends, and win Ireland back from the hated yoke of England. Pitt throughout had the union of the two countries as his aim, and to further this always favoured the Catholics. In 1792, a Bill was passed giving them many privileges which had formerly been withheld. The inconsistency which appeared in it only increased the uproar. Franchise was granted them, but under what restrictions! No Catholic might sit in Parliament, so their votes were still only to be recorded for Protestants! Societies were formed throughout the country, and in many places riots took place, which could only be suppressed by military force.

Levelers & Presbeterian disturbers of peace, which *every* county *now* produces, but which really is a very small number in Ireland, if not worked up by ill-usage. Next week will probably settle all this about the Catholics, & if they get their franchises, you may rely on it all will go smoothly; if not, God knows the consequences. All *party* is disolved *here*, for there is such variety of interests, it could not be otherwise. The D. of Leinster is the most steady friend to the Catholics, & has set up a club called, "The Association of the Friends of the Constitution, Liberty, & Peace," to separate it quite from Levelers & from Governt, & it *takes* very much I find to my great joy, for I cannot bear the 2 questions being *mixed*. The confusion of England seems a little cleared up, & now one sees Govt on one hand taking advantage of the panic (they themselves created) to take great strides of power; on the other, one sees a very satisfactory disposition in the people at large to be content, & to dread a change; lastly, one sees Charles Fox more glorious than ever, with a *few* friends upholding his well-founded opinions in the midst of the confusion of prejudices, frights, & abuse, & resisting all temptation to fall from his noble height of principle into *mean* power & adulation. I never thought so well of him in all my life, but I see he is *lost* as a *Minister;* but no matter for that, since he *gains* as a *honest man*. I am contented, for I know *he* will be much the happier for it, & I love him too much not to rejoice in *his* good. Edward Fitzgerald[1]

[1] Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fourth son of James, first Duke of Leinster, was born in 1763, and married, in 1792, at Tournay, Stéphanie Syms, otherwise "Pamela." She is said to have been the daughter of Madame de Genlis and Philippe, Duke of Orleans, called "Égalité;" but Madame de Genlis stated that 'Pamela" was a daughter of a Mr

has acted a romance throughout all his life, & it is finished by his marriage with *Pamela* Seymour. Adieu.

Ever yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Celbridge, Feb. 25th, 1793.

MY DEAREST LY SUSAN,—Your letter arrived when I was in a high delirium of fever, which just escaped causing an inflamation on my brain by the most violent eruption on my head & face. . . . Thank God, I am at the end of 6 weeks just able to write to tell you how much I enter into that *feel*, which you suffered from being away at the moment you wished to be present; but the reflection of the very *great* & *constant* attention you have had must lessen an expected loss. I am glad at your expression of, "I believe we shall be very comfortable," if it includes all the good I wish you, which certainly comprises happiness within a moderate income, for I plainly see a *very* large one don't secure it, but there is a certain sum necessary for *comfort.*

Your account of all your family gives me great pleasure, for as long as I live the inhabbitants of Redlinch must interest me. I should be the most ungrateful of beings could I forget the hospitable & *parental* treatment I met with there 32 years ago!

Seymour, who had married a person in humble condition named Mary Sims.

Lord E. Fitzgerald took a prominent part as leader of the rebels in the Irish Rebellion, and died in prison in Dublin from his wounds in June, 1798, leaving one son and two daughters. His widow, Lady Edward, married, secondly, Mr Pitcairn, United States Consul at Hamburg, and died in 1831.

Oh! how time passes, & yet, my dear Ly Susan, I am a happier being at this moment than I was then with all my thoughtless, wild, & giddy spirits; for tho' nearer my death by 32 years, I am more sensible of the wonderful mercies of God towards me, who has ever bestow'd blessings on every moment of my life, which till within these 12 years I never knew the value of, for every misfortune of my life is by my own fault, & to my dying day I will justify every mortal accused by my partial friends of being conducive by their education of me to my errors. Happiness was in my reach at all times, if I had had courage to pursue it. But to return to Redlinch, my affections follow the *generations* as they arise, for I love these young ones for their father & *perfect* mother's sake, so that it delights me to read your praises of them. I conclude you are to live on at Stinsford? Your account of M. Sillery & her *élèves* answers my idea of her, all pleasing to appearance, & nothing *sound* within *her* heart, whatever may be so in the young minds whom she *can* & does of course easily deceive. I hope we have got our lovely little niece time enough out of her care to have acquired all the *perfections* of her education, which are certainly great, as she has a *very uncommon*, clever, active mind, & turns it to most usefull purposes, & I trust our pretty little *Sylphe* (for she is not like other mortals) has not a tincture of all the double-dealing, cunning, false reasoning, & lies, with which M. S. is forced to gloss over a very common ill-conduct, because she *will* set herself *above* others in virtue, & she happens to be no better than her neighbours. I never saw such a sweet, little, engaging, bewitching creature as Ly Edward is, &

childish to a degree with the greatest sense. The upper part of her face is like poor Mrs Sheridan, the lower part like my beloved child Louisa; of course I am disposed to doat upon her. I am *sure* she is not *vile Égalité's* child; it's impossible.

My paper won't allow of politics, for to explain the strange conduct of France, England, & Ireland, & to understand their inconsistencies, would take volumes, so, in short, I abhor 300 & odd of the French murderers, I pity the rest who are slaves to tyrants. I pity the deluded multitude, & I wish them success *at home*, but *ruin* if they go one step out of France. I think our war[1] the King's war, very wrong and very foolish, but still I wish it success. As for Ireland, I know for *certain*, that if the Govt gives the C. their *just rights*, & make a reform of boroughs, pensions, & places, *all* will go on happily, smoothly, loyaly, & well; & as *certainly* I know that the *tricks* play'd every day by Govt to sow division & avoid acting honestly will bring on a *strong* inclination to join the French if they land. This is the present crisis to *save* Ireland, & alas! I see no step taken but to ruin it. Adieu, our best compts to Mr O'Brien. Mr N. is, thank God, pretty well.

Ever yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Celbridge, near Leixlip, 15 Nov., 1793.

My dear Ly Susan,—I am grown a sad correspondent, for in truth *years*, children, blindness, & *business* makes writing very troublesome to me; but

[1] War had broken out between England and France early in February.

I can never have any interesting event, without immediately thinking of those friends who I *know* by long experience really do care about me, & of course I wish to inform you, my dearest Lady Susan, that Mr. Napier is *once* more in the army from half pay. As you will probably wish to know all the particulars of our situation, I shall to save a second letter tell you our *reasons*, our *views*, & our *hopes* at once.

We have, as you know, been 12 years (& more) married; we have great, powerful, many *rich*, & *some most kind* relations, but all this is of no avail, & has not produced more than what the immediate kindness of the Conollys secure, viz, a pleasant home here with all the advantages *they* can give to our *ménage*, which with our income makes *us* quite easy, for we *can* feed, clothe, & keep (at a *common* school in the village) our boys, & tho' we can neither have carriage, dress, company, or many luxuries, yet *we for ourselves* could desire no more. But when we consider *my age* & our 9 children, who are left totally destitute at our death (mine particularly), can we sit down contented and enjoy comforts, when by resigning them we may possibly obtain a *small*, but at least some pittance for our children? And what way can we hope to gain it but by exerting *ourselves*, after 12 years' disappointment in everything? Mr Napier *therefore* decided to remain in the army, & being in it, he rekons it both his *duty* to seek service, and also the only means by which he can do his *duty* to his children. I perfectly agree with him in all this, & having acquiesced I will never forsake him as long as it is in my power to be of comfort or use to him, nor indolently stay at home when he is going through fatigues & dangers for

our children's sakes. It is happily for me in my power to leave them as well off as every rich person's children are, who are sent to distant schools, & their infants in the country, while their parents are pursuing pleasures in great towns, for I have my 5 boys at a *school in this very place*, they eat & sleep at home as at a dame's, & my faithful maid, who has lived with me 26 years, *is their dame* here. My two youngest [1] being girls of 2 & 3 years old are safe with her. There is a surgeon in this town who visits them daily as *our friend.* I have many relations & neighbours to give an eye to them if Louisa was to go away from Castletown, but as that is very improbable, she is more than a mother to *them.* So situated I have no fears for *them* all, & I think my duty, as well as my strong inclination, calls me to go with the best & most attached husband that ever woman was blessed with, *if he will allow me so to do*, & he not only *allows* me but wishes it much. This being decided on, we are preparing to be ready to march to any of the 4 quarters of the globe chance may direct, for tho' at this moment he is Capt. in Doyle's or Prince of Wales' Irish Regt. *raising*, yet to-morrow he may chop & change for a majority, so one cannot guess *when* or *where* we go. Lord Moira [2] is very much his friend, so I build hopes that 26 years' service and persevering zeal in the service now will meet with its reward from a *respectable officer* such as Lord Moira is, if he is

[1] Lady Sarah's youngest daughter, Cecilia Mary Margaret, was born in 1791.

[2] Sir Francis Rawdon, second Earl of Moira, and first Marquis of Hastings, was born in 1754. He married, in 1804, Flora Muir-Campbell, Countess of Loudoun in her own right. He was a General officer in the army, and Governor-General of India from 1812 to 1822. He died in 1826.

lucky enough to be under his command; for we see by the papers he is talked of. So much for military news. As for health, I have reason to rejoice in his now, it being so much mended; my own also, & I must finish by telling you that Louisa Napier, *aged* 17 (when *misses* are likely to be tempted by peace, plenty, & pleasure), has been *pressed* by the affectionate, kind Conollys to live at Castletown in our absence, but has declared, if it is practicable to take her without adding to our cares, she prefers going with her father & me to any part of the world: have we not a reason to love such a dear firm character, whose affection supersedes all considerations?

Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan. Write to me as usual here, & give me the satisfaction of hearing Mr O'Brien & you are quite well.

Believe me most affecly & truly yours,

S. N.

Mr Napier begs his compts to both. We laughed at your being one of the *panic* people about the dangers of England & Ireland. We are every hour more convinced that C. Fox was right, as the consequence proves. We should have *flourished* by peace & we shall be *ruined* by war, & come back to where we began with the loss of millions of men & money; but it's an officer's duty to fight the *enemy* when war is *begun*. Poor Ly Westmoreland's death has shocked us all very much, so sudden! Ten days only from full health, youth, & prosperity!

Early in 1794 Major Napier was appointed Deputy Quarter-Master-General to the army which Lord Moira was to command in Holland,

and left at once for England to attend to his new duties, leaving Lady Sarah to settle her younger children at Celbridge, and follow him with the two eldest to Southampton. Soon after her arrival Major Napier left to join Lord Moira abroad, and Lady Sarah remained there.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Celbridge, February 16, 1794.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—Should anything bring you & Mr O'Brien to town the first week in March, you will *hear of me* at my sister Leinster's for *that* week, & the next at Portsmouth or the Isle of Wight, for I shall probably be a coaster this spring, as Mr Napier sends me word I may now *visit* him at Cowes, & take my chance of what is to follow. For this purpose I am settling my family here, & so busy I have only time for a few lines (which I write in the dread of again missing seing you for want of information). I leave 6 children with my *trusty* servant, 3 of them at a day school, 3 are too little & only want her care. My eldest, Louisa Napier,[1] & her brother Charles go with me, & you know my sister has my *own* eldest girl, so there are the nine well disposed of.[2] I go, like a poor capt.'s wife, as I ought to do, in a chaise & pr, 3 of us (*no maid*), & one man on horseback; my stay in London a week at my sister's. I hope to *look* at all my friends, which is a great pleasure after 9 years' abse ıce, & then to pass my time comfortably at Cowes.

[1] Louisa Napier was Colonel Napier's daughter by his first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Captain R. Pollock. Mrs Napier died in 1779. Louisa Napier died, unmarried, in 1856.

[2] See Appendix D.

If I am so unlucky as not to see you or Mr O'B., adieu. Ever most truly yours. God bless you.

SARAH NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Southampton, June 10, 1794.

MY DEAREST LY SUSAN,—When I came to this town 3 months ago I fully intended writing to you to *plan* some means of our meeting; but from the first week to the present time, *this* is the *heads* of the reasons that occurred to stop me. Illness myself; Major Napier next; a journey to the Isle of Wight; illness again; then Louisa Napier taken ill of a very alarming fever & attack on her lungs for 6 weeks; in the midst of it, news of the sudden death of *her best friend*, Miss Fitzgerald, who lived with my sister Louisa. My own grief on this occasion made way to the terrors I was in, lest the news should be told her till she was safe from the *effects* of violent grief; in one month more this was accomplished, & altho' every one of us have, as well as our servants, had repeated attacks of illness, we are now, thank God, quite well. So much for bodily impediments to following my inclination; now for others. When I arrived, I was told every week was the last of our stay here; of course I lived *en l'air;* by degrees the army increases, various are the occupations of Major Napier, & constant & unremitting is his attention; *ceremony* don't belong to his character, & poverty makes us confine ourselves to a cheap lodging with 3 small bedrooms & *one parlour*, into which are introduced about 20, 30, or more,

people of various denominations from 8 in the morning till 11 at night. The Commander-in-Chief *et sa troupe dorée sometimes* (brigadier-generals & assistants of course), commanding officers of Regts of Artillery &c., sergeants, clerks, waggoners, *all* march in at *all* hours on *business*. To this is to be added, "*les dammes de la ville*," now & then the wives of officers, officers themselves sometimes on duty, sometimes as visitors, half a dozen very young men who belonging to the departments call in & run in & out like children for a hat or a paper forgot, &c. To all this is added *two* total separate branches of visitors. 1st, The Toulonnese people, 600 of which inlist into some French Corps here, many more sailors paid on board the transports, an endless list of officers who come in dozens, *pour faire leurs homages à mon General* (meaning Major N.), & begging to know who is to pay them, & when he bows & says not him, they bow & go on with ten thousand demands, the Artillery officers in particular, who have discovered that the field pieces in England are of no use, & want Major Napier to send to Bruges for some French ones taken by the D. of Y.

If you *can* supose anything more troublesome than a Frenchman, it is a *recruit*, 100 of which *we* want beyond all description, for this relates to our *own* business. Major N. could get a Lt.-Colonelcy for 100 (about 30 of which are raised in Ireland), but unless he gets leave of absence to go & recruit himself, he will never succeed, and as he *will not* prefer his own business to his public duty, none of these could have been got but for *me*, who have *never* one moment to myself, as I have no place to

be in but this *coffee-room of his*, & am forced to *be civil to one* set, while he writes & talks with the other, whom he very often marches into our bedroom without the least ceremony. Judge from hence if I could invite a friend to visit me? Yet if a dear kind friend will take up with this vagabond's life, & not mind it for a few days, be assured I could not receive a more delightful addition to the pleasure I have in the glympse I get of friends here. My brother called one day in passing, the Dss another, Mrs Pakenham also, & I lose no time, my dearest Ly Susan, to assure you & Mr O'Brien that I *depend* on you both to contrive to manage this great satisfaction to me, since by this letter which I received only *this* morning, I find I have some chance of a pleasure I little expected. We supose this camp to last about one month, so that we must *soon* depart: one week more will admit of our fixing on our day. Pray therefore write instantly to me *where* you are going, for if it *should* be on our road to Bristol, *perhaps* we may be forced to give up seing you here, & can meet you at any town you come to for a few days. *The Major may recruit*, & *we* may chatter together which will fill up our mornings without interferences, & at our dinners & evenings enjoy some *society* together, for he will have great pleasure in seing you both, I do assure you. I have litterally nothing to say to you but military *talk*, & that is too difuse for a letter. Politics still more so, & family chat is for being together. I hope you don't know any of the family of a charming Capt. Deane, aide-de-camp to Lord Moira, as I fear they will lose him by a most dreadful fall off his horse.

Adieu, pray lose no time in answering my letter;

Southampton is enough, for the Deputy-Quarter-Master-General is much better known here by the money he is the *means* of tradespeople getting, than he will ever be by what he gets himself; for, alas, this is no *brain* business, but mere hard work, & *no* profitt.

Ever yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Southampton, Friday, 13 June, 1794.

My dearest Ly Susan,—Your *note* has no date of *place*, & the cover is lost, so I shall send this by guess to Stinsford, as I conclude you are there. Your plans I now understand perfectly, & as nothing on earth is so *uncertain* as a military man, I will not have you change any of *your* plans to accommodate mine, unless I really *know* for *certain* what I am to do.

For the present I guess, from things I heard to-day, that we *may be here till after the* 20*th*. . . . Pray tell me how far from *our* road to Bristol or Bath Dorchester is, for I understand you live *close* to the town; because if you have any idea of our success at Dorchester in recruiting, I promise you there never was a more kind offer than letting us make you a visit for one week, & *try* our chance, & we will manage it so as to go when you are at home, for we shall be a *long* time *prowling* about like *wolves* for our *prey*; for after all, it is a sad sad business to *enlist*, but one of those evils for which there is no remedy, & if a man likes to be a soldier, those who have deserved their rank by long service have as good a chance & as good claims on their countrymen as others. But I am in *great* hopes to

see you here *first*, & afterwards at *home*, *for both is best*, as the *children* say.

Pray ask any *military body* in your neighbourhood if there is any chance of recruiting men of five foot four inches, for 10 guineas & as much under as possible, in your neighbourhood, & let me know their opinion, for it may weigh a good deal with us.

I am sorry for anything happening unfortunate to poor Col Digby, for whom I've an *old affection*. I hear your niece Ly Mary[1] is or is going to make an *odd* match to a man so much older than herself, but in every other respect the most aimable character, & as it is not the first match of disproportioned age in the family, you and I can witness it turned out happily with Ld Holland & my sister, & I see no reason, when it is a *reflected choice* of a young girl, why it may not. I sincerely wish it may. That dear Ld & Ly Ilchester's child may be as happy, as I wish all that belonged to one, whose memory I never can forget or cease to love & revere, should be. I would rejoice most exceedingly if chance gave me a sight of your brother Ilchester.

You don't say *we* in your letter, but I hope Mr O'Brien is of the party : our best compts to him.

Lord Howe's victory fills us all with joy now.[2] Adieu.

Ever most affectly yours,

S. N.

[1] Lady Mary Fox Strangways, second daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, married, in 1794, Thomas Mansel Talbot, Esq., of Margam, South Wales.

[2] This naval victory took place on June 1 off the French coast near Brest. Lord Howe, with twenty-five ships of the line, defeated a French fleet of twenty-six ships under Villaret Joyeuse, capturing and destroying eight of their ships.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Southampton, 6th July, 1794.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—I have had the happiness of hearing from Major Napier from Flushing, & he made no doubt of reaching Lord Moira time enough to relieve him from the anxious state you saw him in here from the necessary delay of business in the department;[1] you may guess how I long for the next interesting news, & dread them too. My only comfort in his absence (besides knowing he is in pursuit of what he has called his *duty* for 28 years), is the occupation of promoting his advancement in a line of life he is so ardently attached to, that *no* dissappointment can conquer it. He has made me prosolyte to his sentiments, & tho' it must be in perpetual sacrifices of my own peace & happiness, I am convinced that a *true military man* (of which I see very few) will never bring about any point of pecuniary advantage to himself or his family, but in *that line* to which they have devoted all their abilities. If Major Napier's active turn of mind, studdy, quickness, & perseverance had been used in any other line, he *must* have acquired a sufficiency for our family large as it is; but his passion for the army has decided that our 5 sons are to serve their country, & to take their chance like him for fortune. I confess the perspective is *dark* to *me*, for as I fear none of them will equal him in tallents, & that I see him so chequed in all his pursuits by adverse fortune, I have little hope that they will even *earn*

[1] Lord Moira reached Ostend on June 26 to reinforce the Duke of York's army, but too late to check the victorious advance of the French through Belgium. The successes of the latter continued even into Holland, and by the end of the year they held both these countries at their mercy.

their bread, much less gain a sufficiency, & if my happiness was not so secured to me by family attachments to him & my children, I should with the deepest melancholy dwell on our sad prospects, with 9 children, a small annuity, omnipotent relations, & *still* see him, with all his ardour for the service, no further advanced at 43! But my spirit or spirits (call it which you will) rises in proportion as I look back to early days, which promised me a more flattering hope, when I recollect that my dear brother Lord Holland's excess of partiality to me made him think nothing too good to please me. Adieu, my dear Ly Susan.

Yours ever,
S. N.

Laay Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Southampton, 13th July, 1794. Sunday.

No letters whatever since the 4th from Mr N. I am quite miserable, dearest Ly Susan, for I'm lost in conjectures where can he be! He would have written from Flushing was he *there*, that's plain. He may be at sea in his way to Antwerp, & on that I build my *hope*, but he was not arrived at Antwerp on the 7th, for *Colonel* Doyle, who writes an account *himself* of his two wounds to his sister-in-law, sends his "love to Napier," so it's plain they know nothing of him; till Wednesday I cannot now hear. I am going to-day to Newport, in the Isle of Wight, to see both the Pakenhams, who have been so ill at Portsmouth as to require removing there for air; I come back on Tuesday for my letters. Adieu in haste. Love to Mr O'B. from all here, & to you.

Ever yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Sunday.

General Doyle's letter to his wife.

Thursday, 26 June, in the evening.—"We are landed, all well & in good spirits; from all I *hear*, I hope we shall be able to send you good news in a few days. We *stoped* the transports that were *coming away* with the troops from Ostend. I have not time for more," &c.

Colonel Barry to his nephew.

"We are all disembarked. We are ordered to rest on our arms to-night: what to-morrow will produce I cannot say. Bruges is taken."

Mr Dornford to his brother.

Among various trifling circumstances, & the same story as above, the only thing of consequence in it is as follows:—"380 houses *deserted*, & so compleatly, that I cannot find one to lodge with bed or chair. The remaining inhabbitants rejoiced to see us, but in great dismay, because a deserter of the 8th Dragoons quartered here went over to the ennemy last night, probably to announce our arrival & our force."

The D. of York's letter in the *Gazette* of to-day says,—that *Craig* (finding himself stoped with his despatches by the route of Clairfait's army, who retired in confusion to Ghent,) thought it advisable to return to the D. of Y. to give him this notice; in consequence of which, *he* (the Duke) left Tournay to cover Oudenarde which was in great danger, & that he was sorry to say it was *that day* invested;

that Ypres was fallen, & the emigrants given up, & the garrison sent into France. So far you see the bad news are authentic.

Then the *Courier* says that Ghent *is* taken with all the magazines; & the *Sun* says Clairfait *has* relieved Bruges. Of these opposite reports you are equal judge with us.

I think it plain Lord Moira means to be prepared to *support* rather than defend Ostend for a certain time; & I *conclude* he thinks it *possible* & *useful*, but *my* military knowledge does not extend to the view of any use in delaying the loss of Ostend, if Ghent is gone, for *its only use was* to send in provisions, ammunitions, & men from England for the fortified towns. But I supose that on the 26th, Lord Moira could not have any communication with the D. of Y.'s army, & *therefore* concluded it in force at Tournay, & fit to drive the French to Ostend to *meet* him, & *therefore* Genl Doyle flattered himself with good news.

Mrs Pakenham writes me word Major Napier passed a most comfortable evening *en trio* with Mr P. & her, talked over all the war, were in good spirits as far as related to *this* army, & concluded that *one* momentary help would do all that is required of this army. She says he sailed in a yacht of Lord Darnly's for Deal or Dover, which ever he chose, on Friday early, & would probably have a quick passage; from thence he goes in the Packet, & I *conclude* is at Ostend *this* day. I leave you *to guess* the ballance in my mind, for an action *has* or *will* take place. I shall add no more, for I am hitherto tollerably firm & not apprehensive from *nerves*, tho' very much so from *reason*, & I really think we are such strange beings that nervous feels

are less conquerable than reasonable fears. I fear I should lose this *équilibre* of hopes & fears were I write long to you, my dearest Ly Susan, for I must not be of the *larmoyante* set just *now:* I have too much at stake not to put on false courage at least in lieu of real.

Adieu to both my very kind friends.

S. N.

Lady Sarah had asked Lady Susan to write and request Mr. Morse an official at the War Office (who in former days had been under considerable obligations to Lord Ilchester), to further as much as possible an application made by Major Napier with regard to the recruits he was trying to raise. Mr Morse readily complied with the request.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Southampton, 21st July, 1794.

My dear Ly Susan,—When I begged of you to use your interest with Mr Morse, I went on a speculation of my own, which was to try the power of that first of virtues, *gratitude*, on the mind of man. I am often told that politicks & all worldly affairs choak that most excellent quality, but I own I never could persuade myself of it, & I have often & often observed that the affections of the early part of one's life are ever superior to worldly friendships. You see how right I was. Mr Morse, tho' entirely separated from you by different habbits of life, no sooner heard the name of the child of Lord Ilchester, than he did *more* for *you* than he would do for a *Minister*, I am sure, and I judge from thence so highly of his character, that I have the fullest confidence in your success. To *you*, my dearest Ly

STINSFORD HOUSE, DORSET.

[*To face p.* 106, *Vol. II.*

Susan, I shall owe what I look upon as the greatest happiness at this moment, for by facilitating this levy of 100 men, I secure my dear Major from going on service *as capt.* after so many years' service, & I am perhaps more anxious in consequence of what I *see* since I am become a military person, viz, during the whole time he has been employ'd under Lord Moira, I perceive *he* is looked on as so *efficient* a person, that people of all denominations come to him with their *wants*, their *complaints*, their *doubts*, & whether it belonged to his department or not he never failed to exert himself in forwarding *every* useful thing for the service: in short, without the least vanity I may say I see he is by far too active & useful an officer to be *justly* placed *as a capt. only*, & yet if Lord Moira returns to London, & does not keep the command of this camp, as is universally reported, you know there is no alternative; he must go to the 87th, or be lt.-col. If the latter, there are many things he is *à porter* to undertake, but the rank must *first* be secured. I will not, my dear Ly Susan, repeat those thanks which are unnecessary to convince you of my gratitude.

I leave it to you to thank both Mr Cox & Mr Morse, as all their favor is to *you*, but as *I feel* the *benefit* of it, do not let them think it is bestowed on an unthankful mind. My letters from Major Napier have as yet only told me of his health, & that of all our friends, except poor Col. Doyle, whose wounds are mending fast, thank God. We were very sorry for him, but so happy as to find it was not his brother, *our* dear general, that we were relieved from a great fright. *Little* Frank Doyle has written to me. He went through that wonderful,

bold, & much-admired march, which *you call precipitate!* I am afraid you have seen no *experienced* generals lately, or you would agree with what (I am *told* by ministerial people) is the admiration of Government, who say that Lord Moira has *saved* the *D. of York from destruction.* I do not pretend to say *its effects*, but this I *know*, Ld Moira did it *to save* the British army under him, & at the D. of Y.'s particular desire in two letters he wrote to him, so that he will ever have the honour & glory of having done his duty in a most masterly manner. He is a plain-dealing man of honor, sense, spirit, and perseverance. . . .

I expect letters by to-day's post, by which I hope to *guess* at what is to become of us. In the mean time, I am enjoying the *pleasures* of heat, dust, bad smells, & noise of Southampton, where the *Post Office* is our loadstone, for no excursions however pleasant can tempt us to stay away above a day, & besides I grudge every guinea, as I think it would help towards recruiting, which is my present object. Pray return my most sincere *affection* to Admiral Digby, for I do assure you I never shall forget his friendship to me, & to Captain Patrick Napier my brother-in-law; tell him poor Patrick is moaping himself to death at Ulvestone in Lancashire in despair for want of a ship, & I have not heard from him since the great 1st of June, by which I *suspect* he is quite broken-hearted at not having been there. Adieu, my dear Ly Susan.

I am most truly & affecly yours,

S. NAPIER.

P.S.—I have just got a letter from Major Napier, who, thank God, is well, and the *Gazette* gives an

acct of the business of the 15th, by which I trust in God they are making an *honourable* retreat, for I confess that my military spirit would not be satisfied with a shabby one, because *he* would be so miserable about it; *his* letter was dated the 12th.[1]

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Southampton, 29th July, 1794.

My dear Ly Susan,—*At length* our letters come altogether, & I have reasons to conclude from combinations that Major Napier *is* in London at this moment with Ld Moira; to-morrow will probably confirm it to me. In his letters from abroad he says he shall come with Ld Moira to London & stay two days for business, then come *here;* from which I conclude there is to be some business for him here, or why not appoint me to meet him there? As you see by the *Gazette*, Capt. Buller *is* D.Q.M. Genl, so *that* business is over, & all that *I know* we have to do is to go recruiting gently on to Ireland, as thanks to *you* we are now sure of success, & shall not need *wait* in England for our Irish recruits. Believe me, dear Ly Susan, you have done wonders for us; you must know I am rather *secret* about it till it *is done*, not to bring others on to Mr Morse's back, to reproach or torment him to do the same, but when once done, I shall long to tell that his favor towards Major Napier is solely the effect of a grateful heart to your father. I have written to London to Mr Napier to explain all this, & I hope he will see & thank Mr Morse.

Think of my bad luck about recruits. If I had

[1] A battle was fought on July 15 near Louvain, between the French under Kléber and the Austrians under Clairfait, and resulted in the utter defeat of the latter.

seen an officer one fortnight sooner who is here, he would have sold me 20 at eleven guineas per man. Is not that unfortunate: but they are now gone. My Dublin stock too, which *was* 40, is reduced to 26. I cannot *guess* at what Lord Moira is to do, but I see he has been ill used, for Mr N. says the cause of his leaving the Army is that "brevets have been sent to supersede his Continental rank," which means that Ld M. having a Continental rank in his pocket (as the *price* of his going, that when he *did* serve he should not be commanded but by a very few indeed), found it *useless*, for that Govt sent out *brevets* immediately to make *that* of none effect. That's *civil* to the man they *beseeched* to go & "save the King's son;" that is their own expressions. However he has done what he was desired to do, & is returned. Major Napier writes in astonishment at the strange *confusion* that pervades in everything there, both political & military, so you may guess it is bad when *he* is astonished, who had a tollerable guess at it before. He croaks sadly: I hope he is not right. I can tell you no more about what we do at present, till I have seen him. I *hope* it will lead us towards you. Adieu, till I write again.

Ever yours,
S. N.

I think that, considering I was at the Post Office *door* from 7 to 8 & am wild with joy, I have written a very *pretty* letter. The truth is my joy is a little counterballanced by doubts, & by my Charles being unwell.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Southampton, Sunday, 24th August, 1794.

My long silence was occasioned, my dear Ly Susan, by the hopes of announcing my arrival, which has been in the ballance for so long that my patience was just out, & I was going to write to you, when a letter came yesterday morning from the dear Conollys, to tell us that the city of Londonderry having offered to raise a Regt, he was offered to command it, which he refused as being too old to take trouble. Lord Connyngham was then appointed, as having the next great estate there, & the lieut-colonelcy offered to Mr Conolly's appointment, which he immediately asked of the Lord Lieutenant for Mr Napier, whom you will soon see gazetted as Lt.-Col. to the Derry Regt. The same letter hurries us to go instantly to Ireland, & we leave this on Tuesday, stay 3 days in London, & off to Dublin by Chester, so as to reach it by the 1st or 2nd of Septbr. I then stay a fortnight with my children & sister, & follow Mr N. to Derry 100 miles northward, where I shall stay till the Regt is ordered on service, & *then* what I shall do next is doubtfull, *sufficient to the day is the evil thereof*. . . . We hope that if by the time this Regt is compleat, & the war still continues, that all the West India Regts will be *gone*, & ours sent to Lord Moira here; for you may guess of all services, being with *him* is the pleasantest to us. Lord Moira was here for a few days, & told me that the moment he found that the Duke of Y. *show'd* him the order for brevets to supersede him 15 *deep*, just *while he was there* & to cease at his departure, he took his leave of the Duke, whom he left at the head of 40 thousand

men, Dutch included, to guard Holland, which Lord Moira says is easily done with so fine an army. If the Austrians, Bavarians, & Prussians all send their quota, Ld Moira says they may keep the frontiers well, & spare him his *old* 10 Regts & his 2 *new* ones, & that the moment they arrive at Netley he will take the command himself, & be ready to go on any expedition deemed of *real use;* but he won't stay to be drill sergt *here*, & has left his next-in-command to take the charge (which happens now to to be Ld Cathcart), nor will Lord Moira go any expedition with *nothing* but *young* Regts.

Mr Pitt *begged* of him to lend his name still to the camp, saying that *he certainly* should send him on an expedition to France soon with his *legions*. Ld Moira doubts a little I think of Billy Pitt's knowledge, & yet he says what is he to do, when the Minister tells him *positively* that *he is wanted;* can he say, "Sir, you are a dupe, & the Austrians won't send men tho' they say so:" indeed he does tell him so, but B. Pitt says, "I know better," so Lord Moira's compromise is, "Well, I will wait at Donnington to see who is right." We have all been assembled here of his Staff, & wait too to see the event. *Sur ces entrefaites* comes this Irish business, which marks *our* road, but the Doyles, &c. &c. are all in *statu quo*. Mrs Crewe came to make me a visit; we went to the fleet, saw it sail to St Hellens, & I have had a comfortable chat with *her*. By the way, I could not help observing that exclusive of your superior sense, which of itself must make you a better companion, the life of a fine London lady produces but very flimsey materials for society *out* of it, whereas your life produced an agreable society to *any*body. However I love & like Mrs Crewe, & I was pleased

to see that this same namby pamby life has in no degree influenced her character.

She is the same honourable, generous-minded creature, fair to all parties, to all sets, firm to old friends tho' out of fashion, laughing at the follies of the world, but still giving them a *value* from habbit which her sense disowns; she is a *dear* creature still. Adieu.

Ever yours most affecly,

SARAH NAPIER.

P.S.—Major N., & Louisa, & Charles send their love to you & to Mr O'B; pray don't forget me to him. Write to me in town, for one may be kept there longer possibly.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Park Gate, 9th Sept., 1794.

The date of my letter will announce me *not in perfect* good humour, when I explain that we arrived at Chester *early* in the evening, were told by the agent of the Packet, that a small vessell would *perhaps* sail to *oblige us* the next evening tide, but intended only to sail the day after that. We accordingly took our *sleep*, & came to this place at 4 o'clock fully expecting to have some trouble to persuade the man to sail at night, when, behold, *he* (the *only* vessell either here or at Liverpool) was sailed in the morning with the finest wind, & so much of it as gives us no hopes of a vessel *coming in*, & when once the wind gets westerly it generally remains so long. I have no remedy but by conversing with my friends to persuade myself I am content, & I begin with you, dear Ly Susan. First, to lament the untoward events that have

deprived me of so much pleasure as I might have had in England during the 6 months I passed there, for I not only missed being with you, but I lost being with my sister Leinster, where I might have easily have been while Mr N. was away, if that *expectation* we lived in had not seemed to forbid my moving. I might also have seen more of Mrs Crewe, who was 3 weeks at Lymington without finding out I was at Southampton, tho' she had been told so. However I *did* see her for a week, & I believe I wrote you word she was the same aimable creature, & so she is, but I own I am much struck with the difference good sense makes as people advance in years; she is not defficient by any means, & has most excellent ideas, with the purest principles of every thing that is good, but it is all so *jumbled* in her little puzled pate, that I do assure you her company is by no means pleasant except for a short time when one has nothing else to think of but to hear her little chat, & laugh at her odd way of expressing it. She is full of troubles & difficulties, & allowing at the same time that she is *independent* of them all, for she is (by the way) grown to see that Mr Crewe's dry, laconic sense is worth all her sentimental ideas, & she looks up to his opinions, & addopts them with a degree of satisfaction that rejoices me. Her daughter is a pleasing, aimable girl, not pretty, but thought so, which is you know the same thing. . . . In the evenings she has what she calls *her own folks*, which are the set best known by the name of *alarmists*, & she is all bustle, & joy, & grievance, & anxiety, & indifference *too* about politics, of which she talks *incessantly*, never listening to an ansr, & in her arguments with Mr N. I could not help being struck with the

comparison to yours & his. She pretending not to care, to *have* no opinion, & eternally arguing without grounds & never listening; you professing to care, having a *clear* opinion, suporting it ably, listening and giving up to matters of fact all with the best temper, so as to make the argument instructive & entertaining. In short, dear Ly Susan, the difference of sense in a superior stile never struck me so forcibly. But to quit little Mrs. Crewe, I must tell you next our London doings; I passed a day with my sister Leinster at Boyle farm,[1] which is now the seat of luxury, & beauty, & ingenuity; it would have taken me a week to see all the fine things in the house. The grounds are enlarged & improved by the growing of the trees, & the pavillions opposite are improved by addition of trees & buildings; otherwise the natural beauty of Thames Ditton can never alter. My dear sister & her girls enjoyed it so much this hot summer. It was a delight to me to see them there; think if I had passed a month there, what a happiness I should have gained, but *uncertainty* is the necessary evil of war. I wish it was the least. At Boyle Farm dined Charles Fox, who like me was all enchantment with the place, & we were trying to find out old spots & old trees of our acquaintance. I had but a minute's

[1] Boyle Farm, Thames Ditton.

"Mrs. Walsingham is making her house at Ditton (now baptised Boyle Farm) very orthodox. Her daughter, Miss Boyle, who has real genius, has carved three tablets in marble with boys, designed by herself. Those sculptures are for a chimney-piece, and she is painting panels in grotesque for the library."—Horace Walpole to Earl of Strafford. July 28, 1787.

Miss Boyle married, in 1791, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, and in 1806 was granted the Barony of De Ros, then in abeyance, to which her son succeeded. It was at Boyle Farm that her son and four other young men gave the famous "Dandies' *fête*," which cost £2,500.

Boyle Farm was afterwards the residence of Lord St. Leonards.

time to *talk* to him, for he was to go home 10 miles after dinner, & in that short space I said I had seen you both. I told him of Ld Ilchester's[1] marriage, which amused him, for he *litterally knows nothing* at St Anne's Hill; he did not know of poor young Burke's death for a fortnight; he did not know Ld Fitzwilliam[2] was to go to Ireland; in short, he says that nobody tells him news because they conclude he knows it all, & he has but one newspaper which tells nothing but about the war. I asked him if he thought he could obtain something for Mr O'Brien; he smiled & said, "*I may ask*, but I don't think my friend would wish me to do so unpleasant a thing, & I doubt if I should *obtain* if I did ask, except from Fitzwilliam, who *I think* (perhaps I'm mistaken) still loves me enough to wish to please me." The tears then came into his eyes, "Surely, if Fitzwilliam knew a thing would give me pleasure, do you not think he would do it, & it would give me the greatest pleasure to serve O'Brien, for I do love him excessively, there is not a better man breathing; could not they specify some particular place and get it ask'd, & I would take care to have it known I wished them success?" This hint, dear Mr O'Brien, you will turn over in your mind at your leisure. Charles said, Lord Milton[3] could ask for you, & so he might I think, but Charles quite agreed with me that to specify what you wanted was the best way. . . .

[1] Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, married, secondly, in 1794, Maria Juliana, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. William Digby, Dean of Durham.

[2] William, fourth Earl of Fitzwilliam, was born in 1748. He was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at the end of this year, but only held it for two months. He died in 1833.

[3] George Damer, Lord Milton, eldest surviving son of Joseph, first Earl of Dorchester. He was Chief Secretary in Ireland under Lord Fitzwilliam.

I have left no room for news, yet must tell you we dined at Ld Moira's at Donnington in our road; he told us that the Conte D'Artois was to serve under him, the Conte D'Angoulême to be his (Lord Moira's) aide-de-camp; & that the P. of Wales[1] was to marry the Princess of Brunswick certainly.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Celbridge, 9th of October, 1794.

If I should have been by any means the cause of my dearest Ly Susan's good, I shall be much more fortunate than I fear will come to my lot, for altho' my letter came opportunely to break the ice with Lord Milton, & that everything good is to be expected from his interest & good-natured friendship, yet alas! friendship, good nature, & *natural* interest for ever fail in political business. I have so often experienced it, that I advise you *not* to open your heart to hope, expect nothing, & if it comes, well & good. To say the truth, I see little hopes, unless Lord Milton asks some specific place in Lord Fitzwilliam's, the Duke of Portland's or some of the *new* Ministry's gift, & to oblige him it may be given perhaps.[2] If I might

[1] George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), married his cousin, Princess Caroline, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, by his wife, Princess Augusta, sister of George III.

[2] In July of this year the Duke of Portland and his Whig friends joined the Cabinet. One of the conditions on which they insisted was that Lord Fitzwilliam should be sent to Ireland as soon as another place could be found for Lord Westmorland. He arrived in that country on January 4, 1795, having received strict orders that none of the officers of the Crown should be displaced, and that the policy of his predecessor should be continued in its entirety. Both these orders he completely disregarded. Within a week of his arrival half the high official posts had changed hands, and moreover he had pledged himself on all sides to do his utmost to further Catholic emancipation.

advise, it should be some place of business, as it is always more honourable, & that I am sure it will answer better for Mr O'Brien's happiness to feel he has *earned* it, which I'm sure he *can*, having abilities fit to turn them to any line marked out, & however unused he may be to business, he may *rely on* it he cannot do it *worse* than *all* Mr Pitt's *protégés*, & I daresay will do it far far better, for he will at least see justice done. My *interest* or *use* is, I fear, nothing, which you will judge by the following account. First, I am *on my way* to Derry, 130 miles, & quite out of the reach of finding those lucky minutes in which one can speak a good word to the purpose, & if I had them it would be of no effect, for I should not be *suported* by *our* friends, whose politics I will now state to you confident that your good sense will see the *truth* unbiassed by the prejudice of party. No mortal *here yet* knows (tho' the 9th of October, & Ld Fitzwilliam's expected the 28th) on what system he is to govern here! There is a mystery as yet impenetrable, & each party *hint* such oposite measures, that Lord Charlemont, Duke of Leinster, & Mr Connolly for *certain*, also Mr Pensonby for *uncertain*, say that they wait to see if it is a change of *men* or of *measures ;* if the former only, they lament most *sincerely*, for they *love* Ld Fitzwilliam, that *he* should be made the engine of Mr Pitt to continue a system of Government here so destructive to Ireland, which unhapily

He was severely reprimanded by the English Government, but paid no heed, and was finally recalled on February 19.

This seems to be the recognized account of this incident, the truth of which has never been completely cleared up. Lady Sarah takes the opposite view, but it must be borne in mind that her nephew the Duke of Leinster, and many others of her friends were among the chief supporters of the Catholics throughout the movement.

is so ripe for troubles that all they want is an *excuse*, & millions are to be found in the general neglect of all departments, the *misuse* of money, & leaving the country defenceless. To reform all these flagrant abuses, which *so immediately* prevent the securing peace *in* Ireland, is the first object, & to do this he must raise the *hornets' nest*, viz, the Beresfords, &c. Query! Can Lord Fitz. withstand such an attack? Certainly not, if he is not strongly suported in the English Ministry. Will the D. of P. suport him? *Yes.* Can he? *No*, is *my* answer, for Mr Pitt will in an underhand way encourage the very people that are turned out, who will upset Ld Fitzwilliam, & all things coming back to their own channell, poor Ireland *pays* for all these political commotions, unless they are carried through with a steady hand. If Ld F. *will* & *can* do this, then every real well-wisher of his country will suport him, & it will then appear if Ireland has more honest men, or most rogues in it, & they must take their fate according *to their deserts.* I have only left myself room to say I found my sister & my 7 children all in perfect health, thank God; that I go to Derry soon, where Col. N. has got 200 men drilling every day, but cannot yet get leave to sell, because Ld Westd. is so cross at this change that *he denies Lord Fitzwilliam is coming*, & will do nothing for one in the mean time. It creates an *odd* scene like Duke & no Duke—& the toadeaters of the Castle don't know how to look, whether to laugh or cry. I believe *we* shall go with our Regt from the north by Bristol to Engd about Christmas. Adieu.

Ever yours,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Londonderry, 23rd December, 1794.

MY DEAREST LY SUSAN,—I wish it was in my power to communicate any certain intelligence to you relative to the politics in this country, from which you could derive some satisfactory view of obtaining what you seem so *bent* upon as the only means of your being able to enjoy the comforts of your happy home. To the latter part I so perfectly agree, that I earnestly wish I could give any help, for I quite enter into all the feelings of one, who after many years of unpleasant tempests, is strongly attached to a *haven* where they have found *rest* & *happiness*.

But that obtaining a sinecure place in Ireland is to produce this good, is what I do not see so plain ; & still less *how* sinecure places are obtained, as *our line* you know has hitherto been to obtain but little & *to work hard* for that little, yet most difficult have we found it; but like all things that are persevered in on right motives, I trust we have, *petit à petit*, come nearer to that *brow* of the hill from whence the immagination at least (if not the eye), perceives some hopes of an easier ascent to *more* than a little. To explain this, I must tell you that we are living *in the further limmits of the land* at Londonderry, where Mr Napier is *slaving* himself as usual, in forming both the men & the officers of the Regt raised by this town, to which he is Lieut.-Col. To you who know what *infants* are cols, it will not appear much that after 28 years' service a man of 44 should be lt.-col., but it's having been so long sighed after makes it more precious than it is in reality, for as it's

a *new* raised Regt, the half pay is only 8 shillings per day, which don't do *more* than *feed* 8 children, & we have 9 & ourselves to feed, clothe, educate, &c. &c.

I wish your friend Ld Milton *knew la carte du pays & le dessous des cartes* as compleatly *now* as he will in time by experience, but that's impossible, *et il faut être dupé pour devenir sage souvent.*

I admire his friendship for you; rest assured that Ld F. *will* know that, if he chuses to give Charles pleasure, he is *sure* of it by doing something for Mr O'Brien. Adieu, I say nothing of our future movements, for God alone knows if we are doomed to go south or west. Adieu.

Ever yours,

S. N.

P.S.—If the French are serious in meaning to exterminate us, I trust they will find *our infants* as brave as their soldiers now are. It is self-deffence carries them through, & so it will us.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Celbridge, 28th March, 1795.

My dear Ly Susan,—If Lord Milton goes home, you will probably know the whole history of *your friend* Mr Pitt's trying to *swindle* Ireland out of its money, & treat us like a *conquered country*, *making* Lord Fitzwilliam & Lord Milton the *innocent swindlers;* but if Ld Milton is kept in London, he will not have time to write of course, & you must wish to know the particulars *de bonne main.* My intelligence is Mr Connolly & my sister (*particularly*), & the whole people of Ireland in general, so I fancy I am not far wrong, tho' just

arrived from the North, as this great event closed with Lord F.'s [1] sincerely lamented departure. What the *next act* may produce of the same play I shall perhaps be a witness to, as we have innoculated 3 of our children, which will keep us a month here before we join the Londonderry Regt, just landed in Engd & (*for the present*) quartered at Warrington in Lancashire. For you conclude, of course, that all hope of our obtaining anything is at an end, since the *only case* in which I had hopes is over! A Lord-Lt that I really *loved* & highly respected, & with whom our friends joined, "tho' he derived his power from Pitt," can never again happen. That he will keep his power till he has brought his King's head or his own to the block I now firmly believe; the sooner *Pitt's* is there the better, in *my mind*, tho' he has lost much of his powers of mischief by taking in *such* a character as Lord Fitzwilliam; it has turned many a heart against him, & *will keep other* honest men from trusting him. Not that I blame *him* most, for he is an *open ennemy*, & they might have expected it. *You* (*luckily for my judgement in politics*) remember I foretold it all last Septbr. If you have my letter I beg you to keep it, & when you see Ld Milton shew him the date, & read the paragraphs that foretell what has happened, that he may see that even a *woman*, & one who don't live in Dublin, but picks up Sunday news at Castletown, cannot be *blind* to the well-known politics of Ireland, they are so plain. By the way, I never saw either Ld Fitzwilliam or Ld Milton by staying so late in the North, which I regretted. I got the kindest message from Ld Fitzwilliam the day

[1] Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled from Ireland in February, and was replaced by Lord Camden.

before he went, that quite delighted me, being a proof of his friendship which I value more than ever.

But now for the history. The D. of P. *had positively* settled that the Roman Catholics were to be *on the same footing as the Protestants in Ireland in everything* long ago, & he *said* he had full powers. The *time* & the *manner* were alone left to Ld Fitzwilliam, who very wisely considered that having an immense sum to ask for, & much mischief to reform, he could not do better than secure popularity with a nation *suspected* (tho' I believe falsely) of not being averse to join the French; & let me ask you this question, is a man to blame who courts popularity by doing good to gain what he *thinks the good of the nation?* The *time*, therefore, was excellent, & the *thing* a *promise* from last year, now performed.

The D. of P. *never wrote* to approve or disapprove, & kept Ld F. in constant difficulties for want of an answer for 3 months, which *quietly* brought on the time of the *vote* for the money. The moment *that* was secure, cold letters & afronts were put on Ld F., & he desired to be recall'd: *no ansr* till the money bill was ready. Then came a *formal recall* from the D. of P., & *showers* of letters to Ld F. to arraign his conduct for the dismissal of 4 men, 2 of them "clerks," as Ld F. so truly calls them, & this followed up by his causing confusion & rebellion in Ireland by *hurrying* the Catholic Bill.

N.B.—The Protestant party never were so reconciled to it as at this session. All this is fully explained in a letter shewn about from Ld F. to Ld Carlisle; & the newspapers of *our side* (the *Hibernian*) will tell you the *truth* as to the serious,

solemn, decent, & *sad* multitude of all ranks that follow'd him to the water side. The mob, if there was any (for all were well dressed), was kept in perfect order, not a drunken man seen at night even; all *firm* & serious. I will *endeavour* to collect for you the various things you should read to know it all, but probably Ld Milton can get them for you. 1st a *sheet* of paper called "Important Statements of Facts;" 2dly, all the Catholic addresses & ansrs in the papers; & 3dly, a pamphlet not yet published of the whole history, with prints of the chief people concerned in it. But Ld F.'s letter to Lord Carlisle is *private*, tho' shewn to many: I only fear O'Beirne, B. of Ossory,[1] will betray him into holding his tongue by false pretences, & prevent his *full* justification. Mr Pelham is come, & looked very foolish when Ld F. said, "If you have any official commands I am ready to ansr them, but I can listen to *no other subject.*" I think the *new ones* & *the old devils* are like a hackney coachman set to drive managed horses, they looked frightened & are doubtfull which is the best chance to save their necks, whipping or coaxing. God send they may be wise enough to try the last, & all will go on smoothly, for it matters not *who* does the good if it's done for *Ireland*, tho' it enrages every private person to see Lord F. robbed of the power of executing his good intentions.

Adieu. O'Brien & Napier luck are alike.

S. N.

[1] Thomas Lewis O'Beirne was born in 1748. He was Chaplain to the fleet under Lord Howe in 1776. He was closely connected with the Whig leaders, and was private secretary to the Duke of Portland during his Ministry in 1783. He went to Ireland with Lord Fitzwilliam in the same capacity, and was made Bishop of Ossory, and in 1798, Bishop of Meath. He died in 1823.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Dublin, 3rd Sepr, 1796.

My dear Ly Susan,—You know I always croud all *my say* into one letter *now* & *then*, for I'm grown so blind that it is only at particular times I *can* write, & as our correspondence is difficult to keep up for want of knowing much of each other's present society, I always supose we need only write when something occurs worth the postage. I cannot say that it is now the case, for *wars* & *rumours of wars* are not worth *paying* for, yet as this is the *first* moment in which Govt have allowed there is any danger, it is worth giving you some idea of the state of Ireland. The Militia are about 33 thousand *nominal* men, very many Regts, exceedingly well & carefuly disciplined, some remarkable fine bodies of men, others not so showy, but equally active & spirited. *Some* Regts are *suposed* to be disaffected, but many of these reports come from the shameful neglect of the officers chiefly composed of "*Irish Buckeens*," the worst sort of annimal in the creation, who neglect or rather never know his duty, but wherever the officers attend, the Regts are excellent, & many (Mr Conolly's for example) divide on the Sunday mornings on the Parade, 1 set to Church, 1 to Mass, & 1 to the Meeting House, & *never* does one syllable of religion arise to cause the least dispute. Beside this 33 thousand, there are about 1,500 Scotch Fencibles, & about 1,000 in old Regts, & 1,000 Cavalry. This is the whole ammount, & Col. Napier says that about 8,000 more would defend the island *so compleatly* as to make the landing of the French of no sort of consequence. He has *in his own head* formed the defence so

compleatly, that it grieves me to think it will be done quite otherwise, if it should unfortunately be in question, for his opinion is fully corroborated by Lord Moira's having exactly the same idea, & yet their ideas are very opposite to those of Govt here, who it seems now begin to be alarmed in earnest. They have sat in council for *3 days;* report says there was a division on the question of arming the Yeomanry, & that Lord Camden[1] & Ld Carhampton[2] & others *were clear* for arming (with caution however) both Protestants & Catholicks, & the Chancelor vehemently opposed the allowing any Catholick to be armed; Ld Camden said it was declaring war to them at once if you refused to join them in the set of Yeomanry. Whether this dispute took place or not, I cannot say, but Ld Camden *is right*, for such a step would be destruction at once, & considering the Chancelor's sense it is a wonderfull *blunder*, so great that I'm well convinced he never made it, unless he has an English private measure in view, which I much suspect him of—viz, to keep up the fire & produce a blaze, & when it has well taken, say to the frightened people, "You see there is no doing any good but by an *union!* That will save us all;" & this plan once carried, all will go on together, & none of the underhand tricks play'd that are now so frequent in these *petit pieds*, for *such* have all Ireland been engaged in ever since I can remember it.[3]

[1] John, second Earl of Camden, created, in 1812, Marquis of Camden. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1798, where he did well during one of the most trying periods of Irish history. He died in 1840, aged seventy-nine.

[2] Henry Luttrell, second Earl of Carhampton.

[3] Ireland was getting worse and worse, and the final result was the

I find that the Yeomanry are a measure resolved upon, in order that each county should have a guard while the troops are sent towards the coast; the idea is good, but I fear it won't answer, & Mr Conolly's answer to Lord Camden to-day will give you an idea of its success in general. *He* was at Limerick with the Derry Militia, & was sent for by Ld Camden to desire him to go to Derry in the north to promote the Yeomanry. He said, "I am ready to go north or south, & to obey any orders given to me for the safety of the kingdom, for tho' I never asked or received a place & have served in Parlt 30 years, tho' I was against the American War, & am against this, there is not a subject in His Majesty's dominion more resolved to uphold monarchy with my life & fortune, but I do averr & shall never alter my opinion that it is not the way to save a kingdom by corrupting its Parlt. As to the Yeomanry of Ireland I know of no such description of persons, but I will try what success I can have in my own county (Derry) when ordered. At the same time I must say to your Excellency, 'I have but little chance, notwithstanding I will *try*.'" All this is *true*, for the sattellites of the Government have for ages past so compleatly monopolized all county interest everywhere, that all are slaves of Government already who *can* be provided for, & in most counties men are divided between *Govt*, *friends*, as they are called, & *patriots*, *liberty men*, or any name you chuse, so

rebellion of 1798. Wolfe Tone, the Democratic leader, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and others of the most advanced "patriots" had even visited France to solicit the assistance of that country. It is, however, plain from this letter that however much the great Whig families disagreed with the policy of the Government, no such extreme measures as these would ever have received their sanction.

that there is no description of men left for this Yeomanry, & I suspect little or nothing will come of it; & what are we all to do if the invasion is made as there is great reason to supose? While the troops are busy, the *rabble* will *plunder* every house; that's a clear case, & by no means a pleasant *perspective.* I wonder how it will all end, for by Christmas time something decisive must happen I think. I am not the least affraid of the Catholicks, but very much of the mob in all places. However I shall stay & guard my garrison with my five boys, Charles at the head, who has just got a new horse, & I daresay thinks himself & his horse equal to Alexander & Bucephalus.

I hear from England that the poor Dss of Richmond is going very fast, she has never been well since I saw her at Southampton & declines now very fast. I don't find out what she or my brother think of her illness yet, but every body else gives her up. Your *souvenirs* to Louisa Napier diverted her very much, but she is Napier still. She contented herself this year with marrying two of her friends, which was quite amusement enough for one year; we shall see what she can do for herself the next. She keeps sad company for success, for her two present maiden friends are Ly Mary & Ly Emily Fitzgerald, so that she has no chance but a cast off beau, for they are both rather pretty, I may say almost handsome, *very very* agreable, lively, charming girls, full of tallents, & at the same time so natural, merry, & equaly civil, that they gain all hearts. You have had much marrying in your family. I desire that at your leisure you will send me a *correct list* of the young ones, that I may know by what names to

follow them in the world & hear what becomes of them; for tho' they grow out of my memory, they do not out of the sort of interest I always feel for the children of my friends. I see by the papers the Prince of Wales has taken Mr Sturt's house. If he is to be your neighbour I *warn* you not to let yourself be deceived by false rumours to think so ill of him as the world does, for you will when *time* produces *truth* regret such a prejudice. Like all other men he has his faults, but his perfections outballance them: *I know what I say*, & you love *justice*, so don't be led away by prejudice. How is Mr O'Brien? What's his present politics? *Firm*, I will ansr, for it is his old text. Give my love to him, & remember us *all* as affectionately as we do you. Col. Napier won't give up his *argument* to you of course, but it does not lessen his regard you know. Louisa remembers your kindness to her with great vanity & pleasure, & Charles looks on you both as *his best friends* with gratitude. I believe I need not add how affectionately I am yours &c.

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Celbridge, 1st June, 1797.

It would not be doing justice to your friendship for me, my dear Ly Susan, if I omitted writing when we *really* are in a bad way in this country, for to this hour I never thought so; because I could not imagine upon *what grounds* to form the *reasoning* that actuates the Government to *urge on a civil war with all their power!* But since from some unknown cause *it is* their plan, I will do them the justice to say they have acted uniformly

well in it, & have *nearly* succeeded. They *force* insurrection *à tout bout de champ*, & so many *small* disturbances work all together into a general ferment from which discontent has but too fine a field for breeding troubles, that it will soon be beyond the power of man to stop. My political creed is better expressed than I could do it in a pamphlet just come out, called, "An Address to the Thinking Independant Part of the Community on the Present Alarming State of Public Affairs." We never saw it till yesterday, & have no idea who the author is; it is suposed a Mr Winter, whom we never heard of, but it is *truth*, plain good sense, & if it does but annimate all to whom it is addressed to exert themselves in the *true* patriotism of Ireland, there is still great hopes that this devoted country may still be saved, for which *I* & all my *kindred* most fervently pray. Great is the mistake so many *wilfully* chuse to make in accusing Opposition of having brought on the mischief. They have no further contributed to it than by their unpardonable supineness, which has made the people at large say with justice, "*Who* can we depend on? Ministry oppress us, Opposition only *talk well* & *do* nothing to serve us. We will trust *nobody*, & take the law into our own hands." . . . There *are* too many Republicans, but they are kept back by the great weight of Monarchists, who are holding out their hands in prayer to the independent part of Ireland to come quickly & save them from the *dire necessity* of turning Republican, with whom they are in *treaty*, if they do not directly obtain full emancipation & full reform. The die once cast, it is too plain to see that they will not *refuse* French help if offered, which *now* I am convinced they would do with honest indignation, &

the Republicans have too much *sense* not to know when it is time to give up the point. They tried it in the American War: it failed, & they wisely retired from the attempt. They would do so now, would Governt but *try* to save the country, but they *try* to excite all manner of outrage. This I *assert* because *I know it*, for, alas, we are but too well *au fait* of the whole of the secrets on both sides within this month, for *our* footman & 12 Castletown servants & workmen have been taken up as house-breakers & United Irishmen. From the nearness of the connection one has with servants, we have heard all the *ideas*, all the *complaints* on both sides, & *both* are mad, & *both* are guilty, *both* ought to be hanged for the general good of society. The oppressor, the provoked to wrong, the revengefull, the cunning, & the seduced! These last indeed claim one's pity most, for human nature is weak, & their wives & children are real objects, & once condemned as guilty their situation forces them into extremes of wretchedness & consequent revenge. Our man was an idle, silly English boy whom we scarce knew, so that he cost us no other regret than what one feels for his *own* sake, poor wretch, & we are bound to see he has a fair *tryal*, which, alas, is the fate of *few* in these terrible times; but we all suffer much from the misery it has given my sister, finding *ingratitude* in so many & such old servants. *That* is what cuts one to the heart, for it damps all *her* pleasure, which consisted in doing good to all around her. These people are not yet *tried*; *if* guilty for house-breaking for arms, & of intending to do so at Castletown, they are unpardonable; if they have *merely*

taken a *fashionable* oath from drunkeness, they are to be pitied. Adieu, love to Mr O'Brien.

Believe me most truly yours,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, where I was forced to come for fear of our house being burnt. 20th July, 1798.

Your sense & sensibility, my dear Ly Susan, have pointed out the causes of my silence too plainly to need excuses, & in sacred silence would remain my afflicted heart relative to my dear nephew Edward Fitz-Gerald,[1] if the cruelty of persons both in & out of power did not try to make misfortune double, by mysterious insinuations, which they can never prove but by their infamous false witnesses kept in continual pay, & therefore to ignorant persons silence would be an acquiessence to falsehoods. I therefore declare that I knew he was born with the most romantic, benevolent heart, that his immagination carried him beyond the bounds of *practical* philanthropy, & the *times* led too plainly

[1] Lord Edward Fitzgerald, born in 1763, served with distinction in the American War during 1781, and was severely wounded at Eutaw Springs. He returned home much imbued with socialistic ideas, and entering the Irish Parliament readily joined the many societies which were then being formed. He soon became the head of the most violent section of the Irish patriots, and himself went over to France to solicit assistance from that country. He was eminently fitted by his brilliant and attractive disposition to be a leader of men; his followers were devotedly attached to him, and he was many weeks in Dublin concealed, with a large price upon his head, after the plots of the rebels had been discovered, and some of the ringleaders arrested. In May, 1798, however, his hiding-place was discovered. After a desperate struggle, during which he was shot through the shoulder, he was arrested, removed to the Castle, and afterwards to the jail, where his treatment seems to have been needlessly merciless and severe. He expired on June 4 from the result of his wounds. (See Appendices E. and F.)

Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

to the strong desire of freeing his fellow-creatures from the *real* & *manifest* cruelties & oppressions of the Governt of Ireland, which guided by a *few*, some upstarts, others interested, others fools, &c. &c., see no salvation for themselves but by bloodshed and civil war. Edward saw it coming on fast, & he wished them free, but what steps he took to *promote it* depended on his *judgement*. Whether that was or was not biassed by bad company I cannot tell, but I believe not, as his confidence was confined to 2 or 3 at most, & one principle confidant of his never ceased trying her influence to persuade him of the ill effects of a revolution, which she, poor soul, dreaded beyond all earthly evils; but adhering to her most excellent principles of religion & morallity, she never forsook the duties of the most attached & adoring wife. She determined to die with him, if condemned for loving him & for her perfect confidence in his honor, justice, & humanity, which she is convinced nothing ever tempted him to break through.[1] To this opinion we *all* agree, & lament his falling a sacrifice to a mistaken idea in the whole business; but we are convinced that if he had met with as fair dealings as his own he would have lived to have been as thoroughly known & consequently admired as he deserved to be by all good & honest men—men now blinded by the mysterious jugglings of a wretched set, who have availed themselves of the strong engine of *fear*, & worked on the passions of mankind till they have blinded some of the best. But yet wickedness cannot *always* thrive, & *truth* will force itself into

[1] She earnestly desired to be brought before the Privy Council.—S. O'Brien.

See note, p. 89.

light. To *time* & God I trust! That God, in whose presence that dear angel is, who judges his failings with mercy & his merits with an all-seeing power that rewards them justly! Can the man be of a murdering nature, who knowing himself dying for a long time & being asked what book should be read to him to amuse him while a little at ease from pain, said, "What books have you?" "A volume of Shakespear & the Bible." His answer was, "Shakespear speaks truths & is charming: but come read me the death of our Saviour, for nothing is so moving as that. After all, it's the best written of all books; I like it the best." He listened to it frequently with strong emotions, but they appeared pleasant. He never complained of pain or any sort of inconvenience, was sweet-tempered to the last moment; in short, he lived & died the most benevolent of mankind, & his inhuman persecutors would blacken his memory after having brought on his death by depriving him of every comfort of mind *they could* rob him of, but his soul was not in *their* power, thank God! My other nephew, the poor Duke of Leinster, is now under the pressure of treble sorrow; the loss of this beloved brother whom he had almost quarrelled with for his opinions, the loss of his wife to whom he was devoted, the loss of his property almost gone by the rancour of Ministry, who brought rebelion on *his estates* with diabolical perseverance of cruelties, & the ruin consequent to that rebelion of course throws him into distress past description. The wretchedness of lovely Ly Edward, who is one of the finest characters, & the more interesting (to me) wretchedness of my 2 sisters, *their* families, & my own individual grief, has altogether formed a picture of affliction

that would have sunk us here, had not so great an object as rebelion & civil war at our doors roused us. It is extremely dreadful, but, thank God, has not as yet materialy hurt any of us; for by Mr C. continuing at home, my sister has been able to do infinite good. Col. Napier has also been able *to keep off* the enemy by great activity, & Mr Conolly by influence to avoid many horrible things, so that we have, as I may say, stemmed the torrent till Ld Cornwallis's[1] arrival, whose pacific intentions leaves room to *hope* for peace & quietness. Adieu. Love to Mr O'Brien.

Most truly yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Celbridge, 25 March, 1799.

It is very true I hate writing, my dearest Ly Susan, when the least *attempt* at collecting one's thoughts brings a thousand vexatious ideas so rapidly in one's mind, that *selfishness* (that first ruler of the human breast) leads one to fly to daily dissipation to avoid remembering *truth,* which tells us that no very pleasing prospects *can* delude the old or young just now to build castles in the air. All that the best philosophy can teach is to enjoy the present moments free from the pangs of conscious guilt. *We* have never in word, thought, or deed, contributed to the misfortunes of this ill-fated

[1] Charles, second Earl Cornwallis, born in 1738, served throughout the war in America, and for his distinguished services as Governor-General of India from 1786 to 1792, was created Marquis Cornwallis. He was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1798, and did much to restore peace and tranquillity there by his firm and tactful policy. In 1814 he again went to India as Governor-General, and died there in 1815. He married, in 1768, Jemima, daughter of Colonel Jones. She died in 1779.

country, & sympathising in the distress of others is our only misfortune individually. As to the weight of taxes, &c., &c., which you say bear hard on such as *you*, I may truly say they bear *nine-fold* on us with our nine children, but you give them chearfully to support a war, which *we think was* wicked, *is* absurd, & *will be* ruin; consequently all our *unwilling subscriptions* to it are much harder on *us*, but I won't *admit* them as *misfortunes*. I cannot be so ungrateful to the Supreme Being as to repine at *such* things, when He has blessed me with the greatest happiness human nature permits—my own beloved family! All healthy, aimable, affectionate, &, in short, every thing that can render my latter days content & thankful. Your kind letter has roused me from an indifference I begin to feel for all out of the circle of my family. Your affectionate & anxious enquiries made me recolect what dangers I was surrounded by that could alarm you. I see none. . . . I do not know how it happens, but *fear* makes no part of my composition, & be assured I have not the *least cause to fear* in this neighbourhood, beyond the general & great cause in common with the British Empire, viz, the fear that Ireland will soon be lost to the Crown, for which I do most sincerely grieve. Like *you* I cannot help loving the King, for old acquaintance sake. You know I never could be made angry with him, & I preserve the selfsame *even sentiments* about him. I believe he has *suffered* nearly as much from the bad policy of his Ministers as almost *all* his subjects have done; I pity him exceedingly, & I carry my aversion to injustice so far that nothing shall ever make me accuse *him* of the faults of others. My husband you know is a *decided Royalist* & a supporter of

monarchy, consequently a decided anti-Democrat & anti-Republican (as this term is *now* understood, for the Government of England properly speaking is a Republican form of Govt) : this agrees perfectly with my own disposition. . . . I have the highest opinion of Ld Cornwallis, & the sincerest friendship & gratitude, as you will see by the account I mean to give you of our *place*. Ld C. sent for Colonel Napier to *offer* him the place of Comptroller of Army Accounts, which Col. Napier *declined* saying, first, that it was a civil employment & might interfere with his military pursuits to which he was devoted, & could not take to a desk after having served His Majesty above 30 years, & still both able & willing to serve him ; secondly, that he had such an abhorrence of the character & conduct of the Irish Administration, he dreaded the appearance of having any connection whatever with such a set of ——, which he, who you know is pretty plain-spoken, made no secret of calling them ; thirdly, he feared Lord C. might give him this place as a favor to Mr Conolly, & he positively refused taking any favor whatever through the medium of his friends, however dear they are to him : it militates against his system to bind others by favors done him. . . . *All these reasons* Ld Cornwallis overset at once. He took both his hands, & said, " Napier, we are old friends, old soldiers, & understand each other. I have the greatest friendship for Ly S., & do not vex me so much as to let me quit this kingdom without doing something for all those little fellows I saw the other day. I give you my word that no soul ever recommended you or sugested to me to think of you, no, not even our friend Conolly. I want a person of *trust*, of *abilities*, of *firmness*, & of

integrity to fill this place, which I laid my hands on instantly for *you*. Don't refuse me, I shall be miserable if you do." *Que répondre à cela?* You see how it was unanswerable, & *so* he accepted, hates it, but will work like a slave to acquit himself according to the most scrupulous ideas of honor, gratitude, & perseverance. *Much* will be wanted, for tho' Ld C. said it was not to interrupt our fireside, yet so little was he aware of the business that I am now looking for a dirty lodging in Dublin to pass the summer there, & as Col. Napier gives up £150 English half pay, he gets only the remainder of £600 *Irish*, so that our riches won't be great including Dublin expenses, 2 families kept, & the comfort of home gone. . . .

The die once cast my husband is perseveringly uncomfortable to himself rather than flinch when he engages. The only comfort of this place is that we can treat all *dirty Ministers* with the most sovereign contempt, as he is independent of them in every way—(he did not get it from them), he is not answerable to them, & if they want to take it from him they know they can't oblige him more, & it is free of all manner of politics, & has nothing to do but with military departments.

Why Ld Cornwallis kept such a ignorant, vain, shallow secretary as Ld Castlereagh[1] or why he allows Lord Clare[2] to direct, I cannot say. I can

[1] Robert, Viscount Castlereagh, afterwards second Marquis of Londonderry, was born in 1769. He filled various high ministerial posts, and was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and present at the Congress of Vienna in 1814. He married, in 1794, Emily Anne, daughter and co-heir of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire, and died in 1822 without issue.

[2] John Fitzgibbon, first Earl of Clare, was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1789. He was raised to the peerage in 1795, and two years later to the earldom of Clare. He died in 1802.

only wonder! But this I can say, I have a reasonable & personal enmity to both these lords, & I beg you will never allow anybody in your hearing to say they gave us this place; for it is a direct lie, & spread with great pains by Lord Castlereagh, who knowing our dislike to him wishes to make use of Col. Napier 3 ways, first, to plague his spirits to give up the place upon a report of its being a Ministerial favour; 2ndly, if if that nail won't drive, to persuade my sister of *his* (Ld Castlereagh) *noble* sentiments, who could sacrifice his own feelings to promote a thing he guessed would please *her;* 3dly, if that won't take, he knows the immense arrears of business he allowed the predecessor to neglect, will be brought up speedily & well by Col. N., & when the drudgery is done he trusts to Providence to supply him with means to give the place to another, & in the mean time the Deputy & 8 clerks are still appointed by Ld Castlereagh.

What vexes me most is the result of all these agitations & schisms on Mr Conolly's health. He, with 27 thousand a year, an angel for his wife, many *real* friends, very tollerable health, a lovely place, many attached servants, power sufficient to keep the neighbourhood quiet (if he knew how), his own Regt quartered here to help him, is hourly in a sort of despair wishing himself dead, hurting his health, raving of dangers that don't exist, saying he is harassed to death because he has not a friend on earth. In short, his nerves are gone; it is evident nothing can relieve him from useless agitation & my sister from reasonable fears on account of his health, but to remove to a different scene for some time. For this purpose

she is preparing to leave Ireland next summer for a long time; I cannot be selfish enough to wish them to stay, as I'm convinced peace of mind will ensue, but he is so changeable one has no guess what he will do; they are thinking of some place in Devonshire for his asthmatic complaint. Ireland will have lost its greatest charm to me when they are gone.

Amidst all this chaos of opinion about French, rebels, robbers, etc., I believe the truth is this. If it is the politics of the French to give up good troops, money, time, & attention, to the conquest of Ireland I fancy they will succeed; but if they mean it only as a disultory war just to keep England in hot water about Ireland, we people of the first rank won't suffer, the 2nd rank will in the mercantile way, & the farmers will be undone, for this is their situation. Robbers come to them under the name of *United Gentlemen,* ask for food, drink, & horses, & leave word that if he don't send the army after them he shall never be touched; if he *does* give information his hay, corn, & cattle, etc. is destroyed. If he complains to them, they say, "Can't you hold your tongue? We don't want you to fight for us; only be easy." The poor wretch is silent. Then comes the furious Loyalist, who puts the poor farmer in jail because he was robbed. The man remonstrates, & says, "Give me soldiers, give me arms, & I won't let the villains rob me." "No, no," says the Loyalist, "you are a d——d rebel, & shall have no protection; sell your land & go out of the kingdom." "With all my heart," says the farmer, "for I lead the life of a dog between you both, but find me a purchaser for my land."

"We can't do that, it will soon belong to Govt without purchase." What is the poor farmer to do? "Why," he says, "since this is to be the case that my ruin is evident, I had best make friends on the strongest side & fight for it."

Thus he unwillingly turns rebel, who would have been a *faithful subject*, had Government protected him well. Lord Cornwallis sees all these evils & endeavours to remedy them, but he must first give honesty, humanity, & sense to the country gentlemen, magistrates, & Cols of Militia of the Kingdom of Ireland, & that's no easy task.

Your account of Col. Digby's family is very pleasant; he was always the best of beings, & I am rejoiced he is happy & comfortable; will you remember me to him as an old but not changeable friend. I am much diverted at the Royal enquiries about you & your dinners, & wish the sauce was added with all my heart. Your chat with Mrs Crewe I am sure interested you, for it always does me; I love her very much, & like her company, but her politics worry me like those of many other people. Col. N.'s place is *called* by the Ministers I hear, 14 hundred, 3 thousand, 12 thousand, & even 30 thousand, because each man speaks as *his* conscience would admit of in private perquisites & bribes. But to him it is exactly £600 salary, a *necessary* contingent bill of stationery, & nothing more positively, even not 6 to *us* you see; but as a proof that ministerial wickedness has infected me, I write to you on *gilt* paper for the first time these 20 years, &, if I can, will get my letter franked, if not, I must *tax* you: as it is seldom, you will forgive it. Col N. begs to be very particularly

remembered to you & to Mr O'Brien, & to give you both sincere thanks for rejoicing in what *you thought so good*, & which nothing but his friendship to Ld Cornwallis makes him keep. Louisa N. & my son also beg to be remembered to you. I must tell you of a *pleasant* event in our family, after so many the contrary. Sir Charles Ross,[1] beau, brave, noble, *d'un caractère distingué*, in short, quite up to any description in a romance, having also (what in a romance goes for nothing but in common life is not indifferent) a fortune of £8000 a year, fell in love with Ly Mary Fitz-Gerald at Bristol, where she was attending her sick mother, treasured up his love in his heart to *ponder well*, came over to Ireland as General on the Staff, listened to all the torrent of lies told about the family, had decernment enough to divide exactly lies from truth, & waited for her return to make his proposals, was accepted, & they are going to be married.

Adieu, dear Lady Susan.

Ever yours,
S. N.

Lady Susan O'Brien had for some time been out of health, and various physicians she consulted feared that an enlargement on her chest was of a cancerous nature. She most pluckily, however, consented to a severe operation, which was successfully performed in April, 1799, and she never had any return of the disease.

[1] Sir Charles Ross, of Balnagowan, Ross-shire, sixth Baronet, married, first, in 1788, Matilda, daughter and heiress of Count James Lockhart, of Carnwarth ; secondly, in 1799, Lady Mary Fitzgerald, eldest daughter of William, second Duke of Leinster, and by her, who died in 1842, had two sons.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

No. 32 Kildare St., Dublin.

How shall I find words, my beloved friend, to express to you the shock I received when from Mr Calcraft I learned that you had put into secret practice that exalted magnanimity of soul, which from your infancy has been your marked character! The surprise brought suddenly before my eyes your sufferings, & I almost hated myself for not having felt all the anxious misery a friend *should* endure in such a case; but he forced back my reason to the admiration of your mind while I was only thinking of your bodily pains. He said you certainly kept that secret so profound for no other cause but to *save your friends;* yet *I*, one who *ought* to have suffered most, was *deceived* by your long entertaining letter, written as I now find in the moments of the most dreadful expectations. My dearest Ly Susan, *you* are one of the few living patterns of firmness one ought to set before the eyes of one's children, as the height to which one may exalt courage, virtue, sense, & patience. . . . You have been at races, you are *quite* well! No pain, no weakness left! Thank God! He is *just*, & He rewards *virtue*, for what can be greater than to bear His will with manly, humble, resigned, & patient fortitude! He loveth whom He chasteneth! . . . Chance brought me into Mr Calcraft's company, chance made us speak, & chance brought your name in to question. His good-natured & well-judged admiration of you won my heart (which his likeness to his father had not done before); I should have liked more acquaintance with him, but I perceived circumstances did not suit, & so I did not try it. He

was a bird of passage; we are in dirty lodgings. I could not ask him to a worse dinner than he will get anywhere in Dublin, where every body (*but us*) think dinner an important affair, so I never try to be civil by a method that is none in reality.

If you *like to write, do;* if not beg of Mr O'Brien to write me a few lines *merely* to say how your health is now, & of his own, poor soul. I hate myself so much for having scribbled nonsense to you when you were suffering, that I shall now only tell you we are *settled* since 3 months in a corner house here, & likely to remain here all summer, & winter too, for ought I know; my poor husband works hard at his office from the moment he is up till 5, then gets half an hour's ride. He *was* very ill from this life, he is better, but detests it equally now, sees no good that will accrue from it to the country, & certain evil to him, without emolument worth taking; but he consoles himself with the propper pride of having acquitted himself with honor of the trust reposed on him by Lord Cornwallis. Virtue is its own reward in this case, I fear; not by Ld C.'s fault, for his friendship *meant* it to be of use, but it won't turn out so. I have lived retired, have been ill, & hate Dublin; but if it don't *matterially* hurt Colonel Napier, I am content to bear the *désagréments*, as it suits me with respect to masters for my children; they are all well. Ireland is gently getting into perfect tranquillity & industry, & those who are so happy as to have no office may enjoy their roses & honeysuckle, mine blow in vain for me. I only go out of a Sunday like a *cit*, alas!

Ever yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

No. 16 Sackville St., Dublin, 30th Novr, 1799.

I found my letter in my drawer this day to my great surprise. Janry the 10th, 1800.

How kind you are, my dearest Ly Susan, to write to me in good spirits, & to give me the comfortable idea of your philosophical happiness, which you do not allow any weakness of mind to interrupt! Thank God your patience, your resignation has met with its reward! . . . Your acct of your niece's match[1] delights me, for it secures *you* a comfort the more, & I wish you ten thousand! *Family* connections alone give them in old age, when the heart clings to relationship with redoubled tenderness. I feel a little mortified that Mrs Frampton remembers me only *at a ball,* for my admiration of *her* made an impression on me which no time has erased. She was the beloved friend of Mrs Soame, & I heard of all her merits, & *saw* all her sweet manners & beautiful face. She was like the Dss of Marlbro' in her *improved state;* for you may remember the great difference between the bouncing Ly Car. Russell & the gentle Duchess of M. In the latter state she was very winning in her manners; those who live with her dislike her character, but to me she has always been pleasing from the moment she had *secured her duke.* Do you remember the old Dss of Bedford's impertinence to us about a party at Vauxhall, because the Duke of M. spoke to us at Leinster House?

My dear Ly Susan, is anything *new* under the

[1] Lady Harriet, third daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, married, in 1799, James Frampton, Esq., of Moreton, Dorchester. Moreton is only a few miles from Stinsford, Lady Susan's home.

sun? Don't we see the same nonsense repeated every day, at least in the trifling world, & I think in the *real* great world one may say the same. Is not Ceasar returned in the shape of Buonaparte? The same genius, the same promtitude to concert, to execute great plans! One is lost in guesses of what is to follow, so I never think about it, but give way to a pleasing presentiment that a *great* man is always more likely to do good than a poor pitiful character who keeps his head above water by subterfuge, falseness, & swindling tricks, or than those who reign by the help of terror. In short, a great genius is always a good thing when Providence sends it among us: surely it is intended for some good, as a monster (like Robertspierre) is intended for a scourge. We must look on both as a part of that great system which governs human affairs. It is on this idea I have formed all my notions of the present times. I feel strong sensations about individuals because their conduct affects one more or less in some interesting way *pour ou contre*, but the mass of the people I consider as a machine guided by a superior force; & I only think with melancholy that perhaps my dear children are born in unfortunate times. Sometimes I flatter myself that those very bad times work up as many dormant good passions as bad ones, & I hope my children may possess them, & *earn* their future happiness by virtues, even (tho' like gold) it is tried by fire. And as no signs of peace are to be seen, I must make up my mind to war, & having a husband & 5 sons, all likely to be employ'd, I must not allow myself any other ideas, but those of life being a passage in which there is much bustle, and to be happy if those I love get through it well.

My eldest son Charles is aide-de-camp to Sir James Duff at Limerick; the General is an old friend of ours, & has shewn it by sending for this boy (unseen). You may guess the fidgets I am in to have him succeed. Ly Duff is a charming woman, & Charles is delighted with *their* kindness, but he has an aversion to Limerick people. It's a sign there are no *Miss Gradys there* now, or he must have fallen in love with a second Ly Ilchester, if she could be found. But I hear there never was such a set as now inhabbit the town; the women, all beautifull, impudent, gay, & idle; the men rich, selfish, gourmands, & blood-thirsty, so that poor Charles' *morals* & *spirit of humanity* are at continual war with the Limerick *gentry*. My 4 other sons are at home learning from masters to be ready when occasion offers to go into the army. Louisa & Emily Napier are at Castletown, & my 2 little girls with me; we have got a large house, & are as comfortable as we can be in Dublin, but it's a hateful place. Lord Dorchester's account of Ireland, I will answer for it, is *right*, for whoever can obtain the approbation of the neighbourhood as a magistrate & a soldier *on the score* of *justice* & *humanity*, as he did, *must* know the true state of the country & neither have deceived themselves or tried to deceive others. There are so few of that description, that poor Ld Cornwallis runs risk of being constantly imposed on, notwithstanding the pains he takes to get at truth. The Union is now so near being canvassed that one gets quite anxious. Govt say they will carry it by 60,[1] but to say the truth

[1] After the suppression of the rebellion in Ireland of 1798, it became clear to the Ministry that no scheme which was based on an equality of rights for Roman Catholics and Protestants could ever have

I do not see much *security* in their looks, & I doubt they are frightened. I'm sorry for it; I never was a well wisher to Govt before, but I wish all sort of good to Ld Cornwallis, because he earns his right to success by the most plain-dealing, hard labour to do the people of Ireland good. He *believes* the Union will do so; I hope he is right & therefore I wish it, but not with that eagerness that would accompany such a question were it the measure of a *Ministry* I liked. Col. Napier begs to be most kindly remembered to you. He is fixed in his office of Comptroller of Army Accounts much against his will. Our love to Mr O'Brien. We have an influenza here that has kept us from going to the Castletown Christmas party for more than 3 days. It consisted of Ld & Ly Ancram,[1] Ld & Ly Mark Kerr,[2] Ld & Ly Castlereagh, some men, & the connections of Mr Conolly, which makes up a number. Ld A. is like his grandmother, but not so sensible, tho' equaly red faced, good-humoured, gentlemanlike, & well

a chance of even temporary success. The union of that country with England was therefore finally decided on in order to establish a paramount authority which should control the opposing factions, without presenting a field of strife for local and provincial interests. As the bearer of every great name in the country was opposed to the scheme, a system of indirect bribery by compensating the borough holders was introduced. This was entirely successful, and though the Bill occasioned much opposition, and in one debate the House sat for fifteen hours, yet on February 18, 1800, the Bill passed by a majority of forty-six, and after being transmitted to the English Parliament, received the Royal assent on August 2.

[1] William, Earl of Ancram, succeeded his father as sixth Marquis of Lothian, in 1815. He married, in 1793, Henrietta, daughter of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire. She died in 1805, leaving three children.

[2] Lord Mark Kerr, third son of William John, fifth Marquis of Lothian, was born in 1776; he married, in 1799, Charlotte, Countess of Antrim in her own right, to which title she succeeded in 1834. He died in 1840.

made. Ly A. is full of nerves & whims about health, but charming in sense, spirits, & agreableness; she has your sort of sense. We all delight in her. Ld Mark is prettiness, playfulness itself. *Just* his father at 17, without the *wit* or the *devil* about him. It diverts my sister & me to see the sons *married men* at Castletown, where their father was such a boy. Ly Mark is beautiful, sickly, & interesting. Ld Cas. you know I always dislike, & Ly Cas. I always like, she is one of those characters made to succeed in the world. Adieu, with every sincere good wish of the season.

I am ever yours most truly,

S. N.

P.S.—If you happen to hear a lie circulated with pains to blacken poor Ly Edward Fitz-Gerald, pray contradict it, for she is *not married*, & has no such ideas as yet. *Melancholy* is her companion.

Mr Morton Pitt, of Kingston, Dorchester, a near neighbour of the O'Briens, obtained in 1800, through his cousin Mr William Pitt, then Prime Minister, a small temporary post, Commissioner for the Island of St. Domingo, for Mr O'Brien.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Sackville St., Dublin, 4 Sept., 1800.

I can neither rejoice or condole with you, dearest Ly Susan, on your place, for *too well I know* it's a lottery, & like marriage is cried up or down just as the ideas of the circle one lives in judge, which is never *sainement*, & they never allow us poor souls to judge for ourselves. I most sincerely wish this may turn out satisfactory in the end, & shall say everything to myself in its favor, for there is always much to be said for & against. The business is not

of that nature to make one's ideas *couleur de roses*, but then the idea of having worked hard to obtain justice for distressed persons leaves a comfortable sensation. . . . If report says true here, Ld Cornwallis leaves this for some of the Princes. This will be a dangerous change just *now* before the Union is firmly fixed & its advantages felt, but in 3 years it would be a most prudent step, for poor *dear Coney's* patience will never hold out longer; he is so annoy'd by Excellencies, &c. &c., & when all is *steady* then splendour will be of the greatest service here. But just now it would only give hopes to the *fallen knaves* that a new field for peculation was open, & they have been so *gorged* with jobbs in consequence of the Union that they will rest a little & give Coney time to put things into good order; yet I suspect some underhand tricks *will grub him up*, but I *hope* still. I am vastly diverted to hear *our* Lords will want *your genteel houses;* I fancy *next* year they will not be so very genteel, but come home a little ashamed of their folly in all running to London, as I find *all* Dublin is to do this year. It's hard upon poor *you*, as it was on poor *me*, who could not get a house cheap because the *Union* was *coming*. Let me know as soon as you are fixed. I am extremely prepossessed in favor of your friend Mr Moreton Pitt from his kindness to you, & though we remain anti-Pittites from conviction of *Billy's* ill deeds, his curse don't follow the name, tho' *his* name will ever be the curse of England I fear, & certainly of Ireland in the opinion of anti-Unionists, like the "Nine of Diamonds, the Curse of Scotland." Do you know whence that saying arose? From its being the arms of Ld Stair, who brought about the Union.

My family & friends here are all well. I am this very week like Prince Prettiman, between love & duty, for my 3 eldest boys have left home to go to quarters, & I am so glad they are promoted, & so sorry to part with them. Adieu, love to Mr O'Brien. Adieu.

Ever yours, &c.,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Sackville St., Dublin, 20th April, 1801.

I think the Trenches are fated to be the means of our correspondence, my dearest Ly Susan. I hope you will see them in London; they do not yet know where they are to live themselves, but Mrs Trench will send you the gown you bespoke, which she is so good as to carry over for you. It is rather the gown you did *not* bespeak, but in *fashions* you know there are latitudes allow'd, & I assure you a poplin is not *weareable* in these days, when to look *lank* & like *Patsy Jenkins* is the *ton*. However if you chuse it I will next winter send you enough for a *robe*, & you must trim it with furr; but a gown of it! "*Fy donc, cela ne se porte plus.*" In its place I send 12 yards of sarsenet, which is the prettiest wear possible & fit for summer. I chuse it shot, for it's both prettier & more durable; I hope it will please you, but if not for a gown, (which by the way you must make with short loose upper sleeves, & white muslin ones under them, or it will look heavy) it will serve you for a pellesse next winter, so I trust I have not done wrong, & beg you to wear it in some shape for the honor of poor Ireland, & for my sake, who wish to show it can produce something worth an English

person's acceptance. Your good account of your health delights me, thank God for it! Will you, my dear Ly Susan, tell me who your surgeon is, & if you think he could be serviceable to poor Ly Dowager Antrim,[1] who I hear is in a very bad way. Ly Mark Kerr, her daughter, is quite miserable about her mother; we expect her to lie in every day, & believe Ly Antrim deceives her about her health, but Ly Mark says Ly Antrim is too apt to try new people & new remedies, & therefore fears to recommend a 3rd.

I am extremely uneasy about *both* my brothers; my br Richmond is terribly gouty, but just now better. My poor brother George has got St Vitus' dance to such an excess as to preclude all exercise, all occupation, all comfort. It is reckoned nothing in youth, but at his age so strange that I fear it will end ill. I'm glad you saw Charles Fox & felt at your ease with him; I well know the pleasure of such a meeting, tho' it should take place but once in ten years, which is the case between him & I. My poor dear Ly Susan, how I do pity you squeezed between 4 walls in a town. You are a perfect patient grizzle *to say nothing:* why it's my only comfort to *growl,* tho' I'm in an excellent large house. I wish business may not disagree with Mr O'Brien; give my love to him.

I won't say one word of politics, for the chaos is too immense, only I'm glad Paul's dead, I'm glad Lord Nelson keeps up the true old tar to the utmost pitch, I'm dying for peace.[2] I'm very very

[1] Hon. Letitia Morres, eldest daughter of Hervey, first Viscount Mountmorres, married, in 1774, Randal William, sixth Earl and first Marquis of Antrim. She died in 1801, leaving two daughters, both of whom in turn became Countess of Antrim.

[2] On April 2 Nelson won his famous victory over the Dutch fleet

sorry the poor King has been, & continues ill, for it has & will be a public calamity from its consequences, but exclusive of *public* ills among which the loss of Lord Cornwallis here is *irrepparable*,[1] the private misfortunes of the Royal Family goes to one's heart. Great people suffer sorrow doubly; poor souls, they are not made to it, till it comes with violence, & then it drives to indifference or despair. Colonel Napier's compts to *you, you abominable Pittite.* He won't abate one inch of his attacks on his bad Governt, tho' to his astonishment he found himself a sort of Pittite *malgré lui*, for he is a violent *Catholic* man.

My son Charles Napier had many letters, & a letter in his pocket for you dated 4th of Febry with *orders* to deliver it, but he has kept them all, *the idle fellow*, till *now*, when all my friends write me word they have just received them. Now that he has left London, & is *pinned* to his quarters with the Rifle Corps at Bletchington Barracks in Sussex & cannot stir, perhaps you will or will not get the letter, but I wrote it. Adieu, ever most affecly yours, my dear Ly Susan,

SARAH NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

(A fragment. No date.)

Do you *ever* go to Weymouth? If you do, pray call upon *Lady Charleville*[2] *as my friend.* I won't

off Copenhagen, and on his way thence to attack the Russians heard of the assassination of their Emperor Paul on March 24.

[1] Lord Cornwallis was succeeded in Ireland by Lord Hardwicke.

[2] Charles William Bury, of Charleville Forest, Kings Co., first Earl of Charleville, was born in 1764. He married, in 1798, Catherine Maria, widow of James Tisdall, Esq., and daughter and sole heir of Thomas Towneley Dawson, Esq.

ask Mr O'Brien to call upon *my Lord*, for a weather-cock is not more changeable, & I therefore never *risk* my *friends' reception* on a whimsical, capricious mind, & as I don't love him or like him, & only respect him for being a good landlord, &c., I don't care who visits him. But don't betray me to Ld Digby, who I believe *likes him* & with reason, as he is very fond of Ld Digby. My object is Ly Charleville. She *was* a Mrs Tisdall, & our *near neighbour*, introduced by her friend Bishop Marlay. For *his* sake we tried to like her, tho' her manners were Irish & not exactly the *sort* that pleased my sister & me, but after many years' acquaintance the excellence of her heart, her sense, her wit, & friendship, has compleatly attached us to her for *her own sake*. *She* is in love with her lord; *we* are not; he is so with her, *tant mieux;* we rejoice, but don't envy her, but I *toad eat him* for her sake. They are *very rich*, tollerably *recherché* in London, & want no help in worldly affairs: tho' if you could *coax* Ly Ilchester to like her, it would amazingly please my friend, who improves daily from good sense & knows the *full value* of *such* a woman's protection as Ly Ilchester's; could you do it through Lord Digby? Be this as it may, Lady Charleville will receive more real pleasure from a visit from you as my friend than from any fine lady (tho' the latter *has* its charms for her too). . . . She *loves me* & *mine*, & therefore you will be prejudiced in her favour; & all I recommend her to *you* for is the entertainment of a visit & the pleasure of seing I have a faithful friend.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

3 Kildare St., Dublin, 20th October, 1802.

It will be a great gratification to me, dearest Ly Susan, if I hear from yourself that your spirits have recovered the severe blow so lately, so suddenly befallen you.[1] Time alone can soften such, but *time too* is the source from which they become more terrible, for the recollections of *past times* have a stronger hold on our feelings than we are aware of. In every sense your loss must have affected you, & I wish excessively to have some detail of your present situation respecting your family, whether it holds out to you any prospect of a comfortable retirement when Mr O'Brien has fulfilled the duties of his place, a retirement which will always suit *your* taste, provided it can be compassed so as to be pleasant to Mr O'Brien also, & enable you to enjoy the sort of society one *covets* more & more every day, *quiet* & *friends*. If health is added, I trust you will both enjoy it the more for having *earned* it in London. I know you like always to know about me & mine, & I will therefore give you a general sketch of *this* year.

The *great* & *sad* feature of it has been miserable anxiety about my dear husband's health! Even before January he was far from well owing to the wretched office he worked in, like the black hole at Calcutta; it produced continual illness, & no

[1] Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, died on September 5, 1802, aged fifty-five, at Buxton, where he had gone for his health. He left one son and five daughters by his first wife, Miss O'Grady (see Appendix C.), and two sons by his second wife, Maria, daughter of Hon. and Rev. W. Digby, Dean of Durham. Lady Ilchester had a third, posthumous son born that year, who was father to the present Earl of Ilchester.

common cold could be thrown off. Of course they accumulated, his blood grew bad, & taking calomel for bile he got cold, which brought on a desperate salivation & the sorest mouth that ever was heard of I believe; fever, delirium follow'd; these removed, it fell on his nerves. Still the mouth, bad at times & getting better at others, kept me between hope and fear till *June*, when I was *promised* that warm weather would compleat the cure, instead of which cold weather came & he grew worse. . . . He grew much better suddenly, then ill again in August. I *then* began to despair, when to my joy & grateful heart's content, all September began the *perfect* & *entire cure;* every day his health, spirits, looks, & mouth are better! I leave you to judge the very uncomfortable state I have lived in, a continual cloud deprived me of all sort of enjoyment; I have vegetated, but now I have the happy prospects before me, so necessary to soften all the evils of life! My sister & Mr Conolly found it necessary to go to Wentworth Castle for 3 months, & took Emily of course, but they also took Louisa Napier and George Napier, & happy were they to make this northern tour, where they have seen what neither the environs of London or Dublin have, *true old English solemn grandeur*, magnificent castles, parks, trees, plate, & hospitable establishments, all display'd at stated times, & perfect quiet in the interim. How infinitely more *sensible* is that style than the eternal *guingette* of everybody's house near a town. Yet in that dissipation of time which pervades even the quietest houses, even misfortunes have but a slippery tenure, they are driven from one's *head* at least, not always from one's heart. We are immoveable, I believe, in this odious town,

but since Col. Napier has got a large, good, airy office, my heart is at rest. My son Charles is at *Shornclif*, near Folkston, with the Rifle Corps; cold enough for winter, poor soul; the rest are at home. The Duke of Leinster, who felt very much the loss of his old friend, is at Carton surrounded by a numerous, fine family enjoying himself much. My English friends you know about, & my paper confines me to giving our most sincere regards to Mr O'B. & to you from Col. N.

Believe me most affecly yours,

S. N.

The post of Receiver-General of Taxes for the County of Dorset having become vacant, Mr Morton Pitt and the other Members of Parliament and gentlemen of the county united in petitioning Mr Addington, the Prime Minister, to give it to Mr O'Brien, and succeeded in obtaining it for him.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

22d Janry, 1803.

Do you think, my dearest Ly Susan, I could have been thus long so *indifferent* to the very pleasant news you gave me of your situation as to keep silent, had I not been prevented writing by that tiresome illness that *annoys* me so frequently! A violent inflammation in my face, which if it ever broke the skin would be called an errisipellas, & which is I do not think yet defined by any name, but perfectly so to my *feels*, & totally prevents my applying to *anything* for week after week, altho' it is well, for in a moment it returns suddenly; & having had a severe, tèdious confinement of this complaint with variations of bile or gout in my stomach for 2 months past, I was very *meek*, & did

not presume to take up my pen till now, when by degrees I am paying off my score of correspondents. I am quite well now, & what is much more important is that Col. Napier has passed this very cold winter without his poor mouth breaking out again into a sore; it only felt *tender*, & in every other respect his health, looks, spirits, appetite, & sleep are so good as to show he is really conquering it. He *has* a cough, but it don't hurt his breast the least, & the season secures it going off; so my heart is at rest on *that* point after so many many months' anxiety.

Who could you write to, my dear Ly Susan, an account of the delightful *manner* in which your dear husband has received his place, that would enter more warmly into your satisfaction? You & I well know *money* is a good thing to have, but friendship, respect, regard, & *just* praise will ever fill *our* hearts with ten times more pleasure. My congratulations, therefore, to him & you are sincere, & come from my heart. Col. Napier from the same motives joins me in them, & I must add that my sister & daughters are glad to see you have so much cause to be *proud* & *pleased*. How comfortable this will make you, dearest Ly Susan! Tell me about Stinsford. Will your nephew[1] repair it thoroughly for you when of age? For if so it may be worth your while to patch it up for a few years, but I fear you will find it in sad ruin by not being lived in. Would the materials answer to build a smaller house which might be better for the setting of the land in future times perhaps, & make Ld Ilchester's friends

[1] Henry Stephen, third Earl of Ilchester, only son of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, by his first marriage with Miss O'Grady. He was born in February, 1787.

Henry Stephen, 3rd Earl of Ilchester.

consider it as (a handsome but) *necessary repair* of an estate? I hope you will get your *London income* in the *lump;* it's by far better for you, but Govt won't think so, for they dread a Parliamentary question of why, & they love to *smuggle* reccompenses. The *system* is *false* & *vile*, but bad habbits, weak minds, & doubtful times work altogether to form *excuses* for doing wrong, & so they go on from bad to worse till they get deep in the mire, & then like *your great Mr Pitt* creep out, wash themselves with some fine-sounding, plausible, *patriotic wash*, & leave their followers to do the best they can. I quite agree with you, Mr Addington[1] is a very *agreable* Minister; I like all I hear of him vastly, but I'm grown so indifferent to all politics, that "they go in at one ear & out at the other." Now as to matters of importance, such as war, peace, civil war, &c. &c., I am too well *broke in* not to be a philosopher: *I enjoy* the present, and wait till sorrows come to fret about them. How well written is all you say about your *young nephew!* How truly *I feel it* who have 5 sons *proportionably* exposed to the dangers of the world, but certainly exempt from *flattery* as they have nothing to bestow, but *example* is *almost* as dangerous, tho' no, nothing is so precarious as the character of a *rich young lord* in London! What a miracle if he escapes! I sincerely wish he may, for he & all his family must ever be interesting to me. I long to hear how poor Ly Ilchester gets through her confinement. Poor

[1] Henry Addington, Esq., born in 1757, was elected Speaker of the House of Commons in 1789, and was appointed first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1801, on the fall of Pitt's Ministry. On retiring from these offices in 1804 he was created Viscount Sidmouth. He afterwards held the posts of President of the Council, Lord Privy Seal, and Home Secretary, and died in 1844.

Lord Dorchester! What a miserable life! Yet how very admirable that good temper is that triumphs over pain. Your friend Mr Morton Pitt, I hear is a second Howard; these characters makes their friendship for you & Mr O'Brien still more gratifying. You say nothing of Mr O'Brien's health; my love to him. I hope he continues to find water agree with him, but I doubt if at a late time of life it's a *safe extreme* to adopt, tho' as he never was a drinker it's safer, but still a *little good* wine I should think was wholesome. However you know *I* live in *Ireland*, so am no gospel on the subject of wine. Mr Conolly & my sister Louisa, with Emily Napier, went to Yorkshire for 3 months, & are returned in perfect health. They took with them Louisa & George Napier; all are enchanted with Lord & Lady Fitzwilliam, having passed a few days at Wentworth House. By the way, Charles Fox's marriage was just then *sur le tapis*, & Lord Fitzwilliam said to my sister that all things considered he was glad of it, for that it would be much *less* disadvantage to Charles to be seen with his *wife* than his mistress.[1] I'm so glad Lord F. does not take *à travers* about it, for as my most ardent wish is for dear Charles to be *happy*, whatever contributes most to that, *I wish;* & as he *loves* Lord Fitzwilliam, it will please him to know he is not among those that *fly out* on the subject. But the *principal* point, indeed the *only one* I think worth caring for, was the conduct of his brother Harry, which has been *so* kind that I love Mrs Fox & Harry even better than I did, & that is saying much. I know it would have made Charles *miserable* had Harry

[1] Charles James Fox married, in 1794, Elizabeth Bridget, widow of Mr. Armistead.

been unkind, & all the "*clinquant*" of Paris would never have made up to *him* (tho' it would to his wife of course), but he has a heart that retains his ancient affections very strongly.

I believe my sister & Emily will be in London in May; nothing will move *us*, for we are fixtures. Your friend Charles Napier has been (a short leave of absence included) 2 years doing *constant* duty with the Rifle Corps (Colonel Maningham's: do you know the Col. ?), & is now on the Kentish coast. George, my second son, is in London in his way to Chatham, where his Regt is quartered, the 52nd. Both are Lieutenants; my 3d son William is also a Lt. on half-pay at home; my 4th son Richard is studdying for the Church, where he is secure of a living; my fifth son Henry is going to sea by his own *positive* desire. I *do* & *shall* still more miss them sadly, but, thank God, they have good principles, good hearts, good constitutions, & good friends. As to their *sense*, *time* must *prove* if I am partial in thinking they don't absolutely *want it*, tho' I by no means can brag of genius or shining abbilities among them.

I have just seen the death of the Dowager Ly Ailesbury[1] in the papers. One feels a certain sensation on the death of old acquaintances, tho' one did not see them for ages. My brother will feel it much, for altho' the newspapers marries him every now & then at their pleasure, yet I'm convinced he will *not* marry. Emily, hearing that I am writing to you, wants to know what is the proper thing for her to

[1] Caroline, only daughter of John, fourth Duke of Argyle, married, first, in 1739, Charles, third Earl of Ailesbury; secondly, the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway. Her daughter Mary, by her first marriage, married the Duke of Richmond, and died in 1796.

say, respects or compts, &c., but that I am to express the best way I can that she likes you excessively, & delighted at your kindness to her in London, & that she loves you for my sake over & above her *liking for you*. So pray *accept ses offrandes d'amitié*, for I assure you she is *sincere* in everything. Adieu, my dearest Ly S.

Yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

5th July, 1804. Hot Wells, Bristol.

My dearest Ly Susan,—Not having an idea what part of the world you are in, or how to direct to you, I have desired Charles Fox to frank this to you, with information that we are here for Col. Napier's health, which has made me a most miserable person for near three years! Long sufferings have wasted him to an *almost* attrophy, & here we came to recover it. We have been here about a fortnight, & the air & water begin to take effect, which so raises my spirits I am *beginning* to look about the *possibility* of seing those I love for a few days at least; but so spread as they are, it requires generalship to bring this about. My first step is to enquire *where* they are, *how they do*, what they *mean to do*, & what they *can* do, towards accomplishing a meeting which I have so little time for that I *calculate on these reports* how it can be brought about. Write to me, dearest Ly Susan, immediately, & *then* I shall be able to say more than at present, which is only that I shall be *wretched* if I return to Ireland without seing those I love; & that Mr O'Brien & you are high in *that*

list, you do me, I trust, the justice to believe, being ever & unalterably yours,

SARAH NAPIER.

P.S.—I am blind of one eye.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

14 Prince's Buildings, Hot Wells, Bristol, 28 July, 1804.

Why I have delayed so long answering your kind & affectionate letter, my dearest Ly Susan, could be easily explained when you see me & know that instead of 2 I have at least 10 strings to my bow, & if one fails another must supply its place, & I am covetous to break none. Care of my dear husband, watching the *wayward* ideas of invalids is my *first great object;* my next, to see 2 brothers, a sister, & a *train* of Foxes & Lennoxs, besides having brought about the collection of 5 *boys here,* so that I have never been *one post yet* able to say, "I shall do so & so." Your affectionate kind visit, which I rely on, is one of my most precious strings. We have an *engagement* to Cirencester, where I *may* meet my poor brother George, *very ill.* I have an engagement at Goodwood, where I am to see my brother R. & my sister Leinster. I have an engagement to *receive* Colonel N.'s sister Mrs Johnston *here,* so that to compass all these is difficult. I have hopes of *lumping* the 2 objects of Cirencester & *his* sister in *one* at Lady Bathurst's, & as it's *most convenient* to go *that* way home I believe I shall go there 15th or the 20th of August, & leave my husband & family (if he is well) at Cirencester, while I go to Goodwood & return to him there; & from thence to Gloucester in our road to Ireland the 1st week of Sept. . . .

If you come immediately you would find a most sincere welcome from Col. Napier & me, tho' a *dull* house, for all *ma jeunesse* flys off this day: my boys to quarters, & Louisa to London with them to return with her aunt; in *her* absence I have *her* room to offer with a double bed. . . . Col. Napier is *better* as to essential points, but by no means so advanced in health as to give me satisfaction. I shall explain it further when we meet. Love to Mr O'Brien. What you call a complaint in my eyes is *only* losing the sight of *one* compleatly, & a daily risk of losing the other, unless I sit in the dark *musing*, which I cannot bear, & *so* I write, I read, I do all sorts of wrong things, but I do not multiply my letters as formerly, where *one* will do: you see I make it serve instead of two. Should anything occur to *stop* your coming here, let me know, otherwise I shall *expect* you in the *first* week of August, & if I find any cause to stop you I will write. I grieve I have not room for your maid, but for a shilling a night she may be at the hotel; our house is very *small*, tempted by giving four guineas a week instead of 7. I have seen many friends notwithstanding, who have found the hotel convenient when I could not lodge them, & I consider myself as *too* lucky to have obtained seing without stiring 4 boys, General Fox, Charles & Mrs Fox, Miss Fox, & some friends. Adieu. I will not lose this post.

Yours,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Bristol, Thursday, 2d August, 1804.

DEAREST LY SUSAN,—My poor husband has suffered dreadfully this week by a relapse of his

old complaint in his mouth, but as we know the cause, & that it has been removed, he now only suffers extreme weakness being sadly reduced by pain. I have had a very violent attack of bile, which has so far yielded to medicine as to be free of violent pain, so that I am *now* able to attend to him, & in a few days I trust *both* will be well enough to *enjoy* the pleasure of seing you & Mr O'Brien; but if it is the same to you & that this letter comes in time, I believe Monday is more likely to *suit us all*, because you will be more certain then that *we are* getting well than you will on Saturday, when my *blooming orrange* & his *dejected countenance* will, I trust, be so much decreased as to give you no uneasiness about us. Did I tell you in my last I had lost the *best part* of us, my 2 eldest sons & Louisa Napier, which is a sad grievance to me when you come, who I know they wish so much to see, but as nothing is perfect in this world, I am too happy to *secure* seing you. I am so *giddy* with the calomel & sickness I can scarce hold my pen, which added to other failures of age makes me leave off abruptly.

With my most affectionate love,

S. N.

Mr and Lady Susan O'Brien paid Lady Sarah a visit early in August, and remained about ten days with her.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Bristol, 24th August, 1804.

Dear Ly Susan,—It's a pity to make you William's excuses for not going *one* mile out of his road to see you, which he would so gladly have done, but his father considered that if he stopped

at Stinsford to-night, he might not be sure of a conveyance to Weymouth to-morrow time enough for the Packet, & if he misses it he is *undone*, for the next only sails *on the 1st*, so he must not wait for it, which is very provoking; but should he return while we are here, he will not be so hurried, & will with pleasure call. Doctor Nott upon his *third* visit this day says everything is going on as he should wish. Time gives me increasing hopes, & my own spirits mend in proportion. Love to Mr O'Brien.

Ever yours, *laconicly* as you bid me,

S. N.

3 o'clock, 24th, Friday.

I wrote this yesterday & meant to send it, but in my occupation of packing *off William* I forgot it, & *this* moment have received yours, to which my very consoling accounts of progression, ammendment now 14 days, is surely a satisfactory answer! The truth is, my dearest friend, there is a sword, a most *sharp* one, hanging over my future happiness, which I look up to in *dread* for ever, yet at others feel happy in its remaining so long suspended that I get confidence in it! That's all I can compare my present state to. We are *determined* to pass the autumn here, which includes October, so nothing agitates us now of *schemes*, & one great merit of the medecine is that it has put an end to all agitation in *his* nerves. The digitalis answers so well that they don't increase the dose to above 22 drops, & they *do* increase the steel, so you see we are able to give strength without danger.

Many letters are *just* come in with yours. The poor Bishop of Down gone to London worse;

Charles Fox, not *quite* well with a pain in his side, which is frequent but better now, gone home. Your description of Redlinch goes to my very heart, which *cannot yet* use itself to those most necessary delapidations of time & generations. Among my letters is one from George to tell William that he is gazetted in the 43*rd Regt*, & need not go to Guernsey, & the poor fellow is *now* in the stage to Weymouth. I have sent a post office express after him; I hope it will reach him before he *sails* to-morrow (Saturday), & bring him back. *Perhaps* if Mr O'Brien ever drives in his little chaise to Weymouth, he would go there as soon as he can after you get *this* (which is too late for to-day), & enquire about a young Capt. Napier of the 6th Reserve Regt, who was to sail to Guernsey in the Packet, and you will be so kind as to write me word what you hear of him, which I conclude will be that he sailed before the express reached him. The provoking thing is that he must now remain at Guernsey till the Packet sailing the 1*st* carries him a letter to say he is to return, & we shall lose him by that as he must return quick to the coast of Kent to the 43rd. The King's going to-day will add to poor William's confusion, if he gets the express. Adieu, once more love to Mr O'Brien.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Southampton, September 4th, 1804.

DEAREST LY SUSAN,—How kind in you to give *protection* to my wandering son, to treat him like your child, & send him home so pleased with his reception!

My spirits are at this moment *quite unwisely good*, because I ought not to be too sanguine, but certainly

the evident recovery *pas à pas* made in my dear patient's health is wonderful. I almost entertain hopes that he will be *as well* in October as if he had not had this severe attack, which *now* Crawfurd owns to me alarmed him to the full as much as it did *me;* but now he says I may *rely* on recovery. . . . This reprieve from *dangers,* this future hope *all may* be well, this assurance that unless some unforeseen accident happens all will go on smooth this winter, has so relieved my spirits that I am a different creature. Louisa is still left in the lurch in London, for Charles is not allow'd leave to move, so Richard sets off to-morrow to accompany William (who goes to the 43rd) as far as London, & there stays two days to rest & return with Louisa here. I feel quite *equal* to being *alone* because he is so well. I hope the return of Louisa & Richard will do him much good. In short, *tout a l'air couleur de roses* just now, God grant it may continue so. I was quite sorry Wm could not go to Ld Dorchester's; he tells me he saw our old friend Mr St Leger, but not his young wife.

Do you think, dear Ly Susan, you could send us some game conveniently now & then, for the doctors say it's the *best* food for him; now remember a *little* will do, a brace of grouse, or of partridge, or a hare, any one of these will serve him two days, & as I believe I shall get the same from Cirencester, it will be *full enough* for an invalid, & I beseech you not to make it *an object* as *necessary* to his health, but merely if it *suits* now & then. The carriage of it will not *decay it* I presume from Dorchester *here,* & I shall know when to expect it, as I believe the coach comes once a week. How is Mr O'Brien? No more giddinesses I hope. He has quite made

a conquest of William, for with all his giddy ways he is not unmindful of kindness. My letters from Ireland are all very comfortable. My going to Goodwood is of course deranged for a time, but I don't lose sight of it.

Adieu, dearest Ly Susan,

Ever yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Monday, 10th Sept.

DEAREST LY SUSAN,—Your letter came on Saturday, & 2 brace of partridge on Sunday, for which I give you a million of thanks, for I had no idea that Mr O'Brien did not shoot, had not a *sort* of gamekeeper belonging to Ld Ilchester, & the command of the Manor for himself & friends. Upon these supositions I wrote, & glad I am to find good reason to *request* you will not again send any, for I have got some here, both as presents & for money, so that it's now no *object* as I at first thought, for I of course believed game laws were *adhered* to, but behold it's sold in the very market without scarce a mystery. I thought it was only in Ireland *such* things were done.

I must now tell you of my poor patient. Why nothing ever went on so well till *this* day, when a little attack of bile put him back, but both phisicians were with us, & consider him as *wonderfully* improved in health, & slowly proceeding on to as good health as he may expect to have this winter, which must be delicate. . . . Louisa & Richard not yet come, but I expect them to-morrow. Everything *uncomfortable* has happened to prevent her returning in time, but as they were all events that could neither be forseen or help'd, I keep all this to *myself*

not to annoy him with the account of difficulties; but they *prey* on my mind the more for having to pacify his impatience at their delay by all sorts of excuses. The chief cause is that poor Ly Londonderry,[1] *worn* to death in body & mind, being *sole* attendant on Ly Georgina Canning,[2] *entreated* of Louisa to supply her place for a week, while she went to see 2 daughters who cannot come to *her* before she leaves Engd; for she is to return to her younger children in Ireland, & to carry poor Georgina if possible. The dear little soul herself said, "Oh, my dear Louisa, you will not be long before you rejoice that you made me *so happy* for a few days!" You may guess this was irresistible, & there was no time to ask a leave she was sure to obtain, & so there she is at Richmond, *sole* protectrice of a dying angel! I leave you to judge how immagination runs on to the *possibility* of misfortune should *she* die! Should Ly L. be taken ill, which is extremely probable, or find poor Ly Charles Fitz-Roy going to have her leg cut off for a white swelling, which has long been threatened, what is to become of poor Louisa? You may guess her father must not know a word of this till she is *here*, & of course I am most uncomfortable till her arrival. I am not very well myself to-day. I therefore hope to send you a more chearful letter soon, altho' the main point is so very comfortable. Love to Mr O'Brien. Adieu.

Ever most affecly yours,

S. N.

[1] Frances, eldest daughter of Charles, first Earl Camden, married, in 1775, the Right Hon. Robert Stewart, afterwards first Marquis of Londonderry. She died in 1833.

[2] Lady Georgina Stewart, fourth daughter of Robert, first Marquis of Londonderry, married, in 1803, George Canning, Esq., of Garvagh, who was created Lord Garvagh in 1818. She died in 1804. Lady Charles Fitzroy, mentioned later in the letter, was her eldest sister.

P.S.—I am one who will keep the King's marriage day with unfeigned joy & gratitude to Heaven that I am not in Her Majesty's place! It was the happiest day *for me*, in as much I like to attend my dear *sick* husband better than a King. I like my sons better than I like the Royal sons, thinking them *better annimals*, & more likely to give me comfort in my old age; & I like better to be a *subject*, than *subject* to the terrors of Royalty in these days of trouble. It's pleasant to have *lived* to be satisfied of the great advantages of a lot which in those days I might have deemed *unlucky*. Ideas of 15 & of 60 one cannot well assimilate, but mine began at 14, for if you remember I was not near 15 when my poor head began to be turned by adulation in consequence of my suposed favor. In the year 1759, on the late Princess of Wales' birthday, 30 of November, I ought to have been in my nursery, & I shall ever think it was unfair to bring me into the word while a *child*. *Au reste*, I am delighted to hear the King is so well, for I am excessively *partial* to him. I always consider him as an old friend that has been in the wrong; but does one love one's friends *less* for being in the wrong even towards oneself? I *don't*, & I would not value the friendship of those who measure their friendship by my *deservings*. God help *me*, if all my friends thought thus.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Clifton, 25th Sept., 1804.

Dear Lady Susan,—I believe my impatience for Louisa's return was a kind of presentiment she would be wanted, for I fell ill the next day with St Anthony's fire in my face & head, which

confined me above a week to my room & does still to the house, & tho' recovering I am unfit for anything, for it has weakened my poor *one* eye. Louisa left *her* poor patient somewhat better & very much gratified by her visit, which makes me extremely glad it took place. Louisa & Richard seemed both satisfied with their father's appearance at their return, which ought to counterbalance my own opinion, which is by no means satisfactory; he is certainly much better than when you saw him, because infinitely less suffering, & the expectoration lessened, & of a better nature; the pulse too is brought into perfect order by the digitalis, but now I have said all in his favour, for his spirits, cough, strength, & flesh do not mend, & summer is gone. He inclines very much to stay on here, & at any rate will not go further south than Exeter, but wishes to do nothing yet till the digitalis has had a fair trial. Our dear old & first friend the Bishop of Down's [1] death must throw a gloom on you & I, which few other can feel as it bring back former days, & the idea of forty-four years unalterable friendship.

Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan.

Believe me very affecly yours,

S. N.

Louisa Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Clifton, October 11, 1804.

In mercy, my dear Madam, come to your friend; my adored parent will soon be no more, & what shall I do with her? She is threatened with a

[1] William Dixon, Bishop of Downe and Connor, to which See he was appointed in 1785. He was a devoted friend of Charles Fox, and died at his house in Arlington Street.

violent return of erisipilis, which so often goes to her head that I tremble whenever the dreadful blow falls for her senses, & when I have lost my first blessing in this world how can I be certain that I shall have the power of doing my duty by Lady Sarah; we have no friend here, dearest Lady Susan, & if she cannot support this, what will become of unfortunate

LOUISA NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

I have less feeling from age than my poor Louisa, & having found her letter to you will add what I am *able* to write from that fictitious calmness that preceeds despair, for it is only kept off while the blood of life animates his heart. She says true we have *as yet* no friend here, I know not if they will come; but were you here, I should feel more safe from the chaos that presents itself to my brain at moments. She is worn out with watching & grief. I long to help her but I cannot, for affliction alone governs her. I am not ill, but I may be so if this complaint, brought on by crying, increases fast. One week's fever has suddenly destroyed twenty-three years' happiness!

In October, 1804, after a long illness, Colonel Napier died at Clifton, and was buried near, at the Church of St. Mary, Redland, where his monument still is. Lady Susan at once went to Lady Sarah, and remained with her till the funeral, after which Lady Sarah and her children moved to Cirencester House, Gloucestershire, which had been lent to her by Lord and Lady Bathurst. The latter was her niece, being Lord George Lennox's third daughter.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Cirencester House, 26th October, 1804.

The tender, affectionate manner you flew to my assistance, my dear Lady Susan, in the more trying moments, has left such an impression on my mind, that combined with our early friendship it seems to fill up that vacancy which long separation caused in our friendship; & altho' *you* can *never know* the full extent of my misfortune because you knew not half his worth, yet your sympathising heart seemed to give me all its pity!

During those days we passed at Clifton I knew not my own sentiments. It was not *me*, for in every instance a total change ensued; naturally subject to tears, to horrors, to nervous sensations, all disappeared, & my loss only seemed like an awful warning from heaven to lose no time in fulfilling the trust reposed in me, & be prepared to follow! Such *were*, & such still *are* the sensations I experience, & when the sight of beloved objects that came to console me produced agitation—still it is not common affliction—my mind *feels in prison*, it brings to me those sensations which I ever supposed were felt by the Royal Family of France in the Temple. Here we *are*, but it *must end;* ill or well is only known to the Great Disposer of Events, whose will is right, & in the mean time why lose one of the precious present moments if they can be turned to the advantage of others?

Such are my present sentiments, my dear friend, & they preserve me from much additional pain; they have prevented my dear children from falling into that sort of despair that belongs to youthful

sorrow, & it gives them strength of mind to meet adversity with firmness.

Alas! Adversity is their lot; there is no deceiving oneself a moment on this sad truth, & the sooner we bring ourselves to meet all its evils with firm resolve the better.

During my stay in that *prison of my mind*, Mrs. Johnstone, my sister Louisa, & my three daughters came, so that we arrived in this hospitable house twelve in family. Our reception here was by order of the absent master & mistress such as would be given to a Royal Family, everything which the most elaborate attention can produce to pour a balm on the wounded mind was thought of, & much contributed to restore those whose fatigues had almost overcome them. . . . The mind cannot resist the sensations of gratitude in grief, whatever it may do in prosperity, but in our situation it was so interwoven with every benefit we received that insensibly the gloom began to clear, & the presence of a most charming little girl here who seems to devote herself to please us, could not fail of success. There is something very winning in the warmth of a childish mind, & my little niece Georgina [1] combines infantile zeal with a much older judgement.

My sister Louisa & Emily leave this place for Goodwood next week. My sister Johnstone left it with two of my sons some days past, & I shall remain here with six children a little longer. You know I have not seen Lady Bathurst since she was a child, & never saw Lord Bathurst, so that their extraordinary kindness is the effect of the most liberal minds where every virtue dwells that must

[1] Louisa Georgina, Lord and Lady Bathurst's eldest daughter, who died unmarried in 1874.

endear them, I should think, to all who know them. It is their earnest request I should continue here much longer, but the dread of availing myself too long of their kindness makes me *long to go* from a *palace* to a *cottage*, for little better must my future home be. . . . I mean to be settled in Sloane Square or thereabout by the 10th of next month.

It was my sister Louisa's intention to take a lodging there this winter, & we are to live together for a month or two, when we shall return to Ireland, she to remain, & me to settle my affairs. My affairs being only *degrees* of *poverty* ought to be soon settled, but it belongs to distressed circumstances to be loaded with difficulties; however *this* is the outline of my situation. There is a good house with about 70 English acres of land at Celbridge, & there are some hundreds of pounds in my sister Louisa's hands. Both these will more than pay the debts which the situation obliged us to create, & which my want of good management allowed to increase to near double what they were. Anxious to discharge these debts, I would willingly sacrifice *all immediately* to this purpose. But is it not *robbing* my children to pay these debts *my* carelessness created? If it proves possible to manage it without selling Celbridge (at least till some *good offer* is made for it), is it not much more *just* I should be pinched, in even my small income, in order to give my children a future chance of relieving themselves from these debts?

For this purpose I propose to mortgage the estate & borrow the sum of £3,000, which would clear all I owe, & the letting the house & land would pay the interest. I made this proposal to my brother Richmond as to the person on whom I

felt myself most entitled to ask a favour of, conceiving him both able & willing to assist me, but he has written me *two* sheets of paper to prove he cannot afford it. I am therefore obliged to sell everything I can of furniture, horses, &c. &c., to make out money enough to clear this debt by slow degrees, & my dear sister, who is the most accurate calculator, says that if I live with my 6 children *within* my annuity of £500 I may in some years hope to clear it; but still you see my children are left destitute at my death, and in the mean time cannot be educated as they ought to be.

My generous sister is you know excessively cramped in her own circumstances for several years, & is in fact as poor as me, to speak comparatively of her situation & mine; but she gives the little she can afford with such a warmth of heart that it is like the widow's mite in the Scriptures, of more worth than the greatest offerings. I consider her kindness to me as *mere charity*, & as such I receive it, for I am not now in possession of more than 20 guineas, which will carry my family to town by the stage and me in a chaise. When we are in the lodgings in Sloane Square of 3 guineas per week, it will *just contain* my sister's family & mine by two sleeping in each bed; & there we shall accomplish our joint wish of seing my sister Leinster before we return to Ireland in January. My sister Louisa thinks (& I join in the opinion) that considering that my 5 sons will be settled in England, it will be advisable for me *ultimately* to settle here also. In the mean time we must be at Castletown, where I shall feel the unpleasant sensation of knowing that it is not my dear Mr Conolly I live with, but Adl Pakenham, a very

sincere friend, but still *only* a friend. Therefore if it is *possible* for me to *exist* in England I shall endeavour to do so.

Just as I had finished writing comes new misfortune on me! The poor Duke of Leinster is no more! Six day's fever carried him off at Carton, once the scene of youthful joy, now the scene of desolation! Ah me! What havock does Death make in a circle where I enjoyed all happiness. Death comes remorseless on, & sinks them in the tomb!

Adieu. I can say no more.

S. Napier.

P.S.—Write to poor Charles Fox to acquaint him of this third & heaviest blow to his former affections. The poor Duke, the Bishop, & myself held much the same place in his heart. Direct to him at Lord Albemarle's, Eldon, Thetford, Suffolk.

After Colonel Napier's death Lady Sarah was strongly urged to try and obtain a pension for herself and her children. This she was very willing to do, but only on the understanding that it should be given solely as a reward for Colonel Napier's past services to his country, and she refused to entertain the idea of writing to the King, as some of her friends advised.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

23d of November, 1804.
Sloane Terrace, near London.

I felt every kindness, my dearest Lady Susan, which yours & Lord Dorchester's advice so evidently proved for me. I understand all its extent, & it is pictured in my heart in its strongest colouring. Will you assure him of it, for in him I traced

HOLLAND HOUSE.

From a Sketch.

[*To face p.* 178, *Vol. II.*

a brother soldier's feelings for the family of one whose worth he knew & valued, tho' long distance of time & place have prevented his following up the character & conduct of a man to whom difficulties were only the incitement to exert every virtue, & on whom adversity & prosperity equally found the mind prepared to act up to every principle of honour, justice, integrity, & humanity. Such was his acquaintance in early life, & such was he to the last!

Neither Lord Dorchester or you will wonder that my mind is so impressed with these sentiments which I revere, that I cannot bring myself to ask a favour of any human being *except* as the *just reward of faithful services;* in that light alone, & on this ground will I ever write a line or speak a word to obtain what is *necessary* for my children, only because of their father's high character & that respect due to them in consequence of it; in every other light I disclaim all pretentions. . . .

This induces me to decline all application but through the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, *best judge* of those services he recommends, & if Government *here* judge it proper to acquiesce, my object is carried; for my children will get pensions *because* their father earned them dearly! If Govt *here* do not attend, the fault is *theirs*, the *loss* is mine, for I will *not sue.* I will not use underhand favor to put into too strong a point of view my situation, as I know was done by Lady Clare, who by these means obtained a £1,000 pr anm, pretending to extreme poverty although she was in actual *receipt* of about £3,000 pr anm, above half of it her own, the rest her children's till of age, & each of the 3 children possessing *large fortunes,* besides ready

money she had by selling all the fine furniture left to her; so that there was not a *shaddow of excuse* for her to have one. . . . If you think the King interferes *at all* about Memorials (which I am told he does not), it would certainly be very serviceable to me to have some *private* friend mention to him that they know such a thing is in agitation, & if he is disposed to name a higher sum than is usually given I shall feel doubly gratified, for besides the conveniency of it, it will be told about as a *proof* he likes to *reward* a faithful servant's family, & if he asks at all about the person of whom this high character is given he will find it *universally* spoken of as uncommon in abilities, integrity, perseverance, & arrangement, and I need not add *disinterested.* I am told that it is feared the common idea of pensions will lead only to give £100 pr anm to each of my 4 girls; if it should include the 2 youngest unprovided boys it will be £600 pr anm, I own I rather expect it cannot be *less.* Now if the King chuses to add more for *me,* it still is *for the education of those children,* who have a claim on him; but if he don't think of it himself I don't wish to *ask* him. I hear to-day that the King has seen the Prince, but *only* in a *civil way.* I fear Courts are not the soil where family affection & cordiality flourishes, & I pity Kings for being robbed of that blessing by their situation; for they have all the tender feelings of the heart as warm as their subjects. . . .

Believe me ever your affectionate friend,

S. N.

P.S.—I hear the pension if given at all must be from the English List, as there is *none left* in Ireland.

My sister Louisa & most of my children are with me here. My sister Leinster wonderfully well, considering all she has lately gone through. Poor Mrs Lock *begining* to recover from convulsive grief, now turned to a slow fever, poor thing!

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

17th Janry, 1805, 4 Sloane St.

DEAREST LADY SUSAN,—I cannot find paper, pen, or ink that *will write*, & have nobody at home to send out for others, so you must decypher, because I live in a perfect hurry as if I lived in the world, for this reason. My *mere* family amounts to 25 in town now, & a *few* old friends make up beyond thirty; so that as *all* see my sister, & our house is a nutshell, my own family within being with myself 10 at dinner, you see *I may be hurried* without what is called *seing anybody*. So it is that I have seldom time to write *at my leisure*, & just now I seize a quiet hour to tell you that I certainly stay till the moonlight nights in Febry, when my sister goes to Ireland, & it's not quite decided if I go or stay longer. It depends on the expedition;[1] if General Moore commands it then my 3 boys go with him, & if it don't sail till March I shall wait their departure. If, as it is suspected, peace is the event, then I shall go to be back the sooner & enjoy their company in summer: that is, if our pension is given & proves equal to enable me to live in London. Of the expense of it (in a most œconomical way) I am now able to judge, & there-

[1] War with Spain had been declared in December of the previous year on account of certain naval preparations by that nation, which it had been intimated would be considered as an act of hostility towards England.

fore my sister & I mean to calculate accordingly, & I am to decide accordingly, *comme de raison.* Nothing can be in a more *thriving* way than my Memorial as far as I can learn from roundabout ways. Mr Pitt mentioned it to Genl Moore of himself *in the handsomest terms*, & by 20 ways I find *him* much disposed to it, but I also discover he likes to have the *merit* of it, & I believe he founds it on his own very liberal way of thinking, upon reading a letter written to Lord Hardwicke, of which I shall send you a copy; & if Mr Pitt *does*, then I own I am excessively pleased indeed to obtain it on *that* letter, which is a sort of testimental letter that speaks for itself. The Bathursts are coming to town, & through Lord B. I mean to have his *friend* Mr Pitt reminded to do whatever he means to do *soon.* Charles Fox is in town; he & she came to see *me* & I presented her to my sister, who is to dine with them to-morrow with *all my* children, & I should have been tempted to have been of the party, only my cold is so bad & I wish not to be *said* to go out; but as I wrote Charles word to-day in my excuse, that as I sent him the best part of the *furniture* of my house in my sister, 2 daughters, & 2 sons, he must excuse the *lumber.* I flatter myself this visit will please him very very much, dear soul, & so my end is answered; he has not been quite well, but is better & is to start from the post in flourishing opposition, but we shall hear more to-morrow of his prospects of success I supose than he can now know himself. I presume *my friend Mr Pitt* is very snugg with Addington, whom Charles tells me will bring him about 20 votes.

I am so glad your poor nephew is safe, how I wish you & his friends joy from my heart!

Dearest Lady Susan, it is those dear objects that will ever be foremost in the hearts of parents. I have made up my mind to my 3 eldest sons going with Genl Sir John Moore, because—what is their object in life?—*fame*, & where can they learn to deserve it better than in such a moment? A good cause, a good commander, & a good climate at an early age when zeal is warm in their hearts & gilds every horror of war, leaving them only the duties of it to fulfill, which they *long for!* Happy age! Would it not be grievous to oppose their ardour by cold fears & anxieties, which in spite of their spirit they would feel for *me* if they saw me too low. Thus far my mind is at rest about the 3 eldest, & Richard is next on my mind: yet I have been fortunate in my persevering enquiries to find means to establish him to my mind. But for the *present* the first step to be taken is to find a gentleman or clergyman, who is of an excellent character, & who is *quite* master of Greek & can *teach it well*, as also Latin, who will board & teach Richard for about 50—60—£70 for one or more years: & if he lives on the sea-coast so much the better, as bathing is peculiarily necessary to Richard's health. I have 4 different people looking out for me for *such* a person, & among the notices I have received, there is a man whose name I have not yet learnt, but he lives at Bridport, & he will take Richard for £60 pr anm, & the sea-bathing, I supose, is good there. *This* alltogether pleases us much, but dear Richard spoke to me yesterday in such a sensible way, that I thought by writing to you who are in the neighbourhood I might possibly get Mr O'Brien to judge a little of the man from report at least, & remove some of our difficulties. Richard said,

"You see, my dear mother, that I *must* study very closely indeed, so that my wish is to be in a retired place where studdy & exercise are my only objects, but as the man I live with must neccessarily become my friend, it is of great importance what his way of thinking is both in principles & religion, for I am of an age to form my religious principles & it would make me miserable to be at variance with him on so serious a point. I *wish* to be instructed, but I *dread* a *violent* man, who, under the specious pretext of oposing what they call French philosophy, lets himself go to all manner of sentiments which I shall certainly not fall into, & he will think me wicked." Thus, dear Ly Susan, did Richard express himself, & you see how necessary it is to know the character of the man. He was recommended by a Mr Singleton, a young clergyman who was educated by a Mr Banister, but Mr Banister don't take people like Richard, & so Mr Singleton said he knew one at Bridport who would answer. Adieu.

Ever yours,
S. NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

8th Febry, 1805. 4 Sloane Terrace.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—I am so anxious to settle my dear Richard *right*, that I must begin with *that* business. I have by great enquiries got the terms & character of *several* persons, & am only kept in doubt by the desire of chusing *well;* yet still my choice must be guided by *report*, & happy I am to think of my good fortune in its being in yours & Mr O'Brien's *power* (for I well know the kind wish) to *judge for me* as I have such *faith* in both your

judgements on this head, trusting that you will employ good judges to report to you. I have a letter now lying before me from a *Mr John Jones of Loders, near Bridport* (dated 26 Janry), to the Revd J. H. Stapleton, Grey's Court, near Henly, in which he states his terms,—viz, £80 pr anm exclusive of washing, & 1 guinea to servants, & seven guineas entrance, for which the pupil is taught Greek & Latin, Classics, & (if *required*) French & Italian, & Geography. He has only *one* pupil, & never exceeds 4. He says, "If Ly S. Napier should accede to my terms I shall hope to find her son well disposed to submit to the laws & rules of my little quiet establishment, as without docility & cheerful acquiescence & serious application on his part little good can reasonably be expected. I never take more than 4 pupils, my residence is about 3½ walk from the sea, & 2 from Bridport, very pleasant & retired, & thus perhaps the better adapted for promoting the important object of education.'

Nothing, my dear Ly Susan, can *sound* more exactly the thing I want, & Richard is very desirous to go there because of there being but *one* pupil, of course gaining more attention from his master. If fortunately the *knowledge* & the *character suit* yours & Mr O'Brien's ideas, I think it will decide us. I must crowd all my intelligence in half a sheet. My sister & Emily go to Ireland about the 16th, & I stay in lodgings with Louisa, Caroline, & Cecilia for about a month to *gain* fine weather, as my confinement has made me too tender for a winter journey. I also am on the watch for the success of the Memorial, & Lady Bathurst is my Ambassadress, *well judging*. She & Lord B. keep a look-out to hit on the moment of decision to

know *when* it comes down to the hands of *inferiors* to settle, & *then* we have plenty of means not to let it be delay'd. But in the present *sore* moment poor Mr Pitt is not to be *blamed* if he forgets to arrange *my* business, which I am not quite clear is *yet* out of Lord Hawkesbury's[1] hands, so all these mysterious matters require *time* to settle. My family are all well. My friends in town *so very* numerous that it hurries me sadly only to see each *once*. I dine out only at my sister Leinster's & at Lady Bathurst's, but every friend of my sister's or mine call all morning. Louisa Napier has met with several most *truly* kind friends, & has profited by their *kind* & *quiet* society. Everything wears a prosperous appearance from friends, & indeed the money I *fancy* will be given handsomely; when I know the *sum* I can form plans, & will tell them to you. I live more with Pitites than Foxites; of course I *hear* & sometimes laugh in my sleeve at their *brags*, but I cannot enter the least into eagerness about either side's success, it is quite *les ombres Chinoises* to me. I hear from Richard, who sees Charles Fox often, that they are *very busy;* but more I cannot say, never having seen them *alone*, for tho' Charles & Mrs Fox call often, there is always somebody. Poor Ld Sidmouth is now the bone of contention, for the King is *too* happy to have him *snugg*, & Mr Pitt is so abused on both sides about him *qu'il ne sait sur quel pied danser*. Adieu, receive the most sincere affection from hence to you & Mr O'Brien.

Ever yours most affectionately,

SARAH NAPIER.

[1] Robert, Lord Hawkesbury, who succeeded his father as Earl of Liverpool in 1808. He was at this time Secretary of State for the Home Department, and held the post of First Lord of the Treasury from 1812 to 1827. He died in 1828.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

18th February, 1805. 4 Sloane Terrace.

My dearest Ly Susan,—A change has taken place in our plans owing to my sister having one of those long severe colds that makes her travelling just now impossible, or she would have been now far on her way to Ireland, but it is now determined for her to set off the 4th of March, & I am to go with her with my 4 daughters. My stay here is useless I believe with respect to my Memorial, for it is in a *good* way, & I cannot *jog* Mr Pitt's memory without worrying him *now*, which I pique myself on not doing; but Ly Bathurst will do it for me in *due* time. As to all other business I have done all I want here, & have much to do in Ireland. I shall begin this day fortnight that sad sad journey, & business that haunts me, & I would fain defer & defer—but I am sure Dublin would not wear a better aspect to me ten years hence, so I must encounter it at once. Thus all is settled, & in as prosperous a way as belongs to such a situation as mine. This accelerating *of my journey*, which was not to have been till April, hurries me very much, & I therefore will not write one word to you to-day but on business which requires a speedy ansr. Richard is determined on going to the *Revd Mr John Jones of Loders, near Bridport*, provided your report corresponds with that of Doctor Richmond of Bath, whose son he educated, & Mrs Hervey of Bath, who has sent a lad of 16 to him of the name of Montague for 4 years past, & speaks highly of Mr Jones's character & learning; but still a woman is no judge of the Classics, & I long for Mr O'Brien's information. . . . I have

written by this post to Mr Jones myself to say that some family arrangements alone keep me in doubt till his answer comes, but in all probability my son will go to him & will be *at a friend's house near Dorchester* about the 5th of March, from whence he will proceed to Loders. Thus, my dear Ly Susan, have I relied on yours & Mr O'Brien's affection to propose his going to you by the stage as soon as we go from hence, & there he will give you a full account of us, & proceed the next day to Mr Jones when rested by sleep; for I suspect that however *heroic* he speaks *now* yet he will *feel* the *first* parting from his family most keenly, & being with such friends will soften that sensation. I have also written to Mr Jones to say that if any sudden illness should occur I beg to have the *best* advice, & that he will immediately write to *our friends at Dorchester*, not naming you *yet*, till Richard is settled there, which will probably be by the 10th of March at the furthest, which will give him 5 months' time to study hard till the end of July, when Mr Jones gives 6 weeks' vacation, which I think *much too long*, but hope Richard will not pass them idly; & as it is just *possible* I may return in August I may perhaps see him somehow or other during that month. Adieu, in haste, being, my dearest Ly Susan,

Yours most affecly,
S. NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

25 February, 1805.

I am this day 60, my dearest Ly Susan, *et cela donne à penser*, but I chuse not to look back, for retrospect don't *suit me*. I will hope for the future

to learn all the calm resignation & contented way of fulfilling my duties, which alone can make one's winter of life pass off in peace. My dearest sister is not well, she is *billious*, which is a very new sensation to her & I trust will not last long, but it keeps me in *hot water* just now. I am more obliged & more delighted with your account of Mr Jones than words can express. Richard's going is *decided*, & I have written to Mr Jones to-day to say my sister's indisposition may delay us a few days, but that Richard will write to him the day before he leaves London to announce his arrival in a few days, which Richard takes for his journey & his visit to you, which he looks to with pleasure. I should hope he will be with you Friday the 8th or the 9th March. You can easily believe what a comfort this is to me in every way, dearest Ly Susan, for it's one of my cares quite off my mind & promises me every thing I can wish. I have every reason to *expect* an answer from *my friend* Mr Pitt before I go, which will be very convenient. All my plans are *en l'air* again from my poor little Cecilia having a lameness come on, which the famous Surgeon Grant has seen & decided on. He says it is the lymphatic vessells deranged by a *general delicacy of frame*, for which her general health must *now* be particularly attended to, & he orders her sea air & sea bathing. I shall obtain this near Dublin for *this summer*, as by that time my own business will be done, & it then will become a question where I can best unite 3 points—her health, the neighbourhood of my 4 sons, & some improvement for her & her sister, besides seing my brothers & sisters. I think Sussex will be my *point de réunion* for a year or two, after which bringing my girls

nearer London will answer better, but *how* all this is to be arranged God alone can tell, for my old & infirm brothers & sisters, the uncertainty of my 3 sons' quarters, my own age, health, & circumstances are a compound of *ifs*, which can only be decided on when I have saved time & money in Ireland sufficient to form new plans with advantage. Therefore I tell you this uncertainty that you may not think me changeable if you hear I change mine at any time. Our journey *to* Ireland *must* take place soon, it seems the first step. By late calculations I begin to flatter myself I shall lessen our debt to £700 without parting with the place, & if I let it for £200 a year, it will help to pay the rest in a few years, & I shall leave to my dear children *leurs petit patrimoine* unimpaired, which I have set my heart on living to perform.

Your account of Mrs Campbell[1] is very pleasant indeed, for it *concerns us all* to have our future Queen well educated, & I presume it depends much more on the sub-governess than on any other person. The ball at Windsor is *quite an object* in this great metropolis. Ly Henry Fitz-Gerald[2] was *in haste* to exhibit her 2 pretty nieces (Ly Cecilia & Ly Olivia Fitz-Gerald) at Court, & presented them in white the *instant* the black gloves *could* be left

[1] Mrs Campbell, daughter of Thomas Kelly, Esq., co. Armagh, married Colonel W. Campbell, Governor of Bermuda. He died there in 1796, and after her return to England she was much with Maria, Lady Ilchester, and through her became known to the King and Queen. The King offered her the post of sub-governess to Princess Charlotte of Wales. Her health was not good and she at first declined it, but afterwards accepted it in 1805. She resigned it in 1809, but in 1814 being warmly pressed by the Regent, resumed her post about Princess Charlotte, and she ultimately remained with her as Keeper of the Privy Purse till the Princess's death in 1817.

[2] Charlotte, Baroness de Ros, married Lord Henry Fitzgerald, third son of James, first Duke of Leinster, in 1791. She died in 1831.

off. The poor girls did not like it, but I hear their looks were approved of. Adieu, believe me

Ever most affectionately yours,

S. NAPIER.

P.S.—I have seen Mrs Crewe, who asks much about you with her old usual interest.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Oswestry, Sat., 9th March, 1805.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—Pray inform my dear Richard of our being here all safe & well except my poor maid, whose cold is *better* but still heavy, & for *her* sake we travel slow; we shall be at Holyhead only Monday morning, & sail in the evening in the yacht which happens to be there. The weather is fine & our journey prosperous, so far pleasant; but at this place my *mournful* satisfaction began, for here I first see a table full of those among which I miss *one* more forcibly than in London, where none knew & loved him as those here. It is Sir Charles & Ly Mary Ross & Capt. Ross, Mrs Henry, & Ly Isabella Fitz-Gerald. The two last came over with the first to keep up *her* spirits, who has just lost her only son; & they, Mrs Henry & Isabella, return with *us*, having secured the yacht at the Head. They are all going to see castles & colleges, &c. in our road, which diverts my girls very much & Isabella.

I say no more to you now, my dearest Ly Susan, as all that is necessary is said, & you will, I know, show it to Richard, or forward it to him, if he has left you, with my most affecate love. Remember me to Mr O'Brien, & believe me

Ever most affecly yours,

S. N.

Richard Napier remained a few months reading for Holy Orders with Mr Jones, but he disliked his instructor so much, and such constant friction existed between them, that Lady Sarah decided to remove him and let him study in Ireland near her. He eventually gave up the Church, and was called to the Bar.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Sunday, 16 June, Castletown, 1805.

My dearest Ly Susan,—To thank or wonder for your kindness in friendship would be strange after such constant repetitions of both which make it useless. I will say no more than that in your protection, your friendship, for my child, you gladden the heart of a parent that often requires *such* sensations!

I waited to give you my answer till my mind was *made up* to what I *ought* to do about Richard, for I had courage enough to set asside all my own impatience to see him, & a still harder task, his *misery*, poor fellow, at this *first* (& therefore keenly felt) separation from his family; all this I put into the *background*, & very seriously consider'd what I would advise another to do in the same case. . . . Richard's dissappointment & dislike to the man I set aside as *no reason*, for a soldier & a sailor both feel these distresses & know it is for *many years* they must submit & they do. Therefore Richard must have submitted too for *one* year to what all mankind is sure to meet with in the course of life, & *well off* is poor Richard if he never finds a worse evil. I therefore adverted to the advantages that might accrue from keeping him there, & what he might gain by leaving it, & the ballance is in favor of the *latter*, chiefly on account of my sister Louisa's kindness in wanting to settle him *here* for a yr, & the convenience we have of obtaining a very *good tutor*

for him without trouble or scarce expense, so that his learning will be *equal* if not *superior*, the expense nearly saved, & the *government* of *my sister* with the *society of his sister* will I hope do much more in the essential parts of the education of a *young divine* than is to be calculated by common rules. If his mind is *fortified* in its excellent *dispositions* before he goes to Oxford, where he *must* be his own master, I conceive myself to have done my duty by him more strongly than in any way. . . .

Having therefore decided on the plan the sooner it is executed the better, & *de meilleure grace*. I have written to Mr Jones to say that family affairs induce me to send for Richard to Ireland, & to give him thanks.

I have written to Richard a long direction for his journey to *be submitted* to you & Mr O'Brien's judgement as well as his own, & to act as circumstances may occur, which those on the spot are best judges of, but I draw an outline. Richard is to go to *you* the very *next* day, & request Mr O'Brien to furnish him the money necessary, which I believe will ammount to 20 guineas for the qr, something more for the fortnight over & servants, &c. &c., & about £14 for the journey, which will make my debt to Mr O'Brien £35 or thereabout, & I will send you the order for it on Mr Forbes, the apothecary, in London, who always draws my quarter & can *answer* your demand any day after the 25th of this month, before which he cannot get my quarter. . . . So ends my *bore* about him, with the sincerest love to Mr O'Brien who has so *won* Richard's heart. We have no rebellion, no riots, no disturbances, but we are on the *allert* for fear of the former & much worse enemy than the Catholic question.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

June 17th, 1805.

I have so many letters to write to-day, that I have started myself to half a sheet to *crowd* in all *my say*.

George is to be here to-morrow, but I cannot wait for his advice, & therefore beg you to say to Richard all I say to you, if you think my reasoning good. If not, tell him so fairly, for *your* judgement is worth *ten* of *mine*, & tho' he will like mine best now because it pleases him, he will *remember* yours at a convenient time perhaps & profit by it hereafter; for I must do him the justice to say he has sense enough to *value sense*, & it is not every body who has. We are all well here; all *sorry* for Ld Melville,[1] but afraid it's *right* to make an example, & *all* of *your* opinion as to the very great detriment *such* a scene is to the public good. I read your opinions to a *little minister* of ours here, Sir Edward Littlehales, who admired it much, & I introduce him to you now, because he is going to be married to Ly Elizabeth Fitz-Gerald, my niece, the eldest of the unmarried ones, & we are *delighted* with the match, because the *minds* & characters are perfectly suited, & money *very well*, which neither are attached to; so it is *very* pleasant.

My next account is my 2 sons George & Wm expected here for a week, & Richard forms a reason against my going over before *autumn*, which suits

[1] Robert Dundas, first Viscount Melville, was so created in 1802. He was a devoted friend of Pitt, and filled several high offices during his Ministry. In 1805, he was impeached by the House of Commons for alleged misappliance of certain funds which passed through his hands as Treasurer of the Navy, but was acquitted. He died in 1811, at the age of eighty-nine.

my pocket, as poor Mr Pitt has other thoughts than *my* business now of course, so to give him a little time is *just.* My affairs *here* wear a better aspect, for I am *paying* every day, & my spirits wonderfully *comforted*, for I can find no other word to express it. The quiet of this place, which I *love*, its majestic trees, & solitude soothe me; my angelic sister's character strikes me more forcibly *here* than elsewhere, & raises me above my own weak nature sometimes. So that I *profit* in every way here, & having finished all the painful part I am now quite equal to *as much* enjoyment as can come to my lot. I enjoy the health & prosperity of all I love, the affection of those with me, the hope of meeting those away, & the grandeur of nature, which in the simple pleasures of grass, trees, water, & fine weather are daily exemplified, to which must be added every *comfort of life* without trouble or expense, so that if I am not content—how ungrateful! Adieu, with the sincerest love.

Yours,
S. NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, 21st July, 1805.

Yours & Mr O'Brien's kindness, my dearest Ly Susan, is by Richard's account *impéyable;* indeed I have ever found it so. I waited some time to write you, willing to form some judgement of my own conduct in removing Richard entirely from Mr Jones', which I have done; & as it depended on Richard's conduct I could not be *sure* even of myself. . . . If I may judge with accuracy *so far*, I may assert I am most fortunate indeed; for a little trifling discontent which prevailed in Richard's

mind, *partly Mr Jones' fault, partly Richard's*, & above all induced by his *never* having *known* "what it is to leave *la maison paternelle*" altogether, made *him* very *disagreable* to Mr Jones, as Mr Jones wrote me word very frankly; & in answer to his letter I have as frankly said I was sorry for it, & only begged he would not let the very natural prejudice, which I see he has taken against Richard, carry him *too far*. . . . An *excellent College schollar* lives just 3 miles off, pleases Richard by his manner of teaching excessively, is attached to our family, & *très capable*, uncommonly so it seems. To him Richard rides dayly at 11, & stays till 2, walks or rides home, bathes in the river here, dines at 4, reads in his room from 6 to 12, rises at 6, reads till 8, then breakfast with us, reads Clark's sermons to his aunt till 11, & goes off to his studdies. I never saw anything *so firm* as he is to these rules *formed by himself*, & when we objected on account of health he said, "Let me persevere while I *can* to acquire the good *habit* of intense studdy, for without it no man can make a figure. If I feel it hurts me I will stop, but as I ride, walk, & bathe, I can't think it more than good for anybody, & I'm sure it's good for my mind."

His 2 brothers were just gone, when he came, to their quarters at Hythe in Kent, where Charles also is quartered. My sister & daughters are well; my health remarkably mended, & my spirits just as good as they ever will be, chequered by pleasure & pain from reflection. My affairs better than I expected, for near half my debt will be paid before I leave Ireland, & the other half will be paid by the rent of my house in a few years, but it is not *yet set*, & till it is I am not free to act as I please, & could

not go from hence with any prospect of comfort. Therefore to remain here till all my affairs are settled is both pleasant & wise, pleasant because of my dear sister, of the quietness, & comfort of the place.

27*th July*.—The first sheet of my letter has lain by some time, dear Ly Susan, when yours came to-day & *causes* this addition, perhaps a third may come too. Richard & I were talking last night over his Dorsetshire acquaintance, & I see Mr Floyer is very deservedly an object of great admiration & emulation to Richard, who rejoices at any event that pleases him & begs to be remembered to him. Mr Davies seems the other favourite of whom he speaks highly. Yours & Mr O'Brien's kindness he never ceases to acknowledge, & the very great, nay the only pleasure he had, was with you. He mentions Mr Pitt with a sort of reverencial awe & admiration that makes him long to have known him better. Of your house & place he has given me ample & satisfactory description: for comfort & the delights of a *garden* he says nothing can equal it, & he rejoices that you are *repairing* it, but he could not tell me *who* pays the repairs, which I was anxious to know, for *finance will* interest one by hook or by crook. Mine were *this* day in question by a round about intimation, which is very *plausible*, but I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff, & therefore till I examine further into it I cannot explain it to you, but let me ask this question & beg my answer by return of post. Do you think that if I, *S. N.*, wrote you, *S. O'B.*, a letter full of details of my situation with *some* remarks on the sympathetic feelings of one blind person for another,

& form the whole a little more formal than I should write to you, do you think you could with *natural* propriety send it to Ly Ilchester as an interesting letter to you, & without a word more? Do you think she would *talk of it* (I desire no more) before the King? If he takes it up, well & good, if not, there is no harm done I should *supose*. But then one never suposes right when one's interest is in question, so I make over the decision to your better judgement. For one who thought her family would be stationary my children have moved about much, 3 of them came here, & one I am going to send off; this is Louisa, who wishes very much to avail herself of my present comfortable situation to accept of the most kind & *pressing* invitation *that ever were pened*, I believe, from Ld & Ly Mark Kerr. The former says, "Have pity on my poor wife, *dear Coz*, & come to her in my absence, & when I return let me love my dear Coz ten times better than ever for being good to my dearest Charlotte."

Ly Mark says, "I neither eat, drink, or sleep from anxiety to obtain you from Ly Sarah, if she will trust you with me, the sooner the better & the longer the better: you see how your cousin Mark approves, but I don't yield to him in love for you. . . ."

My sister & I *reflected* on all that could be said against it, & no good reason appeared why I should not indulge the Kerrs & Louisa, & as *they* are *truly worthy* of my entire confidence I make the sacrifice with pleasure. Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan.

Ever most affecly & truly yours,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, 20th August, 1805.

I feel very much flattered, my dear Ly Susan, by the *good will* of your *Court friend*, which I value far beyond the graciousness of any *Prince* or *Princess*. Not meaning to disparage the merits of our Queen, I should have no objection to receive marks of *her favor*, provided I could honestly say to myself I *deserved them*, but though you avoid telling me truth why should I not speak *it to myself?* With what satisfaction could *I exchange* her public notice of me (which I feel conscious I have lost *most justly* all claim to) for a pecuniary help to *me* individually? No my dear friend, let no such idea transpire, for *I ought not* nor *will not* desire the Queen's mediation to procure *me* anything; still less am I at liberty to obtain for my children what they claim for their father's merits, through *favor*. . . . To shew *you* the only stile in which I wish it to be mentioned to any one of the Royal Family I enclose *a letter to you*, which you will see might with the utmost propriety be shewn to anybody, & I most heartily wish it *was* in the King's hands; but as I have hopes of its contents reaching him through a more efficacious channel, it would mar my own interest to have it come in *two* directions, & this makes it important for *me* that no step should be taken in the affair without my particular direction. . . . I do not mean to abate one step of my proper pride when I claim a just reward. "But *how* is His Majesty to know these claims, if those, whose business it is to examine into them & report them, do not inform him?" I wrote these words lately in a letter to a dear friend of Mr Pitt's,

who will probably shew them, & tho' I laid the blame on Ld Hawkesbury, yet as the cap fits I fancy Mr Pitt is not dull on these subjects, tho' I made a handsome apology for him & a *sincere* one. I said I could not expect a Minister at any time to think of individuals if not *reminded*, but particularly when important business was in question, & after all I *have* no right to complain, for nobody need *starve* with £500 pr anm; tho' I certainly cannot do justice to my 6 unprovided children, nor can I assist in the smallest degree my 3 eldest. It's true their pay is good, but two of them were *ordered* to recruit here from the Irish Militia, & that order has cost them near £200, which *young* men cannot easily *save* out of their pay you know. In short, *I want help very much;* if it's refused I must do without it, if it's given I shall be gratefull & happy. Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan.

Believe me most affecly yours,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, 2d Decr, 1805.

My dearest Ly Susan,—I do not wait for *official information* to tell *you* that the pensions are done. I *believe* it is *called* £1,000, but I don't know the ostensible sum only the *net* sum, which is of more importance. It is £300 to *me* & £500 amongst my 4 girls. £800 in all, & most handsomely done indeed in your friend Mr Pitt, not to speak of the King & Co., for I assure you I have had a most active good natured friend in Ly Hester Stanhope & others. I have only time now to say how truly I am yours affecly,

S. N.

Love to Mr O'Brien, & Richard's accompanies it; he is improving daily in everything.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, March 23d, 1806.

My dearest Ly Susan,—It is *really* quite impossible for me to go to you this year, for my business & avocations are such as have *clearly* pointed out my different habitations according to *the times*, for I always take into consideration the possibility of being routed horse & foot by Bonaparte, who certainly verifies the old French proverb, *Que les Rois ont les bras longs.*

I am *very* sorry to refuse a plan I should so much enjoy; but I have Dorsetshire always in *my view* as one of my pleasanter excursions from town, where I hope not to be a fixture, so that I have you & Mr O'Brien as my kind friends on my list *of hopes*, which list I look at with pleasure, but am not *sanguine. Le beau temps en est passé: all* now appears to me in life a doubtful dream. I will give you a concise idea of my plans, for my eye will admit of no more. Henry is to have unexpectedly 3 months holydays. I am going to pass them *with* him either in London or at Goodwood to keep him to some learning, or if it proves better, to send him a short cruise to sea; but I must be *on the spot* while this is deciding to attend to all that's necessary, so I *believe* I shall be fixed at one or other of these places the 20th of April. You may write to me at *that* period at *The Honble Mrs Johnston's*, 44 *Brompton Row, near London*, for she will know where I am.

My next occupation is my son Charles, for whom

I *hope* to obtain a majority from Lord Moira's *offer* (for I don't ask), & I am almost *sure* of the offer, if the multiplicity of ideas that have so much a better right to be in his head than me, don't put me quite out of it, & if he sees me I'm sure that's enough. So I want to see him. If I get this I shall reckon myself very lucky, for tho' I am congratulated on all sides about my friends coming in,[1] & that I have sincerely perfect confidence in the good wishes of Charles Fox & Lord Moira to serve me, yet I have very little faith in their *power*, because it requires very different characters from theirs, to be *up to* all the wiles & arts used to entrap them into giving away everything till they have nothing left for those they *love best*, & of *that* list they have a very large proportion, & I have no claims. Therefore the *little* I can expect will content me upon *reason*, not at all upon *heart*, for I have certain friends and connections that it would make me wild with joy to serve. Sussex in summer will draw me to it, as my brother, my 2 sisters, & my girls all mean to be near the sea for a time, & seing all together is a great saving of time to me. My sister Louisa goes to England in May. I have besides all this to look out for a habitation for myself, which depends much on the opinions I shall form on the spot with respect to finances and situations. I have been most fortunate as

[1] On the death of Pitt, in January, 1806, his Ministry was broken up, and the King was forced to have recourse to Lord Grenville and the Opposition, thus being obliged to receive Fox, for the latter and Grenville were inseparable. The Ministry thus formed is known as "The Ministry of all the Talents." Grenville was First Lord of the Treasury; Lord Spencer and Mr. Windham, Secretaries for Home and War Departments; Fox, Foreign Secretary; and Lord Henry Petty, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

yet in everything. I have all my debts in regular paying order; the money funded for it. So my heart is *relieved*, & I have a good income, but I must act as if I had not for my children's sake, so I am *very* cautious, but not *distressed* in money.

Adieu. Love to Mr O'Brien, with Richard's to you both.

Ever yours most affecly,
S. N.

P.S.—I am sorry you thought my friend Ly C. *odd*, because I knew it very well, but *hoped* you would not be struck with it, because I expected she would *improve*. Tell me what they think of her at Court.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

21 Hans Place, 21st May, 1806.

My dearest Ly Susan,—Here am I with Louisa, Caroline, Cecilia Napier: Richard gone to Oxford to enter before the long vacation: Henry preparing for sea under Lord Mark Kerr's protection, tho' perhaps not in his ship as he has not got one *yet:* Charles having visited me & returned, George & William coming in turns. My sister & Emily[2] on their road to lodge in this same little, quiet, clean, airy *place*, so that tho' in seperate house we can meet hourly. My house very habitable for summer with 2 drawing-rooms of 13 by 15, so that I can run away from the sun, which darting on yellow paper *helps* to bring forward the cararact on my *well eye*, & I am daily getting blinder & blinder. I see my

[1] Lady Charleville.

[2] Miss Emily Napier, Lady Sarah's eldest daughter, who always lived with Lady L. Conolly as her adopted daughter.

real friends *at times*, am a *little* hurried at first, but take it all in all I am very well off indeed, tho' I pay 5 guineas a week till July, by which time I shall be able to get a house I hope to *fix* in. But now comes my sorrows. My poor little Cecilia has outgrown her strength, & is growing *ill* & *crooked*, & has more the appearance of a skelleton than anything else. She is just 15, & I have seen Doctor Pitcairn & Mr Clyne, and am guided by them. They say it all proceeds from weakness, & that *care* alone will restore strength, shape, health, & looks, so that I am under their guidance for my summer plans, but believe it will be sea air where tepid sea baths can be obtained; and there are 2 places where I am *led* to. The first for comfort & œconomy at a small place my brother has on the Chichester river, but the air is not so good there as the open sea; & by going to Sandgate in Kent I get all that is wanted for Cecilia, & I see my 3 soldier sons all summer who are quartered there. But *time* & *advice* must regulate me.

I began with the Napier Chronicle to put you *au fait* of us, & now by way of a laconic ansr to your politics & your own family concerns, the latter of which interests me most, I will write all my eye will permit. I know *nothing* of the *beau monde*, for those I see are too much occupied with *it* & the *trial*[1] to come near me except from actual kindness, & then they talk of more interesting subjects. I saw C. Fox for *one hour* that he came of a Sunday to see me, & happy was I to *see* that his dropsy & water in the chest and the Lord knows what of his liver, &c. &c. is all fabricated. *He is very very* anxious & very much worried, but

[1] Lord Melville's impeachment.

he sleeps well if he *can* get to bed by 12 ; if not, he lies awake & *thinks*, & owns that it *wears* him. He is also billious with heat & worry, & he chose to *frisk* to B. House in silk stockings out of *respect*, & so got a pain in his bowells & *was* ill, but all is gone now he says, & he assures me that as at the recess of Parlt *he must have rest enough to go out of town* he shall recover all his fatigues. He is quite himself in plain language & frank manners, but occupied so as to leave it to *her* to do all the civil things. I believe she succeeds, for I heard her ball was to be crowded with all the *first* company of London. To me she is most attentively good-natured, & I feel very much obliged by it because *now* I am of no earthly use to her. I begged to be excused going to her ball because I mean to go *nowhere*, not even to my sister Leinster's assembly, who gives them frequently in her excellent house.

I spoke to C. Fox in general terms about my sons, & he took up the *first* thing to be done by his favor most good-humourdly ; it's a naval transaction, & he entered into it. I then spoke of my nephew Mr Johnston, in India, & he also entered into *that ;* but I did not feel courage to ask a decided favor for my sons till I had seen more of Charles, which I fear I shall not do, as they have *no time* for dinners in a family way, & he is out all morning, & there is no evening *now* after a 7 o'clock dinner, so I see no chance of my seing him again to point out what I want, & I have not the heart to worry him with letters. So I daresay it will be the old story again, for I *hear* that C. Fox is so thoroughly occupied with the *essential* business of England, viz, with Bonaparte, that he lets Lord

Grenville[1] take a much larger share of loaves than belongs to him. It is very much like Charles to be *above* the 2dary business. I admire him very much for it, tho' his friends will lose by it, not his *pressing* friends, but I don't like to immitate *them*, & I had rather be disappointed S. N. than the cormorant Mrs Bouverie, & I love C. the better for being duped to the end of the chapter. I am glad you have so pleasant a society in your new niece, & wish I could see those in London. I heard Mrs Payne[2] much admired in Dublin. I hope any child of Col. Digby's will get preferment, but your bitter conclusion, that having no friend *but the King* he is not likely to get anything, shows me how you see everything in the jaundiced light of anger, for you yourself told me the King complained 2 years past that he could get nothing for him, so don't be *unjust* & lay it all on the *present* Ministers. I don't *blame* the last or *praise* the *present*, because I have *no* opinion on political subjects now. I only speak of individuals, & in *that* light Mr Pitt and Mr Fox have my warmest acknowledgements & praise. To save you postage I must finish, with all our best love to you & Mr O'Brien.

Yours,
S. NAPIER.

[1] William Grenville, third son of the Right Hon. George Grenville, was born in 1759. He became Speaker of the House of Commons in 1789, having before held several minor offices. In 1790 he was created Lord Grenville, and was Foreign Secretary from 1791 to 1801. In 1806 he became First Lord of the Treasury, but resigned in 1807 on the ground of the King's opposition to Catholic emancipation. He died in 1834.

[2] Harriett Quin, second daughter of Valentine, first Baron Adare, and Lady Frances Muriel Fox Strangways, daughter of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, married, in 1804, General William Payne, afterwards Sir W. Payne-Gallwey. She died in 1845.

The Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

21 Hans Place, Sunday, 1st of June.

My dear Ly Susan,—If I can get a frank I will send this letter in ansr to yours to *ask pardon*, a thing you know I have done of you my whole life the moment I thought I had done you the least injustice, & as you gave me the *habit* of being forgiven I rely on it now, if I did do you injustice in taking the universal *cuts* you always *made*, & still seemed to me to make against the present Ministers for a *remnant* of former anger, which was I daresay just enough. It puts me in mind of Ly Crewe,[1] who seems *oppressed* by her new dignity & looks as if she hated it because it came from them; & indeed (I for one) thought both her husband & her very ill used by Charles formerly, but Lord Crewe has forgot or forgiven it, & seems in high spirits, & as warm in the interest of Charles as possible. Not so Ly Crewe, for tho' I see her frequently she never names his name, & only sighed about Lord Melville without adding a word, so I suspect she *feels not cordial* but grateful, & of course is silent. I did not think you had any *new* vexation; as you seek nothing you cannot be dissappointed, so I did not allude to you or yours, but to your general *disgust* seeming to remain still in what I think too much force, because let Charles be as full of faults as you please, & I grant he has plenty, still it was the hand of Providence that placed him at the helm of a sinking State, & he is *trying* to save it without the least shaddow of interested motives, but full of earnest desire to *be of use*. In the detail of business he is *tender* to his friends & relations, & even

[1] Mr. Crewe was, in 1806, created a baron.

acquaintances, to a degree of weakness perhaps, but he is not obstinate, imperious, or grasping. This altogether forms a character & conduct to be very much respected. I am delighted at his kind reception of your brother, but not the least surprised at it. I have not seen him but that one day I told you of. I wrote to *him* on Fryday about a majority for one of my sons, & Mrs Fox wrote me word he would try for it, but I have heard nothing since. I daresay he will try, but I very much doubt he will get it. I hear he was at the House of Commons that night till 7 in the morning with a heavy cold, but I know no more; not even the result of the motion, only that it was carried. Genl Fox commands in Sicily, Genl Moore under him.[1] I saw the latter yesterday, who told me he had only 1200 men there & hoped for more, & that if more were sent to him the D. of Y. had promised it should be his *own* & his *favorite* Regt, viz, 52d & 43d, both *light troops*. George is in the 52d & Wm. in the 43d, so of course I expect them to go off suddenly some day this summer. Genl Moore told me that the Sicilians were, as he believed, well inclined to us, & that if so, their country was impregnable, but he seemed to think *the Court* of Naples & *its politics* would *hamper him*. He also seemed to hope *more* than saving Sicily might be done. This is the only *news* I have heard worth repeating to you, but being from good authority I hope it will prove satisfactory.

As to London news, it's all a *tourbillon* that I do not understand, tho' it's all on the *old* system of a

[1] Early this year Napoleon had placed his brother Joseph on the throne of Naples, and had signified his intention of adding Sicily to his kingdom.

constant pursuit of interest or pleasure, only in *new ways;* but also as usual, you meet with jewells among the rubish very frequently, & I see many people who seem wholly occupied with their own family connections, & of course have a small circle of society to themselves. This division of small circles makes it quite necessary to belong to one of them either to *give* or to obtain being an object of interest. No stranger can do it. I feel a stranger still, tho' nearly enough connected to *take* great interest in more than one circle, & to be received with kindness as *une amateur* which I sincerely am ; but my *own circle* is my own children & sisters, so that I have plenty of occupation at home & only peep in now & then on my larger circles. In my new married niece Ly Kinnaird's[1] establishment I see everything the tenderest parent could wish for their child. In my Lennox connections I see the most attached large family & circle of friends, but the *sad* damp of bad health in Ly Bathurst, in Mrs Berkley,[2] pervades through the whole society. One looks, hears, sees, admires all in trembling. My brother is immovable at Goodwood in his *rising pallace,* I hear, to show which he hobbles about whenever he can move. Ly Louisa & Miss Lennox[3] are in town, *not happy;* Bath is their residence. My sister Leinster is a *point de réunion* to many, & is *so* well; she went to Mrs Fox's ball, & she herself gives assemblies. I neither went or

[1] Lady Olivia Fitzgerald married, in May of this year, Charles, eighth Baron Kinnaird.

[2] Emilia Charlotte, second daughter of Lord and Lady George Lennox, married, in 1784, the Hon. George Cranfield Berkeley. She died in 1832.

[3] Lady George Lennox, and her eldest daughter, Maria Louisa, who died unmarried in 1841.

sent Louisa to *either*, so we have escaped wounding a goodnatured woman's mind, to who (of course) even such strangers as *we are might* have been serviceable, but I am determined *myself* to go *nowhere* that's public, & I was glad to *mark it* where the world might *guess* I was *invited.* My great wish is to have my 2 daughters presented at the Birthday to show their respect for *the King* & their gratitude. My sister[1] *won't go to Court*, saying it marks her wishing to live more retired: so it does, but it's a sad loss to my girls. They go with Ly Henry Fitz-Gerald & Ly Kinnaird, & when once *presented* then I hope they will go about *comme il faut*, & not in a creeping way as a favor, which I hate. A *very little of the world* will serve both Louisa & Emily, & I assure you my sister Louisa & I are forced to *drive them* into the world; but we think a *little of it* is just right. My Cecilia is better; her feverishness is lessened, & her looks mended. She has not the slightest complaint on her chest, & nothing agrees with her like an evening ride *double* in an easterly wind after a hot day, so that one may be sure she has no sort of tenderness in her lungs. Our situation *here* is the admiration of all my friends; for strange as it seems scarce any of them ever saw Hans Place, & it is so cool, so quiet, so retired, they all say I ought to give them a *breakfast* in our little garden, in the center of which is a large clump of trees with grass within it, but I am not such a fool as to fill the papers with my *fête in Hans Place*, tho' Ly Crewe assures me it would not cost a guinea, but she little knows that *one line in the papers* about *me* would cost my heart many a pang. There are people who never

[1] Lady Louisa Conolly.

comprehend these feels, so I *say* nothing & will *do* nothing. I am far from knowing where I *like to settle*, & the next thing is where I *can* settle, so here I stay till July *considering*. Did I tell you that I was blinder than ever? So it is, yet in a particular position I can write for ever as you see, for when once I write to a friend I don't know time or feel an ill.

Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan, my love to Mr O'Brien. Receive mine from me & my children.

Ever most affecly yours,

S. Napier.

P.S.—Richard *has* entered Oriel College, but cannot go yet for want of rooms. It is very odd, but I cannot read my letters tho' I can write them, for my sight is directed to one spot; therefore you must excuse words and syllables & letters left out.

17*th July*.—Two months have elapsed & behold my letter is found in my drawer! How *much* I have to add & how little paper, time, or sight! but I will just state several circumstances that I would not let my letter go without adding. After all our hopes & fears about poor Charles Fox, I gathered from Ld Holland last night the following *facts*. His illness *was bile*, & by its removal he is *decidedly* in a convallesant state, but *there is a tendency* to a dropsical turn of constitution, which, after such a shake of so fat a man whose health *had* been declining for 2 years past, leaves one *every cause of anxiety* short of danger, for there is *none* at present, & he seems in every respect wonderfully better; but this very ammendment makes business *necessary* & it fatigues him excessively, so he sees none but

men of business & 4 friends, being restricted in number. These are Ld Fitzwilliam, whose company he delights most in, Fitz-Patrick[1] & Ld John Townsend,[2] who alternately dine with him, but the Privy Council of his heart are Ld Holland & Mrs Fox; with these he indulges I hear in low or high spirits as he feels, sometimes crying, always tender & grateful to them for loving him so much, & never quite comfortable if they are not within call. Now, my dear Ly Susan, you know *as much as I do*, & I guess like me will forsee his health is very precarious, & that those who love him may be well off if by the sacrifice of public business he prolongs his life. But do not say this, for there is a degree of *malign* joy at the hopes of his death among the Opposition that is savage, & one hates to indulge such sort of people with *such* pleasures; & the fact is he goes on steadily in all *important* business, & I fancy will do *it* the better for banishing all *others*.

My brother is in town, & as kind to me as possible, looking wonderfully well. My dear child Cecilia is *much* better, & I am going to Bognor for all August for *her good* & to be near my brother, all answered by a short journey. I'm tired to death of London *ways*, they don't suit me. Your friend Mrs Pitt most good naturedly asked my

[1] General the Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick, second son of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory. He held the office of Secretary-at-War for a short period in 1783, and for an equally short time in the Whig Administration of 1806. He was Charles Fox's most intimate friend, his sister having married Stephen, Lord Holland, and was always looked on quite as a member of the Fox family. He was Henry Richard, third Lord Holland's guardian, and was entrusted with his education.

[2] Lord John Townshend, second son of George, first Marquis Townshend. He was a Lord of the Admiralty in 1782, and a Lord of Trade in 1804-6.

girls to her house, & they went & were much pleased. She said she did it for *your* sake, so I left my name next day, but of course one never *meets* in town.

Charles James Fox had been in a precarious state of health all the summer, and often it was only with great difficulty that he could attend to his political duties. In August he grew much worse, dropsy set in, and as the doctors said he must have country air, the Duke of Devonshire lent him and Mrs Fox Chiswick, which, being only eight miles from London, combined all possible advantages.

He rallied slightly after being moved there. Mrs Fox nursed him with unremitting devotion; General Fitzpatrick, and his nephew and niece, Lord Holland and Miss Fox, were constantly with him all that month, and from each and all we have various accounts of the wonderful patience, unselfishness, and brightness with which he endured those weary weeks of suffering, for it must have been intensely trying to be lying idle at a time when everything in the political world was tending to the end for which he had so long striven. A touching account of his last hours will be found in the Appendix in Mrs Fox's own words, taken from a volume of her diary at Holland House.[1]

He passed peacefully away on the morning of September 13, holding both Mrs Fox's hands in his, and his last words were to her, "I die happy, but pity you."

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

26th Sept., 1806, Goodwood, Midhurst.

Your note, my dear Ly Susan, *belongs* to your mind; expressive of all that you *can* now say on a heart-breaking subject.

We have not heard for a week & therefore conclude that the energy which so long supported Mrs

[1] See Appendix G.

Fox & Caroline & Lord Holland is *sunk*, & that *now* they begin to suffer all the horrors of the deepest grief! When I hear anything particular I will let you know, unless you have another chanell to hear it from, as I try to keep off from my mind accumulating sorrows, for fear its weakness should deprive me of the cheerfulness which I *ought* & will *try* to attain for my children's sake *in time*. All this sad scene instead of fixing me to its *own* object carried me to Clifton, & *there* I saw it all again renewed for others as I then felt it for myself!

I spent 6 weeks at Bognor, & was very ill there with an inflamation in my liver; am well now. My sister Louisa, Emily, Charles, Richard, Caroline, & Cecilia Napier are all *here*, & we stay all October. My brother[1] is kind & very *pleasant*, so our residence is so too, but it never can be *more* than *agreeable* to me as a visit to a brother I love to see enjoying life at 71 like a man of 21. But there it stops, for I perceive that his obliging attentions to us will never exceed that denomination, & as I hardly expected so much I am very much content indeed, for all is as it should be between us; independence on our part, & obliging attentions on his. *Cela ne remplie pas le cœur oppressé! Mais cela radoucit l'amertume.*

I have at last determined to take a house in London in Novr. Charles waits daily for orders to sail to the Cape of Good Hope. George is *now* sailing to Sicily from Plymouth with the 52d. William is recruiting in Ireland; Richard reading at home & with clergymen he meets with; Henry *now* at St Hellens in the *Spencer*, a 74, Capt.

[1] Duke of Richmond.

Stopford, & ready to sail for a 3 years' station in America I believe. So you see my thoughts have a wide field on the globe to stray in.

Louisa Napier is with her friend Ly Mark Kerr. Emily & Caroline well, & Cecilia mending, tho' slow, by this air. Love to dear Mr O'Brien! How sincerely he has felt this blow! Yours, my dear dear friend, still more than ever dear when old friends drop off & lessen that first loved circle! Adieu.

Yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

4 Sloane Terrace, March 15th, 1807.

My dearest Ly Susan,—I write to you litterally because I think it the last letter I shall ever *write*, tho' I may dictate others. My blindness increases so fast that tho' I see each word I write I cannot see beyond that little circle, & therefore cannot *read* my own letters nor that of others; consequently here ends all *correspondence*. We must for the future only receive letters of a merchantile style, "Yours is come to hand, all's well," etc.; for I give all my letters to my girls or anybody present to read for me. Yet I was willing to take my leave myself of *our* long long correspondence, from which I have derived so much of interesting, affectionate, & friendly entertainment & pleasure, while you have no loss but in the sincerity of my affection expressed so constantly towards you.

Phipps tells me of a most *charming* cataract, which he is to rid me of, when *I am quite* blind, so I wait with patience & no confidence.

Nor do I *much* dwell on the *charms* of my cataract,

tho' it is *just like the King's;* all this won't do to ellate me, but I'm not the least low, God knows! Time & death rob me each day of the use I might put my eyes to, & lessen their loss. I shall not dwell much on the events of last summer except with respect to my dear brother, who became dear to me as I saw myself more beloved & useful to him.[1] It softened the *past* pains, & led me to enjoy the present pleasure of devoting to his age, infirmities, & returning love, that sacrifice of anger it has cost me so much to make. I have been repaid, amply repaid by passing the last 4 months of his life almost entirely with him. My spirits & health all grew stronger & made me bear the last shock better, but since I have been in town they flag again from variety of objects. However I *think* I shall be much better when I leave this odious old lodging & am settled in my clean, airy, small house in Cadogan Place, which by the end of May I hope to be. Till then I have my dear sister & daughter still in London, which is my sheet anchor in all things; so that when the sad time of their departure to Ireland comes I shall have fine weather, a *settled* home, & perhaps *my beautiful cataract* gone in the bargain. My sons are placed much as I wish them; 2 on service, 2 at home within my reach, & Rd at Oxford, all well. My girls well & *thriving* in health & spirits: Cecilia *quite* well.

Of politics & the world I can say little, for I know nothing, or rather I know *too* much to write at all; for what could I say but, "I wonder at," *&c., &c., &c.*, and in saying that I should tell a lie, for in truth I

[1] Charles, third Duke of Richmond, died on December 29, 1806, and was succeeded by his nephew, Charles, whose father, Lord George Lennox, died in 1805.

wonder at nothing, strange as things seem in Europe, in England, in Court, & in town, not forgetting Ireland, who may take the liberty of reminding Govt that when they *come in upon character* they should *support character*. To conclude, I must inform you of what you *may* wonder at; my sister Louisa has got an *Opera-box!* To our great amusement, but like herself in all things she says it's her *duty* to the young ones. She goes every where consequently this spring, will establish Louisa & Emily Napier *sur un bon ton* in the world, & hereafter they may take more or less of the world at their choice. The K. & Q. have by a mere chance seen extracts of my sister's & Emily's letters from Goodwood after my poor brother's death, & it at once opened to them the angelic mind of my sister, & in consequence the Queen shewed both her & Emily such *marked* favour, that I quite love the Queen ever since for doing my beloved sister *justice*. Adieu, ever most affectly yours, with my love to Mr O'Brien.

SARAH NAPIER.

In August, 1808, Lady Sarah lost her youngest daughter, Cecilia, aged seventeen, from consumption.

Richard Napier, Esq., to Lady Susan O'Brien.

13 Cadogan Place, Monday, 29th August, 1808.

I willingly take up the pen, my dear Lady Susan, when I can give you pleasure by telling you that we are all well; my mother I think *particularly* so. That resignation, which you once saw, has not been less on the present occasion; she has been much supported by having so many of her family with her, and particularly as my aunt was one of the

number. I will not enter into any detail of what is past, further than to say that she came here on Friday & has not suffered from the shock, nor from that of suddenly seeing one of my brothers when she least expected, both of which occasion renewals of grief that I wish always soon over; however she has *not* suffered, and the latter circumstance is of course a matter of joy to her. She has fixed herself in my dear Cecilia's room, which affords a melancholy pleasure that it would be cruel to deprive her of. You will easily believe she is not insensible to your kindness and that of Mr O'Brien, & I hope you will have little difficulty in believing *my* sincerity when I again assure you & him of my feelings being thoroughly alive to *all* the acts of kindness you have shown me.

Believe me most gratefully yrs,

RD NAPIER.

Charles Napier, Lady Sarah's eldest son, was severely wounded at the battle of Corunna, in Spain, early in January, 1809, after having led the 50th Regiment in a brilliant charge against the enemy. He was taken prisoner by the French, by whom he was kindly treated; but being desperately ill and unable to communicate with his family, they mourned for him as dead for three months. In April, however, being cured of his wounds, he was able to return home.

Hon. Caroline Fox[1] *to Lady Sarah O'Brien.*

Holland House, Janry 25, 1809.

MY DEAR LADY SUSAN,—I am quite sure you will feel very anxious about your poor friend, & I

[1] Caroline Fox, only daughter of Stephen, second Lord Holland. She was born in 1767, and lived at Little Holland House, where she died unmarried in 1845.

therefore transcribe the note I received from Mr Ogilvie[1] last night. It is poor Charles who is killed at the very latter end of the action, after charging the enemy at the head of the 50th Rget & driving them before them; George is returned & brought his poor mother the melancholy account this morning, & William is expected to-morrow. He embarked at Vigo & was not in the action. I have been with dear Lady Sarah for a long time this morning. She cried a great deal, & has since entered very much into the particulars, & inquired of George about the circumstances. Lady Bathurst, too, has been with her & has just left her. She gave me particular directions to write to Lady Louisa, & to beg of her not to set out to come to her without her giving her leave, & has written herself to the same purpose; dear soul, she is trying in every way to occupy her thought from her severe loss, & is extremely interesting in her affliction.

What a loss the country, too, has had in Sir John Moore; it really seems as if in its utmost need it was destined to lose one after another all its ablest servants in the Cabinet & the field, & we left at the mercy of the ignorant & foolish. But it is a consolation that our troops have so nobly distinguished themselves, & shed their blood, tho' alas! ineffectively, in such a cause. Genl Fox,[2] whom I saw at St Anne's a few days ago, said he had more friends & relations in this army than he had ever had in any one before, & yet he would rather lose them all than that the troops should have reimbarked without drawing the sword. He

[1] Emily, first Duchess of Leinster (sister to Lady Sarah), married, secondly, in 1775, William Ogilvie, Esq.

[2] Lieut.-General the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, third son of Henry, first Lord Holland.

will feel severely the loss of the Commander-in-Chief, whom he loved as a brother, & of whose military talents he had the highest opinion.

Yrs affly, dear Ly Susan,

CAROLINE FOX.

I am on my way to Hinchley, & only detained here by the state of the roads, most uncomfortably in a cold house, within reach of friends whom for want of a carriage I cannot get to. Since I wrote this I have been reading the *Gazette* & see a Lieut.-Col. Napier of the 92nd, but I trust there can be no mistake in George's account of William's safety.

Miss Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Febry 21st, 1809.

Indeed, my dear Madam, I cannot think answering so very kind a letter as yours any sort of trouble but indeed a pleasure, as I think I can give you in some degree a satisfactory account of your poor friend. You know, because you have seen it, that her fortitude & resignation are great, & I thank God that what I feared would fail (her health) has not materially suffered; within these few years her afflictions have come fast upon her, & this last has indeed been a most severe one, to lose *such* a son, at the moment when his merits began to be known, & that he had highly distinguished himself as an officer, is a hard trial, but 'tis a worldly one: he died nobly at the head of his men, regretted by all who knew him. This hereafter may be a remembrance that may gratify us; at present we can only feel that we have lost him, & dwell upon all those affectionate traits of character that shewed his adoration for his mother & kindness for his brothers & sisters; never

can one remember the time that either his dear father or mother wished he had acted different from what he did, never was he wanting to his relations or friends in any act of friendship, never did those under him suffer in any way when this dear angel could relieve them, he always forgot *himself* when others were in question, & often has deprived himself of indulgencies & even necessarys that he might assist those who were in want; is not such a character gone to reap his reward from that God who has thought fit to take him from us? He is happy, & I hope we are all resigned, & humbly submit to this dispensation of providence from above, from whom that support comes without which, what should we poor creatures be under these afflictions? Ly Sarah, after the loss of our poor little Cecilia, had a long trial of anxiety during the time my brothers were in Spain, & then such an end to all her hopes & fears was enough to hurt her; indeed I thought it would have destroyed her, but, thank Heaven, she has borne it, she keeps tolerably, her appetite is good, & at times she is capable of being amused by reading & conversation. My brothers are with us, & for them she makes exertions, for poor George has gone thro' such scenes as he cannot bear the recollection of at all; naturally of the most tender disposition & feeling, that poor fellow lost in that day what he loved next to his mother best in this world his brother, & his genrl, who was (to both of them) a second father, & George loved him as such; in short, he was quite his adoration. He had sent him a moment before with orders, & George returned to see him distroyed;[1] his brother at night he looked for among heaps of slain & did not

[1] George Napier was Sir John Moore's aide-de-camp.

find him. Think what a task for such a heart as poor George's; in short, the remembrances makes him distracted, & therefore we all must exert ourselves. The Almighty has been merciful in sparing us him & Wm, for both went thro' most dreadful dangers & fatigues. The latter came from Vigo.

William has been very ill since his return home, & was both bled & blistered, but he is nearly well. William desires his most affect. compts & thanks to you & Mr O'Brien for your kindness, of which he will avail himself with great pleasure whenever he is likely to pass near you. Ly Sarah desires I will tell you she is as well as she can expect to be under such distress, & sends you her kindest love; Caroline is pretty well. We hope to see Ly Louisa & our poor Emily soon, I wish it over, as 'till then we cannot feel calm; after this meeting time must do the rest, but a long time it will be before the remembrance of that horrible day is faded from our minds. Excuse the length of this letter, which I have thus prolonged to give you a full acct of this house; & now, dear Lady Susan, believe me,

Your obliged & sincere humble servt,

L. NAPIER.

Miss Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

March 9, 1809.

MY DEAR LADY SUSAN,—Don't believe any reports you may hear about our dear Charles; if I can tell you that *he is a* prisoner you shall hear from me, & if you *don't*, conclude all is as it was; a flag of truce has been sent to Corunna to find out the truth of the many reports, & we hourly expect its return. Ly L. & Emily are come, & we are all better for that meeting being over; Ly Sarah keeps

wonderfully well. Adieu, my dear Madam; depend on my letting you know any good news, & excuse this hasty letter, but I have been much agitated to-day from some particular circumstance of Ly Sarah & Emily being told the *reports*, which we have carefully been keeping to ourselves this fortnight past 'till the return of the flag of truce, & now unluckily they know it all, & must share the anxiety of the suspense it keeps us in. Once more believe me,

Your Ladyship's sincere & obliged
L. NAPIER.

Richard Napier, Esq., to Wm O'Brien, Esq.

13 Cadogan Place, March 31, 1809.

I have just time & senses, my dear Sir, to tell you that *Charles is alive & well of his wounds, come from Corunna, and now at Plymouth, where his own letter* is dated 28th; he says he is still weak. George, Emily, & Louisa are gone down to Exeter to meet him. You may well suppose that nobody *is ill here.* He finished his letter by, "Hudibras, you lie—

'For I have been in battle slain,
And yet I live to fight again.'"

Remember me to Ly Susan.
Yrs most sincerely,
RD NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Cadogan Place, April 1, 1809.

My beloved *Charles is alive* and recovered of his wounds; a letter from *himself* confirms it from Plymouth. Think what joyful happiness for me; he is on his parole I *believe.* Louisa, Emily, and

George are gone to *Exeter* to meet him, as he must rest there a day or two, being *weak* at least; he is at a person's house only 7 miles from Exeter. My joy is too great to say more, so God bless you!

Ever yours,

Sarah Napier.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

London, 25th October, 1809.

49 years is a tollerable span to remember as if it was yesterday, & yet I am sure, my dear Ly Susan, you remember our merry excursion to Pains Hill, diverted with all the wise, important, bustling, looks of sorrow & joy that every face had whom we met on the road, & for the remainder of that week till the new *great* people were announced to the public.[1] I fear when the next change takes place it will bear a very different aspect, for each individual will feel that their existence as a nation is tottering, & anxious fears will fill *every* heart, for however good our next King may wish & try to be the times are against him, & the decease of a good old King who certainly is alltogether beloved by his subjects will leave a deep impression of sorrow. However let us hope it will not happen for many years. I cannot help thinking of the poor King to-day, what a crowd of thought will be impressed on his mind. I should think that altogether he will feel more pain than pleasure, particularly if the arrival of the Princess Amelia[2] makes him see her danger in a more marked manner, but *happily* in *this* case he is blind, &

[1] George III. ascended the throne on October 25, 1760.

[2] Princess Amelia, the King's youngest daughter. She died unmarried in 1810, at the age of twenty-seven.

I hope will like me feel that the dispensations of Providence are useful when they save one from the heartrending sight of decline in a beloved child's health.

I began my letter in some spirits, but I easily fall back into the train of thoughts which will force themselves on me, altho' I have so much, so very much to be thankful for; but indeed I am not ungrateful for the blessings I enjoy; my two sons are well in Spain, & Charles at home. His presence was never more useful to me, for it assists me in a difficulty, which, tho' it never can be put into the scale of misfortune, is very distressing. I mean the want of money, which obliges me to retrench in a very decided manner. I propose to let my comfortable house, & hire a small vulgar home somewhere in the country where I may part with a man-servant, & my whole family to consist of my old maid & myself, my 2 daughters, & two active young maids; when my sons visit me they must be in a lodging. Thus I may pass a couple of years, & pay off all those debts, which *non* payment of a gentleman in Ireland has occasioned. I sold my place, & he owes me the ballance due for 3 years, that & the interest of it, promising monthly that it was forthcoming; & now behold he is likely to be a bankrupt, & I shall be ruined. It is therefore time to begin to live in different stile, & the concurrence & assistance of my dear children make a heavy task light, but still I own it lowers me a good deal, perhaps more than it ought, but the habits of 65 years are not easily changed, particularly by one who has no occupation to engage the attention; for if I could enjoy the country I should be busy, but in my situation it is

difficult. However what must be, must be. You will naturally ask what I mean to live on. Why as little as I can, & you may guess what it will be when I tell you my means & my expenses.

First, the pensions to my girls & I now is only £600, out of which one hundred's Emily's, & each of those at home have £50 for their clothes, etc., giving me the other £50, so I call the pension money received by me £400, & my own annuity is £450 pr anm, making in all £850. Deduct from this house taxes, etc. above £100, also for Richard at Oxford £200, this reduces my money for living to £550 pr anm, & I can scarcely exist on that in London like a gentlewoman, but in the country I can, so that the rent of my house will be clear gain.

It is a sad thing I have no interest with any person whom I should like to entrust with a humble request to the King, that he would give the reversion of my pension to my children, for I think he would do it if proposed to him by any person who knew me & my way of life, but to ask it in the common one is what would at once put a bar to it for ever, for no Minister will ever consent to this except it is for his own children; so that I have carefully avoided mentioning even my wish for it, well knowing it never will be, but I often reflect on the joy it would give me to think my death did not entirely ruin my children as it will; but I will change the subject.

The more I have seen of your delightful niece Ly Elizabeth[1] the more I am enchanted with her,

[1] Lady Elizabeth Fielding, eldest daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester. She married, first, in 1796, William Talbot, Esq., of Lacock Abbey, Wilts; secondly, in 1804, Captain Fielding, R.N. She died in 1840.

for I see so many perfections in her head & mind that I take her to be something very superior to the common race of people, tho' in her own family she may be more on a level, for I hear her sisters all spoken of in a very admirable manner, as they are never named but something meritorious is told at the same time.

I want to know how Mr O'Brien & you are this vile season, for till very lately the weather has been very trying indeed to most constitutions. I have been quite deaf, but it proved accidental, thank God, for it terrified me sadly. I have had pleasant society this summer in two or three families of relations; indeed my situation here is very pleasant, & it is a pity to leave it.

The waste of gunpowder, oil, & tallow, which are to evince the love of his subjects to the King, is very tiresome, particularly as Ly Bathurst has just told me the King particularly desired to have no rejoicings of any kind except gifts to the poor. As one cannot quite omit the subject of politics these strange times, I cannot help observing that a political intrigue & a deception are not new to old folks, *vide* Lord Shelburne to Ld Holland, & 20 more one could quote, but never till now did a whole Cabinet agree to stigmatize themselves as false people in the eyes of the whole world.[1] To use a colleague ill behind the curtain,

[1] This refers to dissensions which had arisen in the Cabinet between Lord Castlereagh and Mr Canning, and which resulted in a duel between these gentlemen on September 21. It is difficult to say who was most in the wrong, and blame seems to be attached to both parties. Public opinion at first ranged itself on the side of Mr Canning. As time went on, however, certain facts came to light which went far to prove Lord Castlereagh's statements, that though Mr Canning had for some months been intriguing to secure Lord Castlereagh's dismissal from the War Office, he seemingly gave him

"*Bon, cela se fait tous les jours*," & who so fit as an unpopular man, a Ld Castlereagh, to be ill used, but to join & use him so ill that he rises on the sea of deception, & *joue le beau rôle* in the affair is very curious indeed.

The parliamentary battle will be strong. I have no guess who is to gain it, for there must be much cutting & shuffling before the two wise heads in England unite, & till they do Government will decay daily, & in all probability Napoleon's genius will not sleep. I heard to-day what Lord Wellington's[1] ideas were of what was to be done in Spain, & to my humble conception they are a bubble-making, a plausible sounding appearance, & must break & vanish into air.

It seems our armies are excellent assistance to the Spaniards, *have* done them much good, & will do more; so we are to remain at Elvas till one French army goes to cut us off from Lisbon, & we *are to kill* them with the help of the Portuguese army; then if another army tries to meet us towards Seville & Cadiz *kill them* too, & so get away by Cadiz; for *quit* we must it seems, unless the Spaniards make so good a stand as to allow us to go into the heart of Spain, which Lord Wellington still hopes. This is Mr Bathurst's news.

Now for my simple military news from officers who have returned. The position of Ld Wellington is bad for the sick, & they don't recover. They

his entire confidence, and allowed him to carry out arrangements for the Walcheren expedition; also that he was one of the few members of the Cabinet to whom this plot against his honour had not been communicated.

[1] Sir Arthur Wellesley, Viscount, and afterwards Duke of Wellington, third son of Garnett, first Earl of Mornington.

were all nearly starved for one fortnight by the failure of Spanish faith, & neglect of English commisaries. Whose fault is that? Why the Commander-in-Chief's to be sure. Read Sir John Moore's early complaints of the same people; hear, as I have done, how poor Moore worked night & day to *secure* what was wanted for the army, & forbad ever trusting to Spanish people, & then you will know that a Comr-in-Chief, who publickly keeps a mistress at head-quarters, does not give all the attention to the care of his army & disgusts his army, who lose all confidence in him.

This makes me fear we shall have no laurels in Spain, & from Holland we have only willows, so that what will Ministers have to support them? Nothing! & when they fall, who will rise? Nobody! For there is nobody but Ld Wellesley[1] who has a head; Ld Melville is too old, Ld Grenville is too crabbed to assimulate with anybody, & yet these are the only brains to be found fit to cope with Bonaparte, & I fear *they* can do no more than prop the State for a while. Ld Wellesley has a character of some use, for he is a compleat despot, & of course suits Bonaparte better than old English politicians. God knows how it will all end.

Adieu, it's 12 o'clock & Charles is just come home; says the streets are crowded beyond immagination & the illuminations fine, but that the dullness of English people provoke him. He heard everywhere one & only one observation, & what was it? "*It has been a fine day for this.*" Can you conceive how among thousands the good King's reign of half a century could create no other idea?

[1] Richard Wellesley, second Earl of Mornington and first Marquis Wellesley, Lord Wellington's eldest brother.

Adieu, my dear Ly Susan ; receive *les hommages de tous chez moi*, & believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

SARAH NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

13 Cadogan Place, 18th December, 1809.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—Weymouth being the nearest port to Guernsey, I think it possible you may sooner hear the truth of the sad report that prevails of the *Hussar*, frigate, Capt. Skene, being lost on the Guernsey Rocks with all on board except 3 men. This is very much doubted, & in the sad uncertainty one naturally tries every direction to obtain news. I am deeply interested in her fate, having two young relations on board as midshipmen. They joined her just as she *sailed from* Plymouth ; one of them is the Hon. Francis Napier, second son to Lord Napier, about 16, the other is Johnston, he is not 16 I believe ; he is General Johnston's grandson, & I hear the image of him in looks, in spirits, & character. All losses of the kind are heart-breaking to parents, but I have experienced so much warmth of heart in the character of Ld Napier,[1] I know so well how he, his wife, & all his family have existed on domestic happiness for years & years back, that the idea of their wretchedness is dreadful to my thoughts. Their eldest son is also in the navy, a lieut., & just gone home to them after 6 years' absence, but to aggravate his feelings he had just placed this brother & cousin in the *Hussar*, Capt. Skene, as

[1] Francis, seventh Baron Napier, and Lady Sarah's nephew. He married, in 1784, Maria, eldest daughter of Lieut.-General Sir John Clavering, and died in 1823.

a preferable situation to a large ship. If you hear anything which appears to you certain of the existence of either of these two poor boys, pray write it down & direct it to Francis Napier, Esqr, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, & he will judge what is necessary to be done with your intelligence with respect to his cousins, who being all together at Edinburgh I know nothing yet of how the news has reached them, or what part of the family are informed. If Ly Cecilia Johnston has any feeling left, it is for that poor boy whom she doated on; she is at Hampton Court, so I do not yet know if they have heard it.

Charles is in pursuit of every intelligence this town can afford. He is at last exchanged & going to his Regiment, which is now tossing at sea, on its return from Walcheren. My 2 sons in Portugal are well, & I supose will not stay there very long. Richard has shut himself up at Oxford during the vacation to avoid the temptations of London. I have heard of Henry being safe at Madras last July, so as far as hopes go I have every reason for chearfulness; but I never can forget that the very essence of reason teaches us to rejoice with trembling.

I should long ago have answered your very kind letter, but my mind was unsettled, which is often the case in a large & extensive family & connections; there is always a certain degree of interest that takes up the time of an idle person, for did you never observe that idle people have time for very little, & quick active people have time to think of others & of their own business too, & yet never are hurried. I am not of that cast; but I will not take up my pencil & not fully ansr

your kind anxiety about me. First then, Caroline is my reader, & from the comfort of having but *one* reader of my letters, I am in the habit of reposing my thoughts more truly in her mind than in Louisa's, without drawing any comparison between them, each having their merits. Chance makes one more suited to me than the other; both are trustworthy, both ready to serve me, both capable of it in different ways. Louisa is too quick, too much occupied by other thoughts, too different from me in opinions not to make a sacrifice in devoting her time to me; for whoever serves me as secry must be wholy devoted to me, & this seems more adapted to Caroline's turn than to the other. So having fixed on her, I have now no drawback but her extreme youth, not in years, but in the knowledge of a world that I don't wish her to grow old in, for much happier are those who know least of it I think, so that I often am brought by her perfect natural ways of thinking to reflect on the contrast between her & me, & it makes me appreciate nature still higher as I see the world perverts it. Instead of doating in my old age I grow wiser by living with young people.

Adieu. My letter is so long, it must wait for a frank.

Yours most truly,

S. N.

19th Dec.

P.S.—I am in hopes our alarms are without foundation, as no report whatever has reached the Admiralty of the loss of the *Hussar*. I have just got a letter from George with the official account of the battle with the Spaniards. 15 thousand laid

down their arms, & about 7 thousand wounded & killed.[1] Sir Arthur is in a rage at them, having done all he could to prevent it. Their answer is, he is a ambitious Englishman who wanted all the glory to himself. George says there are signs of movement in their quarters; his letter is dated the first. I wonder how long we shall hold Portugal?

You never saw anything so happy as Genl Fox is with the establishment of his family; Louisa,[2] married to an excellent & pleasant man, who is secretary to Lord Liverpool for the military part, has a good house in Stratton St, a good income. Caroline[3] is to be with him all winter, & they go to Sevenoaks every Saturday, & he is at a lodging independent yet with them, or was at his place just as the fancy takes him; this answers all things in perfection.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

13 Cadogan Place, February first, 1810.

My dear Ly Susan,—I feel as if I had been ungrateful to you in not acknowledging your extreme kindness to me, but I knew it was needless to tell you I felt its full force, and thought it well suited a friendship of 50 years.

[1] This must be the battle of Ocaña, fought on November 20, in which the Spaniards under Areyzaga were defeated by the French under Soult and Mortier. According to Sir William Napier, the French in this battle took 26,000 prisoners and 45 pieces of artillery.

[2] Louisa Emilia, daughter of General the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, married, in 1807, Sir H. E. Bunbury, nephew of Sir Charles Bunbury, whom he succeeded in the baronetcy. She died in 1828, and Sir Henry married, secondly, in 1830, Emily Louisa, Colonel and Lady Sarah Napier's eldest daughter.

[3] Caroline Amelia, second daughter of General the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, married, in 1812, William Napier, Colonel and Lady Sarah Napier's third son.

All my family are well. I have heard from my son in India & of those in Portugal; I expect my sister Louisa in March, & I have plenty to make me patient, thankful, & content.

I hope to have a good account of you & Mr O'Brien.

If you go to Bath, you will see Ly Louisa & Ly Mary Lennox there.[1] If you meet I think you would suit very well now, for neither of you have at all the same pursuits you formerly had. Ly Louisa seeks only very agreable society, & of *course* she must like you, & then you are both very Royall & very good friends to Ministers, tho' both of you have too much sense not to know they are fools this year, tho' neither of you will own it; so I think you will suit together delightfully, but I don't advise Mr O'B. to put in his little Opposition frigate in the fleet. Ly Louisa is too sharp, & yet many of her dear friends are of it. I am afraid your spirits will not tend to much society so near to your poor niece Ly Mary Talbot,[2] whose distress Caroline Fox told me of last night. Oh! what an unhappy mother! I cannot express how her misfortune haunts my mind continually. God have mercy on her! This is the only thing to be said or thought about her, but in that word *all* is comprized, & every hope revives.

You will be glad to hear that Genl Fox will be so comfortably settled at Portsmouth for his summer residence.

I have been writing so much to-day that I must

[1] Lady George Lennox, and her eldest granddaughter.

[2] Lady Mary Fox Strangways married, first, in 1794, Thomas Mansel Talbot, Esq., of Margam; and, secondly, in 1815, Sir Christopher Cole. Lady Mary Talbot had gone to Bath for the health of one of her daughters, who was in a decline.

finish from mere fatigue, & with my best regards to Mr O'Brien, believe me ever effecate,

Yours,
S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

May 29th, 1810.

My dear Ly Susan,—Louisa's silence has been caused by the unhappy time, which the illness of my dear Caroline points to, which has kept us too much occupied to say what we thought while all was doubt, but now that a favourable circumstance occurs, namely, that Doctor Baily's dirrections seem to answer as far as the shortness of the time admits, I feel able & very desirous to state to you the whole progress as it appears to me from all I hear. When I saw you at Sevenoaks, she was quite free from all complaint on her lungs, the inflamation having been totally subdued by a severe blister on her chest, & I believe it was that day, the 9th or 10th of this month, that she began to take broth much against her will. She is carried downstairs to prevent motion, & passes her day on a large sopha moved up to where the small one was, she reads, she looks out of the window, & sees scarce a soul but us, from whom she hears enough to pass away the time. She is in no pain now, but sick 4 times a day after food however little; she is not low, nor in spirits, very patient, & much pleased since yesterday with Richard's return to town, who, having passed his examination lost not a moment to come up, & devoted his whole time to her; which you may guess is a comfort to us all, but more particularly a relief to Louisa, who has not had one instant to herself so much has she to do with Caroline, with

me, with the house, & with notes of enquiry; besides which she has several Irish friends just come that wish to see her.

I am in very good health, as one always is when the mind is on the stretch. I have written my sister Louisa word of everything, & have no doubt but that she will visit us, as our moving is out of the question. Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan. Love to Mr O'Brien, & sincere hopes for your happiness & welfare is the feeling of a friend who sees the events of life in their true state, & therefore wishes for health above all things.

Yours,
S. N.

Postscript by Richard Napier, Esq.

I should have answered your letter, my dear Lady Susan, but that Ly Sarah *every day* said she would do so, & I fear you have thought me negligent. As to dear Caroline, I don't know what to think of her, one day I feel *in* spirits, by the next *out;* however we must hope the best. She has naturally a good constitution, which is a great point.

Yours affectly, my dear Madam,
RICHARD NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

6th June, 1810.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—I have the happiness to tell you Doctor Baily says the inflamation is entirely subsided in Caroline, & that he sees no reason for continuing applications outwardly unless there is a return of pain; her pulse is better, & she is every day gaining ground by absence of ill, but has not

yet got her appetite or strength, but he says I may be at rest as the disease is stopped in its progress, and I may look forward with hope which I did not dare do for this last ten days. My spirit is at rest for a time, thank God, & I hope another week will do much, after which future views must be taken into consideration.

I have not got composure to write much, so will shortly say what I can't pass over in silence. The Duke of Cumberland will recover.[1] Providence does nothing in vain I am confident, tho' he has suffered from the most atrocious villain without the least blame on his part, nay, with marks of much goodness in him, still God has some purpose to answer in this event, & I hope it will be to make all our Royal Family think more seriously on many subjects than they have hitherto done. They will see their father's uniform good conduct has carried him thro' 50 years in favor with his people, & that theirs is such, that even this horrible act excited no other feeling but its intrinsic horror. Nobody says, "Poor Duke," but all say, "Poor King & Queen." This seems the general feeling, & it has struck me as a warning voice to them, if it is true that the voice of the people is a voice of God. *Au reste*, is it not strange to meet with the vilest character described in books all of a sudden in our palace? Poor Lady Crewe is very low about her friend Mr Wyndham,[2] who I supose is dead by this time, &

[1] Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, and afterwards King of Hanover, the King's fourth son. He was the victim of a murderous assault by his Piedmontese valet, one Sellis, and though wounded in five different places while asleep in bed, escaped with his life. Sellis was found with his throat cut in his own room when men were sent to apprehend him.

[2] William Windham, who was Secretary at War from 1794 to 1801, and again from 1806 to 1807. He died on June 3, 1810.

she is very much troubled about my poor Caroline, is shocked about the Duke, & she has somehow so puzzled the 3 together that she talked of them all in turn, & two people came here alarmed for Caroline just as she was better. I hear Ly E. Fielding has been out driving. Adieu.

Believe me yours affecly,

SARAH NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Tuesday, July the 30th, 1810.

I will answer your kind letter, my dearest friend, because I am able to do so now. My dear Caroline's illness is by word of the physicians this very day pronounced so singular a nature that they cannot account for it, but by these general terms: that her blood is of so inflammatory a sort that it has, & may still wander to different points, all with extreme danger, but by this change they can only attend to the local part affected & wait till some other line is pointed out. Within two days a new object is a violent irritation of the nerves in the head, which have caused a wandering so mixed with perfect recollection that it seems more like a hesitation in speech. Bain says he thinks it inflammatory added to debility, & gives nervous and quieting medecines. It is possible he may conquer it, indeed it is so much better within these two hours that I am almost sure the blister will cure her, but then who knows how soon some of these evils may return? I must live in anxious misery; it is my fate, & I must bear it. A nervous fever may be the end of it all.

After writing to you a week past, waiting to be franked; but this is later news. I congratulate your

niece on the Genl's[1] return, indeed your kind enquiries about my sons was most welcome to me. I heard of them in the first of this month. The despatches of yesterday show a small engagement of cavalry, the worse for the enemy; I have no reason to think my sons were near it, but it will be very pleasant if letters come from them to-day or to-morrow.

Emily is here & quite well. When I am carried out to air by a friend I call at friends' doors; I am a very usefull sentry, for I hear all that is wanted, & can sit while the 3 nurses get a little walk & some dissipation from too much attention; this makes me often lose seing a friend who calls, & such friends as call merely from true kindness, so that I am sorry I have missed them, but the health of my 3 children is now so doubly interesting to me that I send them to the Garden frequently, & it answers very well.

The Dss of Richmond[2] is not yet returned to Ireland; she carried me yesterday to my sister at Wimbledon, who is very well. Ly Bathurst is also there. Ly Mary Ross is settled in town, Mrs Bembury the same; but they have no horses, so that it is only now & then they call, & this is the extent of my present circle of friends, which I tell you that you may know how I am situated. I think very well, as I do not feel forlorn & yet am not annoyed by visitors. Caroline Fox I must not forget. Louisa Napier's health is good, tho' her exertions are great. Richard is well but very

[1] General and Mrs. Payne (see p. 206). He had been serving in the Peninsular War.

[2] Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, only son of Lord George Lennox, succeeded his uncle in 1806. He married, in 1789, Charlotte, daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, who died in 1842. He was at this time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

low, having less sangwine turn than others. He is devoted to his poor sister, reads to her & waits upon her; I may call it bringing her food, as often as he can coax her to eat it. Emily, as you may guess, is an excellent auxillary in all this.

Adieu, my dearest friend, love to Mr O'B.

Yours,

S. N.

Postscript by Richard Napier, Esq.

My dear Madam,—I have not corrected this letter of my mother's, as all it contains of my poor Caroline is only her own conjecture. She has been deceived by the physician a little, but much more so by herself. The attack in her head is nothing more than the progress of the disease, and has all the appearance of the last stage. I believe she does not suffer in mind or body; she says not, & the physicians say so too. I am compelled to undeceive my mother lest the last scene should come too suddenly. She is not very well from an ereysipelas in her face.

Ever yrs,

Rd Napier.

Richard Napier, Esq., to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Sep. 12th, 1810.

My last letter only foreshadowed what has happened. Our sweet Caroline is no more: she expired on Sunday last without a struggle. My mother is very calm and her health not injured. My sisters are in tolerable spirits, & appear in good health, but have not recovered their painful watchings yet. It is some comfort to have heard lately from *all* my brothers, who were well.

Ever, my dear Ly Susan, yrs,

Rd Napier.

Richard Napier, Esq., to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Oct. 10th, 1810. 13 Cadogan Place.

My dear Lady Susan,—Your letter should have been answered sooner but that it came during my absence at Bristol, from whence I've returned only a day or two ago. My mother & sisters are tolerably well, but I think my mother looks a little thin; otherwise she is in good health. She is now preparing to go to Ireland in Novr where I shall accompany her, unless I am elected Fellow of All Souls College in Novr, which will detain me for some weeks, when I shall follow them to Ireland.

I could not tell you in my last letter of an operation which has been performed upon my mother's eye, and which it would be too long to describe; it was very painful & has not yet had success, tho' I by no means despair of it, as there certainly has been some change produced in it already. Some medical men laugh at the principle of the operation, which was upon the *right* eye, but the effect is to be upon the left, which is not diseased except from sympathy with the right in which the disease was seated, & which was irrecoverably gone. It is, however, useless to repeat to you the reasons pros & con which I have heard. Should there be any great appearance of success, you shall hear of it immediately. The oculist is a Mr Wardrop, a surgeon from Edinburgh, where he had great practice & had applied closely to this particular study. He is a young man spoken very highly of by some, & very sneeringly of by others; in the latter case there is, I think, a large portion of jealousy, particularly as Drs Baillie & James Moore (Sr John's brother) are among his supporters. My

mother tried it chiefly to please us & as she could not be worse than blind. The other oculists had given up her case, & it will be a satisfaction to have tried everything. The operation has been performed about 5 weeks or near 6.

My brothers were well on 11th Septr: William's wound is long since healed. Many thanks for your kind invitation which I should be delighted to accept, were I not so uncertain of the movements of my family, on which my own must depend in a great degree. Remember me most truly to Mr O'Brien, & believe me very truly yrs,

RD NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

7th January, 1811.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—I have perfectly accounted for the long silence which has occurred between us, for I know you have the means of knowing what concerns me, & I well know what you & Mr O'Brien have felt for me; but no more on that subject. My health is good, my spirits also; I can be amused enough to pass the day like other people, & being thrown into company by my coming here I don't feel as if it made any difference to me. I find I have the power to conquer my wandering thoughts, & listen to what does not interest me with patience & indifference; it passes time & makes the care of me less burthensome to my friends, which is a great object to me. My head-quarters are Castletown, which being a deserted *palace* would fill me with gloom could I see those places where the happiest years of my life were spent, in a neglected state, but my dear my perfect sister, who does all that is

right & unites prudence with all her actions, spends the money she has allotted for its maintenance in doing all that is necessary rather than showy, so while it looks neglected the essentials are well done, & as fires are necessary we live entirely on one floor, which makes it more connected & comfortable; but life there is perfect retirement, which is most comfortable to me, but broke into now & then by those we love who come to dine & sleep a night; & we are ourselves *now* in the very great world, for we are a week with the Richmonds [1] at the lodge, where in spite of the just attention they pay to being retired during the poor King's illness still a Ld & Ly-Lieut.'s house must be publick. At least comparatively so to me, but as I am permitted to be a privileged person & to wear the individual cap & gown I do at Castletown, I feel no inconvenience for coming here; for I do not care if strangers say, "How can the Duke have that queer old blind woman in the corner," & I do care very much that the affection of my dear nephew should induce him to have me here surrounded by his delightful girls, who absolutely vie with each other who shall attend most to me, & the Dss is kindness personified to me on all occasions. There are seven girls in this house, & I rejoice to hear from all quarters that those who are known meet with universal approbation from *true* judges; not people who think half a dozen masters form an education, but those who know how to appreciate modes by manners, good style, & the most regulated system of conduct without affectation, without levity,

[1] Lady Sarah was staying on a visit to her nephew, the Duke of Richmond, at the Vice-Regal Lodge in Dublin, he being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

but with affable chearfulness & good breeding. Their minds are as well regulated as their manners, & their adoration of their father is the most delightful thing, for it produces a reciprocal good, as he enjoys their society & seems to depend on it for the comfort of relaxation at his leisure moments. To catch papa at a lucky minute & take him out to walk for his good is the first object of their care, & the moment he appears in their room all his daughters flock round him, & he is like a brother with them. His eldest son is in Portugal, & thank God the love of military glory will not degenerate in him; the rest are at school. You may guess there is much half joking debates about going *out* or staying here, & each girl speaks as her fancy to England or Ireland directs; but to those who think seriously about it as I do for one, it is impossible not to dread the Duke's removal from a country which he is absolutely formed to govern with the even hand of perfect justice tempered by humanity but never swayed by weak indulgence. Happy the poor Paddys whom he governs, for when once he goes their own wild whiskey spirit will break out & ruin them, poor souls. I hope the Queen & her son the Prince continue on the affectionate terms which I lately heard subsisted between them; you know how well I can appreciate the comfort of being loved by one's sons, & therefore will not wonder that I consider it as a very necessary ingredient in composing the happiness of a mother; the want of it would break my heart. You will be glad to hear that I receive communication from Portugal here if possible more regularly than in England. George's wound was as bad as Charles' with respect to pain, danger, & confinement, but he

is at last well.[1] As to poor Charles I know not what to think, for apparently he is well but inwardly he suffers much.

19th Janry.

The constant interruptions I meet with make such a puzle in my letter, that I do not know if I told you that Louisa Napier was gone to the north of Ireland on a visit to a very dear friend of hers, which will do her much good I trust, & I must add that since I began this letter 4 letters from Charles are arrived up to the 30th, so that I have the satisfaction of knowing all is as well as it can be when an attack is expected. George had just recovered sufficiently to go to join the 52d, & Charles expected to have that pleasure soon; everything sounds well for our troops, & I own I am very sanguine. I cannot be a mother when glory is in question, or rather I hope I am what a mother should be. At all events I am such as my sons wish when I feel glad they are recovered in time to partake of glory, particularly as Charles writes a whole page to prove the folly of people thinking a battle is dangerous when so many escape; nevertheless I wish it was over & our army snugg in winter quarters. Charles tells me his wound will never turn to danger now, but will remain a plague to him all his life. Poor fellow, it is hard he cannot get a Lt.-Colcy, which Sir David Dundas[2] admits he deserves as a good soldier; but Sir David is a man of words & not of deeds in this instance, which is hard on a Napier, for old Lord Napier, my father-

[1] They were wounded at the battle of Busaco on September 27, 1810.

[2] Sir David Dundas, G.C.B., was third son of Robert Dundas, Esq., of Beechwood, Midlothian. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces from 1809 to 1811. He died in 1820.

in-law, had nine sons in the service, & there are now nine of his grandsons in it.

Give my love to Mr O'Brien & accept of Richard's to both; he will be at Oxford in March. I think I shall continue here till May. I have been fortunate in letting my house for 3 months certain; it will help a little towards my two journeys which are very expensive, but I own I feel much gratification in feeling I am not quite a log & can be moved without much effort when necessary. Adieu, my dear Ly Susan, ever most affectly yours, unalterably even at the end of fifty years' friendship,

SARAH NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

14 December. London, 1811.

A fortnight having elaps'd without my discovering my letter was not gone, I employ a secretary to make the sequel of my history more legible, for it is painful to me to tell you that Wm's health now gives us the greatest alarm by a sudden & a violent cough, which is so intermixed with his ague that it has required Doctor Bain's utmost skill to arrest its progress. Mr James Moore has taken him into his own house that he may watch him closely, & Doctor Bain assures me that it will answer for the present, but that the delicacy of his lungs in the reduced state of his health must keep us in constant alarm: until some very evident improvement takes place his going abroad is out of the question. Henry will stay some time as he belongs to the *Chatham*, which is to be launched in January. Charles goes to Guernsey next week.

Yours,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

17th December, 1811.

You will see, my dear Ly Susan, from the early date of my other letter that I was thinking of you long ago, & by the date of this that my memory failed me in despatching my letters ; indeed I find it growing so bad, that not to dwell as you say on *old age* I will referr you for mine to Jaques in "As you like it," for the conclusion of his speech is *me*. I am still in great anxiety about William, tho' he is better. I am delighted with your account of all your charming nephews & nieces. They say great witts jump, of this I can say nothing having no experience in witt, but I am sure great friends do, since you wrote me precisely the sort of letter I wanted from you.

I forget if in mine I told you of George being quite well, & at his duty two months after his wound. As to their promotion, it has been in *this wise*, which as a civilian must be explained to you. Charles had memorialed in vain before the Duke's reappointment,[1] & I bethought myself that if the old stick Dundas would be a block & impenetrable, perhaps the Prince Regent, who has none of that stern injustice in his nature, would remember an old friend, tho' he had not seen me for 20 years, so wrote a memorial of my own invention by leaving out all form & stating facts, and I complained *tout simplement* of Sir David saying that his answers

[1] The Duke of York had resigned his office of Commander-in-Chief in consequence of the charges brought against him and Mrs. Clark by Colonel Wardle in 1809, and was succeeded by Sir David Dundas. In 1811, soon after the Prince of Wales had been installed as Prince Regent, Sir David tendered his resignation owing to ill health, and the office was restored to the Duke.

acknowledged the merits of Charles, but all ended there; so I asked for his Royal favor to do justice to my son. The answer was written in 24 hours & favourable, & in three weeks, the Duke being restored, he, the Duke, gave it with the most flattering compts, & the Prince announced it to me with a more extended compt to the character & conduct of all my sons, & gave the full share of it as due to the example of their father, of whom he wrote in the most gratifying terms to me.

While I was rejoicing in this, great news comes to me from Portugal, that Lord Wellington having leave to promote 12 capts to brevet majorities according to his judgement of their merits had named George and William both, who were then made Brevet-Majors in the most honourable manner. It is much the same as were in former days brave men made Knight-Bannerets, & the most flattering of all promotions. Soon after this the real majority of the 52nd Regt fell vacant, & George got it as eldest captain. Since this he asked to be made Lt.-Col. to a Portugese Regt: Genl Beresford asked for him, Genl Crawford refused to let him go because he was so useful an officer, and both disputed before Ld Wellington who said, "Well, gentlemen, I will settle the dispute; Napier is too good an officer I see to depend on either of you; I will keep him for myself, neither of you shall have him." From this I conclude he will not forget to do for George what may happen to turn out favourable.

I must now finish and say adieu once more.

SARAH NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Decr, 1811.

My dear Ly Susan,—A few lines from me will I am sure be acceptable to my constant friend altho' I am certain you have enquired much about me from others, but still you & I are old-fashioned enough in our friendship to like a mere bulletin of family health & converse rather than not hear at all, & I am going to write you one that would be very stupid to an uninterested person. Louisa Napier & I came from Ireland under the convey of Lord Mark Kerr, who with his usual kindness took charge of me across the sea & ferry, & my journey was prosperous. I found Richard at All Souls nursing Henry, who, after 4 attacks of the fever in India, fortunately was landed at Deal where Adl Foley commands, & where Lucy nursed him till he was able to be brought by Rd to Oxford, where he recovered & is now free from all danger tho' weak & far from well, but, thank God, at home, and will not again go to India. As soon as a few months have set him up again he will go to sea, for he is a lieutenant near 2 years past, & we hope to get a good climate for him; for to speak truly, which I may venture to do to such an old friend as you, he is well worth preserving, & I am not sure if he would not take your fancy more than any of his brothers, having the most gentle tone of voice & manners with the same spirit; not spirits, for the being deprived of family society is a hard situation to affectionate hearts which I do not think a seaman's life rubs off so well as a soldier's. All hate it, but my *soldiers* have such spirits that it makes them go thro' all the plagues of war in the most

surprising way, & yet both are ill ; but they are like children, the instant the ague stops or the bile goes off they forget they have suffered : but fortunately their terrible looks have struck the Duke of York, who said, "No, no, I see how it is, you shall not go back yet. I never wish a willing officer to go before he ought, & you are not slack at any time. Take care of yourself, & we will talk of going hereafter." An order soon followed this for leave till about Christmas, so that I hope they will get better by that time. William is the worst with an obstinate quartern ague ; Charles is free of ague nearly, but very weak indeed. He is Lt.-Col. to the 102d Regt, quartered in Guernsey ; the worst Regt in the service, which he means to make the best, & as it will remain some time in Guernsey I think in the spring he will make us a visit & call on you in his way ; in short, I am very comfortable about him, all things considered. For the present, my sister Louisa & Emily being in London & my sister Leinster in wonderful health for 80, my return to this house has by degrees become less terrible : at least I must say this much, my 2 sisters, my 2 daughters, my 3 sons are actually round me & tollerably well, dare I complain ? No, I must be, I am, thankful, grateful, & as content as is reasonable to expect ; but no more on this subject. My sister Louisa & Emily dined at Lansdowne House, & are come home charmed with your niece,[1] who appears to them perfection in looks, manners, & appearance of character. My few lines soon swell to a few

[1] Lady Louisa Fox Strangways, fifth daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, married, in 1808, Lord Henry Petty, born in 1780. He succeeded his half-brother as third Marquis of Lansdowne, and died in 1863. He was a distinguished politician, was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1806–7, and Lord President of the Council from 1830–41, and from 1846–52. Lady Lansdowne died in 1851.

Allan Ramsay, pinx. Walker & Cockerell, ph. sc.

Lady Louisa Conolly.

sheets, but the subject & my scrawl carry me on. Richard is at Edinburgh attending lectures. Scotland is a new world for him, & therefore an advantage to see, for the mind opens by knowing variety of characters or rather variety of education which makes characters appear different. I hear there is to be a Christmas Redlinch party, which I consider as one of those happy enjoyments of life, which elder brothers can procure; when they do, this is a proof *que le cœur est bien placé;* when they do not, I pity the elder brothers who have such cool affection, they cannot feel the pleasure of assembling those who they loved in youthful days, for those are the affections of nature & the best worth preserving, as in old age they repay so well. Your brother seemed to have had the feeling very strong by his verses, & your nephew seems to have it too, for his sister talks in rapture of the pleasure she expects there. I hope Mr O'Brien will feel well enough for you to go, but a winter visit is not always so easily accomplished by invalids. I will now release you from this bore, but not without a promise that you will tell me all about you & yours, for large is the circle of your interest, & consequently not indifferent to me, altho' mostly strangers. Tell me about dear Ly Elizabeth Fielding, for I delight in her. London is empty, & of course very pleasant to family people; my sister, my children, & I meet daily & comfortably. Louisa Napier joins us all in most sincere remembrances to Mr O'Brien & you; she has got her friends the Mark Kerrs in town, which in addition to her brothers gives her full & pleasant occupation.

Adieu, my dear Ly Susan.

Believe me ever unalterably yours,

S. N.

P.S.—I think the word "unalterably" don't belong to things of this world which change so continually. About this day 51 years past, you & I were going to the Pss of Wales' birthday at Leicester House; had our lives been painted to us at that time how little should we have credited such a picture of our own fate or that of others. The poor King! My heart feels the sincerest emotion of pity for him whenever the sad face of woe is pictured to my mind, & I can't forget that the family of my sovereign, whose regard for me has been great, should be the most unhappy family in all his dominion. Such a picture is constantly coming across my thoughts, when the occurences of the political & military world call up my attention to the subject which otherwise I feel so entirely indifferent to me at this late time of life.

Major George Napier, who came to England in 1809 after the battle of Corunna, returned to Spain the following year, and served with much distinction in the 52nd Regiment throughout the various campaigns. He lost his arm in the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo, when that citadel was taken.

The Duke of Wellington wrote to Lady Sarah to announce the fact to her, and said, "Having *such* sons, I am sure that you will expect to hear of their misfortunes, which I have more than once had to communicate to you; and notwithstanding your affection for them, you have so just a notion of the value of the distinction they are daily acquiring for themselves by their gallantry and good conduct, that their misfortunes do not make so great an impression upon you."

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

13 Cadogan Place, 7 February, 1812.

MY DEAR LADY SUSAN,—The very great honor that my son George has acquired by leading up 300

volunteers to the top of the breach, he & his lieut., Gurwood, being the first men on the top of the wall, will I am told by everybody, entirely compensate him for the loss of his arm. I shall be glad if he comes home to tell me so himself, & receive his brevet lieut.-colonelcy & medal in company with those brave men who carried the town of Ciudad Rodrigo in eleven days under their excellent general; but in the mean time I am thinking of the danger & loss of an arm, which fills *me* with horror, but I am assured by his brother William that he will not consider it so, & that no man in the army will bear it better. I will, therefore, tell you all the few consolations that I can find, & first it was a musket-shot through the right elbow, consequently there can be no doubt of the necessity of amputation; besides that arm was much weakened by former wounds, & I have a letter from Lord March,[1] dated the third evening after the operation, with a message from two surgeons of the Regt assuring me there was not the least danger, & Ld March says he appears in the greatest spirits, & that he was to be remov'd to Ld March's house at the headquarters, Galligos, so that I have every reason to be satisfied thus far. I will say nothing to you of other people, for in such cases we all feel the tender for another's pain, tho' unfeeling for his own.

Adieu, my dear Lady Susan, I thought an account from me however short would be better than none, knowing the interest you take in the concerns of your affectionate friend,

SARAH NAPIER.

[1] Charles, Earl of March, eldest son of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, whom he succeeded in the dukedom in 1819. He was born in 1791, served with distinction in Spain, and was present at Waterloo. He died in 1860.

P.S.—Love to Mr O'Brien. Charles Napier is in Guernsey commanding the 102nd Regt.

William Francis Patrick Napier, Lady Sarah's third son, born in 1785, married, in 1812, Caroline Amelia, second daughter of General the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, third son of Henry, first Lord Holland. He was knighted for his distinguished services in the army, and wrote the well-known "History of the Peninsular War." General Sir William Napier died in 1860, leaving seven children.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

10th March, 1812.

Mind my date, dear Ly Susan, & observe that 52 years from our first acquaintance I sit down to write you word, that my son aged 26 is to be married this week to the daughter of the little rosy-faced Harry, who was running about then & lisped out his partiality to me, so that when I shall take his Caroline to my arms as my own daughter, I shall only lengthen out the early affection that subsisted so uninterrupptedly between her father & me.

Add to this my knowledge of her character, the likeness it has to my beloved Caroline,[1] *their* friendship, the love she has long acquir'd in the hearts of Charles, Richard, Louisa, & Emily, & crown that with William's *reflected* love for her, and you will rejoice that in her latter days your poor old friend is made more happy than it seemed possible she could ever be again. This I claim from yours & Mr O'B.'s long friendship for me, but I hasten to the most material point. "Is William worthy of her?" will you very properly ask. *She* thinks he is, but less prejudiced judges agree with her.

[1] Lady Sarah's daughter, who died in 1810.

Col. & Mrs Bunbury, Miss Townshend, Mr & Mrs Clayton, Ld Holland, & I hope Miss Fox, but she was taken by surprise & has not yet made up her mind to its very sudden appearance, but she knows not William's sharp decerning character, which has been so matured by hard service; he is not to be deceived or likely to deceive himself. He has long been in search of what he thought could not be found, a wife precisely like Caroline in all respects. His *heart* has long been given, & he has watched her narrowly to see if she was what he calls sterling gold, not spoilt by fashion, prejudice, vanity, or folly, but simple in conduct, wise in acting, & tender in feeling. He declared he never would try to persuade a woman he loved to be a beggar, & therefore would ask none who was not able & willing to keep herself in her own fortune. This he has met with, & his orders are to settle it *all* on herself & to add his own small nothing to it, all to go to her, but her friends have ordered that his should be left unsettled, in order to allow of a purchase if necessary; that all being agreed to they marry next Saturday I believe. I verily believe that there never was a match that promised better, barring his being a soldier, but her mind is made up to that, and I trust in God that one of my dear sons may now look forward to a happy home which suits their domestic turn, all of them loving home, in preference to every other place. I hope, my dear Ly Susan, you will approve of this to my heart's content. I am very nervous from a natural hurry in consequence of this event & of expecting George home very soon, so I will not attempt to write more to-day.

Ever yours most affecly,

Sarah Napier.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

London, Monday, 20th April, 1812.

DEAR LY SUSAN,—I believe you will receive a letter from me next week, given to you by a nephew of mine, who wishes to be introduced to you & Mr O'Brien, having no acquaintance whatever in or near Dorchester where he will be quartered for some time, & I told him that tho' neither of you were gay or young enough to have your own house an object for a young officer, yet you could & I was sure would introduce him to all that was worth knowing in your neighbourhood, only that I had often heard you complain of spring as making a desert all around you, but that in summer you would make up to him by introducing him to your numerous family, which was doing much for him, as he would find. I shall tell you more of him in my letter of introduction, & this is only written to give you notice. I mean to trouble you with a letter of introduction, which is always an awkward moment if it is given by an entire stranger. You perceive I have prepared him to expect so little from you, that every attention you show him will be an unexpected favor to him, so I hope it will not be troublesome.

Now for his birth, parentage, & education, which will in a few words put you *au fait* of all that is to be known about him. His name is George Lennox, second son to the Duke of Richmond. He has been, very unwisely in my mind, kept at Westminster School till 18, & that I suspect there is a great deal to ammend in his ideas, which have been allowed to run their own way as a full-grown man at school in a metropolis. All his family call him shy & childish, but boys who know him better

say he is "up to anything." I know not where the truth lies, but to us women he appears handsome, pleasant, a little sudden, & too tenacious of his opinions for good company, having a horror of being advised or directed, in which he rivals his brother Lord March, who left school about the same age to be Aide-de-Camp to his father in Dublin, where the Dss tried to civilise March, & made him very obstinate to her & to all appearance, but in fact his natural good sense & very delightfull heart led him to addopt every thing that was right. The Duke then fearing a Ld.-Lt.'s son would be spoilt, sent him off to Lord Wellington, & there never was a son of whom a parent had more reason to be proud of than this dear & most delightful March in every point of view. His father naturally expects George will follow his steps, & has kept him six months in Dublin to polish him a little. How far he has succeeded, or as Rousseau says, "*si l'étoffe est aussi bonne*," I cannot judge as I hardly know him, but *you* will judge him fairly & with your usual perspicacity, & I should like to know your opinion of him *truly* given for myself & civilly given for the Dss of Richmond, who loves to be flattered about her children, as most mothers do; but she has been spoilt, because those who have grown up do deserve so much praise it is no flattery to commend them. She is in sad *affliction* just now, poor soul, having just lost a son at sea. Adieu,

S. N.

P.S.—I shall tell you all about my own family in my next.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

23d April, 1812.

MY DEAR LADY SUSAN,—This letter will be sent to you by my nephew Lord George Lennox, of the 9th Dragoons, who wishes to be introduced to Mr O'Brien & you, who I am sure will shew him attention & make him acquainted in your neighbourhood, for he is a perfect stranger even to the officers of his own Regt, except one schoolfellow whom he has just heard was likely to join soon. You will find that though lately come from Ireland he has not been sufficiently dipped in the Shannon to be perfectly at his ease, besides which the recent loss of his brother (who was unfortunately kill'd by falling from the rigging into the sea at Minorca) has left a natural impression of lowness upon his mind, which one wishes the change of scene from his afflicted family should remove. Poor Henry Lennox was a very fine boy of 14 on board Capt. Codrington's ship, who wrote the Duke so feeling a letter on the occasion that it has been a great consolation to his parents. The poor Duchess of Richmond's mind was sadly worn out by a month's close attendance in her mother's[1] melancholy sick-chamber; however, she received great comfort in the latter end by seeing her mother express such satisfaction in having all her children round her, in seing the Duke of Gordon very kind to her, & in the Duchess's perfect resignation to her death, which took place in the Duchess's arms without the least struggle. The news of poor Henry's sudden death is a shock of so different a

[1] Jane, daughter of Sir William Maxwell, married, in 1767, Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, and had seven children, of whom her eldest daughter, Charlotte, married Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond.

nature, that she is very much to be pitied: indeed, it is the first she has lost of fourteen children. I am still in expectation of my son George's arrival, who very probably will have met William just landed at Lisbon, so that whatever news comes from Badajos I am sure none of my sons have been there, but my affection for my dear nephew Lord March keeps up my anxiety on the full stretch, for he is terribly like his cousins in contriving to be foremost on all occasions.

My sister & daughters beg to be remembered to you. We have discovered that one leads a much more dissipated life by being devoted to a large family & to friends than by what is call'd living in the world, for they have scarcely been out in publick, but between my sister Leinster, my sons, my new daughter, & her family, & old friends we are in constant & very pleasant occupation.

Adieu, my dear Lady Susan.

Believe me most affectionately yours,

SARAH NAPIER.

Major George Napier, Lady Sarah's second son, married, in 1812, Margaret, daughter of John Craig, Esq., of Glasgow. Major Napier's first acquaintance with his future wife was very romantic, and took place as follows:—His most intimate friend and brother officer during the campaigns in Spain was William Craig (son of Mr. John Craig), who lost his life in the war. On his return to England, Major Napier went to Scotland to visit the Craigs, and tell them of William Craig's last hours. He at once fell in love with the sister of his lost friend, who was said to be as lovely and charming in mind as she was in person.[1]

Sir George Napier was knighted for his

[1] See Appendices H. and I.

distinguished services in the army. He married, secondly, in 1839, Frances Dorothea, eldest daughter of R. W. Blencowe, Esq., and widow of W. P. Williams-Freeman, Esq. He died in 1855.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Feb., 1813.

My time has been compleatly & pleasantly occupied with George[1] & his Scotch wife, who have lived some time with me & are now at York, where he is on the Staff; I like her much, & he is happy tho' not rich, yet not *quite* a beggar, for their present income is more than £800 pr anm, so I am satisfied, but you know I could not allow myself to be so spoilt by my dear Caroline as to expect to find another like her, and I am well off to have found uncommon good sense, a well-informed education tho' not polished, a perfect temper, a disposition to love me because I am the beloved mother of him who she perfectly adores, so judge if I may not be very thankful that a sudden match of fancy should turn out so well. Louisa Napier has been really ill a long time by the drawing of a strong tooth, but is better. My sister Leinster is not well, & naturally low at parting with her grandson Edward Fitzgerald, gone to Spain. My sister Louisa & Emily do not come till April.

I have a nephew & niece at Weymouth, for whom you will take great interest if they come in your way I am sure. He is going to Spain, in very delicate health if not bad, & she suffers in consequence, & they lost their only child at sea returning

[1] George Thomas, Lady Sarah's second son, born 1784, married first, in 1812, Margaret, daughter of John Craig, Esq., who died in 1819, leaving five children.

from Lisbon & her health has been bad ever since. He is Col. Viscomte Chabot[1] of the Ninth Cavalry. As a foreigner, yet born, educated, naturalized, & married in Ireland, still he feels such gratitude for his preferment that a fine spirit carries him out again, I fear to his death; but one must make the best of it to her, poor soul. If she was at Dorchester, I am sure you would be a great comfort to her at the sad parting hour.[2]

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

8th March, 1813.

Little did your poor sister[3] & I think when we met once in 40 years that the same wretched fate was hanging over each of us. My dear Ly Susan, it is not often we admit that others feel misfortune more poignantly than ourselves, but there is a sort of force in truth that admits of no deception even in our own case. I have long thought that to lose an angel daughter, wholly devoted to a blind old mother, surpassed most losses of that sort, because no day passes that I do not feel & say to my heavy heart, "She is not here." But your sister's misfortune has struck me as of the deepest dye, for what has she left to bring a chearful ray of comfort, what beloved object is near her to animate her

[1] Lady Isabella Fitzgerald, fourth daughter of William Robert, second Duke of Leinster, married, in 1809, Louis William de Rohan-Chabot, Viscomte de Chabot. She died in 1868.

[2] Unfinished.

[3] Lady Harriet Fox Strangways, third daughter of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, married, in 1770, Colonel Acland, eldest son of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, of Pixton, Somerset. Their only surviving child, Elizabeth Kitty, married, in 1796, Henry George, second Earl of Carnarvon. Lady Carnarvon died March 5, 1813, leaving five children.

spirits, tho' but for moments like the flash of lightning a sound of happiness from those we love force on our hearts the annimating feeling of gratitude to God for his mercy in our temporary relief; but where is hers?

Write me word I beseech you what you know of her. Poor Ly Elizabeth Fielding shuts herself up in deep sorrow. How ill-fated are you, my dear friend, to bear this unexpected shock. Tell me how you & Mr O'Brien are, for much am I interested to know how you go on at this time of the year while so much alone. God bless you. I am enjoying much comfort from those of my family within reach, & have no fears of Spain now.

Ever yours most affecly,

S. N.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Dec., 1814.

MY DEAR LADY SUSAN,—I have not kept my word to you I confess, but a general review of my family is quite enough once a year, and shall find its due place like the litany of thanks at the end of a despatch. I must begin by wishing to know if you & Mr O'Brien are sitting snug by a warm fireside and enjoying the visits of your numerous family, whom the season of course brings in your neighbourhood. It so happens that I know nothing of your family except a conversation that came round to me by mere chance; a person said by way of gossip, "I hear Princess Charlotte is not only reconciled to her new people, but quite delights in one of her ladies,[1] & this lady has a daughter, a young married woman, whose character, sense, &

[1] Maria, Countess of Ilchester.

manners have so captivated the Princess that she quite idolizes her, & it's the luckiest thing that ever was, for Lady Charlotte Lemon's [1] cleverness & merits are reckoned very superior & the Princess cannot be better governed." You may guess how instantly my thoughts ran back to her lov'ly mother's manners & the cleverness of a parent who shall be nameless, but I am quite sure that uncommon sense travels from generation to generation & never loses ground, added to Ly I.'s excellent education. As I was alone I had nobody to call upon as witness of Lady Charlotte's merits, but I remember'd that Louisa Napier had been charmed with her in the same manner some years past, & was always regretting that they now never meet. I conclude Mr O'Brien plumes himself on his wisdom in moving away from London before the grandees enter'd it, since he has heard it computed that eight hundred thousand souls were collected in & about London for two months, & that it is universally allowed they all went mad.[2] I do assure you that even at this distance the influence of the constant bore it was to all ranks of people reached me, & made me quite glad when they were gone; & now that we hear from Vienna how the real greatness of

[1] Lady Charlotte Fox Strangways, fourth daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, married, in 1810, to Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., of Carclew, Cornwall. She died in 1826.

[2] After the expulsion of Napoleon from Paris in the summer of 1814, and the first possession of that city by the allied armies, all the great princes and generals came to London, where the craze to see persons who had become so famous was carried to an extravagant height, people from the most distant parts of England flocking to London to get even a peep of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Prince Royal of Prussia and his brothers, Marshal Blucher, Baron Humboldt, etc. They landed at Dover with H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence from the *Impregnable*, and next day proceeded to London.

a *fête* was exhibited in the most awful and grateful manner, our balls, masquerades, & whirlgigs appear very flat. Besides all this the Emperor, who was *la coqueluche des dames*, falls off a little in fine feeling about poor Poland. My sister & my two daughters were amazingly pleased at the Hague,[1] for exclusive of its novelty, living at an Ambassador's house with a moderate but good society without the least trouble cannot fail to please. They like all the Orange family, who are really & truly as amiable & agreeable as if they were a private family, & that's saying a great deal for Royalty; they say the Dowager is the cleverest of women, & the younger Prince Frederic has his full share. What a pitty he was not the eldest son, who, by the way, will ruin himself in Belgium by his devotion to the English; it's not wise, & my daughters say his little liv'ly brother will never do a foolish thing but thro' youthful spirits. I was in hopes the peace would secure all my sons at home, but William is on the point of going to America; poor Caroline looks mournful & says nothing, her little Fanny Napier has delicate health, & she herself is to be confined soon. George is with his wife & child at Twickenham. Henry has got a ship at Halifax, & not a little happy as you may guess to command the *Rifleman*, sloop of war. Adieu, my dear Lady Susan; my health is much mended by having passed two months at Farnham on a visit to my son Charles, who is settled there in the Upper Military College, & studying fortification &c. with

[1] Lady Louisa Conolly took her two nieces, Louisa and Emily Napier, to the Hague to stay with Lord and Lady Clancarty, he being Ambassador to the King of the Netherlands. Lady Clancarty was Henrietta, daughter of Right Hon. John Staples, and niece of Mr Conolly and Lady Louisa.

all the ardour of a young student. He is on half-pay, & wanted to make use of his time, of which he gave me but two hours a day, but I thought them precious. Adieu, for the rest of my letter is a sort of postscript, asking a favour of you for a servant about whom I am interested, & I will put it in a separate sheet.

Yours most affectionately,

SARAH NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Janry 16th, 1815.

MY DEAR LADY SUSAN,—I waited with some impatience for your answer, because you almost promised me it should give a better account of Mr O'Brien's health, & I am a little disappointed tho' not surprised that change of air should not have the expected effect, for I think it never does for a short time; yet I cannot wish you to stay on at Weymouth, for Lady de Ross & Lord Henry passed a whole winter there under the impression that their large family was to benefit by it, & early in spring every soul in their house suffer'd from Weymouth air, but I trust very little amendment will make Mr O'Brien enjoy the comforts of home in the winter, for we old folks enjoy our homes. I shall remain in mine till March, & expect to pass Febry very pleasantly, for George being on Tower duty during the whole month has liberty to dine here every day to see his wife & child, who are to be with me. Mrs Wm Napier, who is near me, will have a second child by that time, & her husband being at home she is quite happy; so that I shall see more of my family this winter than ever. In March I shall settle myself with George & his

wife at Twickenham for a long visit, & Louisa goes to Ireland soon after. They tell me I must expect Henry home in the course of the summer, which is bad for his profession & good for me; for I can hardly persuade myself that the year 15 will pass without war or rumours of war, & at my age it's a good thing to secure them when I can, & I mean to go to Farnham again where Charles & William will both be. I mean to let my house during my absence to enable me to move about, & you see for an old body I am rather presumptuous in making plans for a year; however it's pleasant in idea, & as my pleasures are circumscribed by a very small circle it is allowable to enlarge it a little by imagination.

Adieu, my dear Lady Susan.

Believe me most affectionately yours,

S. N.

P.S.—I believe when I wrote to you last I was still fearfull that Wm would go to America, but he does not; & nothing can be more comfortable than the present arrangement by which Charles & Wm are both settled as students, at the Military College, Farnham, for two years. I expect Caroline to be confined every day, after which she & William with their two children & Charles will make a colony of Napiers at Farnham, where I mean to repair for two months. In the mean time George & his wife will be much with me. Richard, who is just returned to town, begs I will join his most anxious wish with mine for Mr O'Brien's health; we shall long to hear you are comfortably settled at home in spite of this hard frost. He desires me to repeat his grateful thanks to Mr O'Brien for the books, which

is indeed a most acceptable present; if it is not inconvenient to you he will be glad to have them now. The first step is that the box should be strong & the books close pack'd, & the next is to send them by sea in some ship that goes direct to the wharfs below London Bridge & to be consigned to some of their own people. Notice of their arrival is to be sent to Mr Francis, Optician, 70 St James' Street, London, & I will request you to have that direction put on the box, for it is to be sent to his house where it will be kept till Richard can receive it.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

10th April, 1815.

My dear Lady Susan,—Your letter to Louisa caused me much vexation, because you did not reproach me as I seem'd to deserve for forgetting you, & I felt that I did not forget you, so that it is not perhaps loss of memory which would plead my excuse too well, but it is a constant delay which causes continual confusion in my head, & in plain English borders too much on dotage to fit me, for a correspondent, & this reflection vexes me, because there are moments when my mind is up to a thousand ideas relative to my friends, & the next it is all gone by the presence of some new ideas. The public news now is so interwoven with private concerns that I listen to it as if my life depended on it; perhaps it does, but it is folly to anticipate evil & not be content with the existing respite to my mind, for none of my sons are lik'ly to be employ'd these six months. If I could tell you or Mr O'Brien any authentic news that leads to form any just judgement of what will happen, I

would write it, but that we are preparing for war & relying on the Allies because we are to pay them, is all that can be asserted as fact: the sequel time will show and I will say no more on the subject, but thank you again & again in Richard's name for the books which are to be directed to Mr J. Narrien, St James St, London, No 70. I did intend to make George & his wife a visit at Twickenham before this, but a number of circumstances have combin'd to delay me. I see a good many people, & do not perceive any alterations in the ways of London since almost our younger days, except in hours, in dress, & in the sanction given to unmarried women to take lead even in their parents' houses, for in many they are suposed to make the list of persons invited to dinner; thus the older people seem more in the background than they are used to be, but the same objects in society seem going on. In the political circle it is consequence, in the fine one it is superiority, in the generality of circles it is divertion, religion, & propriety of conduct somewhat tinged with fashion, which makes a great variety, & upon the whole I do not believe the present generation are worse than the last, except that the excess of dissipation leads more to blind their natural good feelings, but the moment they are taken out of it by an union with a good man they return quickly to their good dispositions; so that I cannot agree to a general condemnation of London education, tho' I admit it promises very little more than elegance of manners & talents or pretentions to them. With respect to the society of my own standing, I perceive their comforts are so entirely guided by their situations in their own families that it evinces the truth that

all is vanity & vexation of spirit except adherence to what is right, & as family affections are virtues so they meet with their reward in old age, & the mere followers of the world remain sadly neglected. Of the former kind my very old friend poor Lady Mary Fitzgerald[1] gives a proof: I pass'd an hour with her some time ago, & was much edified by the beauty of benevolence so intermingled with the strictest principals of religion, with which her mind was so conversant that it seemed like perfection at the very moment she was condemning her own faults without the least affectation, not a tinge of hypocrisy in her zealous hopes that others should enjoy the same feelings that made her bear life with cheerful activity at ninety. She talk'd to me of our late loss in my dear sister Leinster, & in her brother, General Hervey, & Lady Emily, & she seemed to rely so much on the certainty that their change of situation was received by them with thankfulness, & I am sure she felt herself perfectly ready for her long voyage. Her preparation for it was very short; the fire caught her clothes about 9 o'clock in the evening, she complain'd of no pain, & by 8 in the morning she was no more. Ld & Lady Liverpool[2] never left her bedside, & she conversed with them to the last moment, blessing them & praying that his honest endeavours for the public good may meet with success. It is not possible for me to lament

[1] Lady Mary Hervey, daughter of John, Lord Hervey, eldest son of John, first Earl of Bristol (who predeceased his father), married George Fitzgerald, Esq. She died in 1815.

[2] Robert Jenkinson, second Lord Liverpool, held the posts of Home Secretary from 1804 to 1806; and again from 1807 to 1809; War Secretary from 1809 to 1812; and in that year he became First Lord of the Treasury, which post he held till his death in 1827. He married Lady Louisa Hervey, daughter of the fourth Earl of Bristol, who died in 1821. She was niece to Lady Mary Fitzgerald.

her death, but I think of it without extreme lowness, & being in that mood now I will not lengthen my letter to you, my dear Lady Susan, who altho' you have so long experienced the blessings of family affections, of a powerful & well cultivated mind, & natural great spirits, still you must require to have them kept up to preserve your enjoyment of life, which I am happy to find Mr O'Brien's returning health gives such assurance of. The weather continues so mild your sheltered place must make the spring forward. Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan.

Most affectionately yours,

SARAH NAPIER.

Mr. O'Brien had for some considerable time been in very failing health, and throughout the summer of 1815 he had been quite an invalid, and suffering much from attacks of breathlessness, the last days of August he rapidly grew worse, and died on September 3rd. Lady Susan was utterly broken-hearted; for their marriage, which had begun inauspiciously, had resulted in fifty-one years of unbroken happiness, and equal devotion on both sides.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Farnham, 29th Sept., 1815.

The first impulse of my heart was to set off & travel above 150 miles to go to my dear afflicted friend, & I believe the great agitation I remained in for some days brought on a fever, which lasted but a few days & ended in an erysipelas in my leg after having threatened my head. But it is all gone now, & is so constantly the attendant on agitation with me that I am used to it, & am really not at all now the worse for it, for it taught me to reflect on the difficulty attending my wishes. The bars are

many; 70 years of age acting on me like 80; blindness, which makes me so helpless & dependant on friends & servants, for I require both; a very scanty purse, which obliges me to travel in hired chaises; all these seemed insurmountable in winter, and when I came to consider what the only use friends can be to you is active chearfulness to excite you to keep up the natural firmness of your mind, what am I to undertake such a task? Why a mere log, totally incapable of helping anybody, & nothing but your friendship could make you bear such a burthen at a time, when you require all the energy of your mind, & all the assistance of active young friends to support you. Thus, my dearest Ly Susan, do I see with reason both your situation & my own, & I shall act as I ought to do, that is to be content with hearing of you, & requesting to be told if I can in any way contribute my small share of power to your service in any way; but how I can be of use to you, I know not. I am a sort of vagabond this year having let my house; I visit in a small circle within my means among my kindred. I am now with Charles here at Wm's house, while he & his wife are at Paris; I am going next week to Twickenham to stay with George & his wife, being now well enough to move. I have made round-about enquiries about you, sure that at first there could be nothing told me I did not guess, & since your health is not hurt I wait to learn such particulars of you as time alone can develop, even to yourself. I wait without impatience but not without the greatest anxiety to learn more of you, for I can no longer bear with this seeming silence between us while I feel our hearts must be in unison with each other. I hear you have an old friend with

you, may I not call her mine since she is yours, & will she indulge me with a letter written as if we were acquainted, & that she knew all details relating to you interest me too warmly not to be welcome however minute they may be? Pray ask this favor of her, & get it directed to me at Lt.-Col. G. Napier's at Twickenham, where it will find me. Do not mind a frank, tho' I delay this to find one for you, as my scrawl covers so much paper. I must insist on your not attempting to write to me yourself, for I well know how such an exertion produces unnecessary emotion which ought to be avoided. Alas, it will come too frequently unbid. God bless you, my dear, my first, my constant friend, remember how unalterably I am yours.

S. Napier.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Twickenham, 12th October, 1815.

Our feelings, my dearest friend, are so congenial in the present situation of your mind that every line of your letter met with a corresponding sensation in mine, & this very time of the year increases them by memory. Perhaps it is not prudent to choose this time to write to you, but like you I do not wish to avoid emotion on one subject when it comes to me in a form of a friend's affliction; where is the heart that could fly from it?

Your letter shows me how well I knew you, for I expected every sentiment you have expressed. I know your fortitude, but I also knew it cannot replace the occupation of life; one may ameliorate a state of distress, but one cannot cure. I was sure of the general kindness of your family & that it would at first have great effect as it deserves from

gratitude, but I had no sort of acquaintance with Ld or Ly Ilchester's characters. Judge then of my satisfaction when your letter drew their amiable dispositions in a simple account of their kindness; your language is always forcible, & when the most beautiful part of good minds is drawn forth by sympathy with affliction, the result is perfect confidence in those hearts which can by their conduct awaken parental feelings at the moment of affliction. They create that feeling in you, & I trust in God you will find it increase interest of life, that sort of interest without which we cannot exist. You say you can be of use to nobody. Oh! my dear Ly Susan, do you say that to me who am by Providence so marked to be in that sad & sorrowful state? Remember that your natural powers of the mind are in no way abated nor your faculties impared by age, & who in that state can say that they are not useful? But it requires judgement to find out the best line, & judgement never yet accompanied the first emotions of distress. I hear your friends object to your stay at Stinsford; so do I, during this next winter & spring, but if once you have reconciled your eyes sufficiently to the house & place to feel pleasure in being there, I do not see why you should not return to it in summer, if the intermediate time could be spent without that sad gloom on your spirits. I am sorry to hear that your income will not admit of your doing what might be of use to you. I too well know how this circumstance puts everything in the imperative mood, & when one's wishes seem reasonable & useful one is apt to think it a hard case, whereas in fact nothing is hard which Providence has ordained for us. If we examine it closely we have few wants in the world, not more

than the situation of life we are in gives us & all beyond. Comforts of life are luxuries to which we have no claim; the greatest I know of is to serve one's friends, but if this is denied to us we must be patient under dissappointment, & not envy those who have the power of indulging themselves in helping others if we see they acquit themselves of this duty well, but if not we can scarcely help wishing their riches were in other hands, at least I catch myself often criticising others, which is wrong. I must say in general terms that all my family make enquiries about you proportioned to their knowledge of you. Richard has been entirely seperated from me lately by different journeys, Charles I was with at Farnham, Louisa is on the point of going to Ireland, & I am with George at present, & to be with him in London all November as my own house is let. I will write to you from town, as I am not likely to get any account of you but from yourself. Pray tell me every minute circumstance about yourself, for there is nothing that concerns you that can be indifferent to me who am

Ever yours most affectly,

SARAH NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

13 Cadogan Place, 11th Janry, 1816.

MY DEAR LADY SUSAN,—I wish to hear from you when you are disposed to write, & therefore avail myself of the opportunity of telling you of the birth of my only grandson as an excuse to divert your attention to the happy *ménage* of my son George, whose Scotch wife suits him so perfectly that it endears her to me exclusive of finding in her all the kindest affections of a daughter-in-law, not

given entirely from duty, but made pleasant to me by the persuasion of the most steady desire to have me with them continually, which people do not do if it is not comfortable to them.

My other married couple are at Paris still buffetting with the plagues of service, for danger is over; but poor Caroline[1] has found a soldier's wife's lot bad enough even in Paris, tho' there never was a person with fewer events than herself, but she says the pleasure of being with William & their joint admiration of the Louvre is quite enough to counteract a thousand plagues, but now she means to return to her children. My son Henry is at Castletown with Louisa & Emily,[2] all three enjoying each other's society (not having met for a long time comfortably), together with my sister who is as well as possible but writes me word Emily is very billious, & Henry has repeated attacks of the liver, which was his constant desperate illness in the East Indies & not much mended in America, but we hope it is now getting better in his own native air & the good care of Castletown.

He is Capt. & Commander, & has leisure to attend to his health, which I trust in God will make him to recover this horrid complaint.

Before I finish my family gazette I must tell you my poor old friend & servant, Susan Frost, is ill of old age I fear, & Doctor Bain attends her; he is a great friend of mine from the high respect I have for his character these twenty-five years. There is nobody now in town, & I am busy with my visits to the mother & child who are going on quite well.

I want to know if you have been alone, or if your

[1] Mrs William Napier.

[2] Lady Louisa Conolly and Miss Emily Napier.

good kind neighbours are at home, which must render Stinsford so dear to you by being so much with them.

I rely more on the Pitts for you than on anything, yet I know how to appreciate the kindness of your own family. Adieu, my dearest Lady Susan, if I have called off your attention (to what concerns me) for a short time I am sure I have done you no harm, but I will not trespass longer on your time than to assure you of my unalterable affection.

SARAH NAPIER.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

25th November, 1816. Brighton.

A chance frank came in my way, dear Lady Susan, and I thought you would like to hear of me, and that I may rely on information about you in answer. I want to know how this early & severe setting in of winter agrees with you, for surrounded as I fear you are in common with all, by the sad sorrows & distress which we can so little relieve to any purpose, spreads a gloom on the spirits which requires society to shake it off. I hope you have some friends with you, if you are not with them; I cannot help flattering myself your lovable nephew & niece Ilchester will persuade you to visit them. Their kindness to you proves they have right notions of that sort of family affection, which gives a pleasure none but the truly kind can know, & when the wife who is a stranger falls into the same feelings towards her husband's relations it is sure to increase, whereas when the contrary is the case it decreases inperceptably, one knows not why, & that pleasure is forgotten which you now feel the effects of at a time of life when it is so valuable & so gratefully received. I

am therefore very anxious to know if you are going to Melbury.

I saw a friend of yours, a Miss White, but it is a long time past; I found her doubly agreable from herself and liking you so much, but I have not lately seen anybody that could tell me anything about you. Pray direct your letter here, where I have been 2 months & shall stay a full fortnight longer. I came to meet my dear sister & 2 daughters from Ireland. Emily's health required the sea, & you may guess the comfort I have in being under the same roof after 2 years' seperation. We all abuse poor Ireland, yet, when I hear my sister describe her constant occupations, I am ashamed of my selfishness in wanting to deprive so many of her care to please myself, but as she was obliged to leave her home for Emily's health, I have no scruple in my present enjoyment, finding her mend so fast by bathing. She seems quite well & longs for a London campaign, feeling the variety of society good for her spirits, altho' she has no taste for crowds. She & my sister go to Holland House so much that it secures their meeting with the best society. The Hollands[1] are here for two days, & nothing can

[1] Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, was born in 1783, and lost both his parents in infancy. He received his political training from his uncle Charles James Fox, and held various posts in the Cabinet under different Whig Administrations between the years 1800 to 1840. He was Lord Privy Seal in the "Administration of all the Talents," and was three times Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He married, in 1797, Elizabeth Vassall, daughter and heiress of Richard Vassall, Esq., of Jamaica, after her divorce from Sir Godfrey Webster. Lady Holland was beautiful, clever, and imperious. She and Lord Holland presided for forty years over a very remarkable coterie of all the distinguished and clever men of the day at Holland House. Lord Holland died in 1840, deeply lamented by all who knew him, for he was universally beloved and esteemed.

Lady Holland died in 1845, leaving two sons, and one daughter, Mary, who married Baron Lilford in 1830, and died in 1891.

exceed the attentions of Lady Holland or rather flattery to me. *Why?* I know not; time will show. *Chemin faisant*, I take all the good which the convenience of neighbourhood give me. I made a morning visit and expressed great curiosity to see some agreable men she had, so she most graciously sent them to visit me, & we had these agreable men added to our evening tea-drinking. One is Dr Allen,[1] who is very full of information on English politics; another is Mr White[2] (called Blanco in Spain, where he was born), his clear & sensible account of the Spanish Revolution is very instructing; the last is General Flahault,[3] favourite & A.D.C. to Napoleon, & come to England for safety, speaking excellent English, of noble extraction & manners, so cautious as to offend nobody,

[1] Dr John Allen was educated at Edinburgh as a medical student, and in 1801 was recommended to Lord Holland by Sidney Smith as his medical attendant during a journey to Spain he and Lady Holland were about to undertake, and where they remained for four years. From that time he always resided with them. Lord Brougham writes of him, "Dr Allen stood far ahead of all his contemporaries as a medical student; he also cultivated most successfully all the branches of intellectual philosophy, and was eminent in that famous school of metaphysics for his extensive learning and unrivalled power of subtle reasoning. His character was of the highest order; his integrity sterling, and his nature kind and affectionate." He died at Lady Holland's house, 33 South Street, in 1843, much lamented by all the Holland family.

[2] Joseph Blanco White, born in Seville in 1775, a Spanish renegade priest, who came to England in 1810, and wrote many works, notably the Doblado Letters under the pseudonym of Don Lincado Doblado in 1823, three of which are among the MS. at Holland House in his own handwriting. He was the intimate friend of Coleridge, Southey, Whately, Lord Holland, etc. With the latter he lived from 1832 to 1835, as his son's tutor. He died in 1841.

[3] Auguste, Comte de Flahault de la Bellarderie, General and Diplomatist, was born in 1785. He was A.D.C. to Napoleon, and was with him at Waterloo. In 1817 he married Miss Elphinstone, daughter and heiress of Lord Keith. He died in 1864, leaving two daughters, the Marchioness of Lansdowne and the Marquise de Lavalette.

Fagan. pinx. Walker & Cockerell. pin. sc.

Elizabeth, Lady Holland.

& yet avoids being himself hurt by the violent Bourbonists. We have few acquaintances here, perhaps more will come with the Royal Family, but I do not covet a more extended society.

My sons are all dispersed. Henry is recovered of his liver complaint by Cheltenham, & being on half pay is gone to France with William, who goes as a boy to school, for he is a very domestic person, & delighted with his third child, lately born, being a boy & the mother nursing it herself. Poor soul, it is a great consolation to her in his absence. Charles is at Farnham, & Richard at the Temple, pupil to Mr Dodeswell, member for Worcester; do you happen to know him? Richard delights in him, & says that with so pleasant a man he does not mind day study at all, & I assure you this makes a great difference in Richard's happiness, for kindness emulates him to activity. I suppose I shall hear much news in a short time, for courts furnish it to the surrounding idlers, but we hear little now as we do not even get a paper. Adieu, my dear Lady Susan, my sister wishes to be remembered.

Believe me yours most affectionately,

SARAH NAPIER.

4, Rock Gardens, Brighton.

I cannot frank this letter without recalling myself to Lady Susan O'Brien's kind recollection, & assuring her of the regard of an old friend & cousin,

VASSALL HOLLAND.

Richard Napier married, in 1817, Anna Louisa, daughter of Sir J. Stewart, Bart., and widow of Captain Staples, R.N. Mrs Napier died in 1867.

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Susan O'Brien.

1817.

I cannot forgive myself my silence to you, my dear Lady Susan, altho' I have this day burnt near five sheets of paper written to you during this last fortnight, each being something more I had to say on a topic that is endless to me in point of satisfaction & comfort. It is no less than the marriage of my dear Richard, which you will have heard of in twenty ways, & actually now in the papers as it took place at Bath. And the plain truth is, that it was not to be talked of even among friends till a fortnight past, & then such an accumulation of information was required from me while all the rest of the family were gadding, that my poor secretary had not time, head, or hands sufficient to follow up my correspondence, and I wrote rough copies continually. But still they remain unfinished, & the wedding was going on, and here are you the oldest of my friends & by no means the least interested for me & Richard, left in the dark about an event so very important to us both. My best excuse is that many to whom I wrote would, had they been left to themselves, have indulged in all the little meanness of gossip & said, "Who is this widow who has remained so 19 years? She must be old & ugly, I suppose, rich & vulgar, from the North of Ireland." Thus an unpleasant impression is soon gossip'd into hearsay, & I was determined my very dear daughter-in-law, my friend, the object of admiration to all that know her, & in particular the favourite of all our family during these same 19 years of widowhood, should have justice done her from the first. I was in no fear that you

would take an ill impression of his choice, therefore a exact account of this very dear friend of ours. Mrs Wm Staples married at 17 to Mr Conolly's nephew Mr Staples, of the navy, who lived but 10 months. She was soon after his death brought to bed of a son, to whose education she devoted her whole soul, & refused all offers lest it should interfere with him; but, poor soul, she lost him at 14, & for four years remained in such a state of wretchedness that we gave up all hope of her ever being restored to society, for which she is remarkably formed by tallent & superior mind & great cultivation; but all was thrown aside, & the business of all Napiers was to try & get her out of this dejected state. She was often at Castletown, the dearest friend of Emily, & tenderly loved by my sister; still she remained wretched, but attentive to her duties as daughter, sister, & friend. Richard being one of them said he could not be so intimately acquainted with perfection & not love it. He succeeded notwithstanding her multiplied difficulties, among which her being six years older she thought unsurmountable, her faded beauty was also urged, her habits of seclusion not to be broken, and then to leave her family & expose herself to the ridicule of marrying a young man; then she is not rich, has only a sufficiency to make them comfortable. Richard listened to none of these objections. Following his profession with the greatest steadiness is her wish, equally with his, but as she wished her aunt my sister Louisa to be present & dreaded Bath gossip, it was kept a profound secret till my sister & Emily returning from Brussels were ready to take Bath in their way to Ireland, where

Mrs Staples was married at her grandmother's, Mrs Richardson's. I am told they are gone to Stourhead for a week, & I could not help recollecting that when our old friend Miss Dalben wrote prophesys 57 years ago about my future fate when I broke my leg at that place, she did not expect my son & his wife to come there a new-married couple at that distance of time. They came to stay a week in town with me, previous to their going to the South of France to accompany a younger sister of hers who is not well.

I have just seen Sir Edward & Lady Elizabeth Baker,[1] my niece, who are just come from Dorsetshire. Probably you know something of the late Mr & Mrs Baker, whose estate Sir Edward Littlehales now inherits & has taken the name. They went to the ball at Blandford, & seemed delighted to find such a respectable nobility forming the neighbourhood. They asked me a great deal about Ld Ilchester, who pleased Elizabeth not a little by seeming to brag of his Irish mother, who I told her was one of those superior beings who might make the highest family proud, & as Elizabeth has her full share of Fitz-Gerald pride, she was delighted with Ld Ilchester.

Elizabeth's own manners are uncommonly good, & her disposition as aimable. Sir Edward is good nature, kindness, & friendship personified.

I hope you will make acquaintance with them when they settle in Dorsetshire next summer.

Adieu, my dear Lady Susan, pray continue to write & tell me every thing that relates to yourself.

Most affectionately yours,

SARAH NAPIER.

[1] Lady Elizabeth Mary Fitzgerald, daughter of Robert William, second Duke of Leinster, married Sir Edward Littlehales in 1805.

We here take leave of Lady Sarah so far as her letters are concerned; her increasing infirmities, no doubt, rendered writing more and more difficult, but Lady Susan frequently mentions her in her carefully kept journal. In October, 1817, during a visit of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at Melbury, where Lady Susan met them, she records some interesting conversations she had with the Duke relating to old times, which entirely confirm the various accounts of the King's extreme devotion to Lady Sarah.[1]

In February, 1818, Lady Susan went to London, and passed much of her time with Lady Sarah, whom she found well in health, but much altered in appearance; her beauty, which had lasted so long, was now rapidly fading. Lady Sarah had a severe illness during this year, but she recovered, and was able to undertake the tedious journey to Ireland in 1819, where she spent several months with Lady Louisa Conolly at Castletown.

From this time her health gradually declined, though she was tended with the utmost care and devotion by her many children. Lady Susan saw her in London for the last time in 1825, and was much distressed at the great change she observed in her, but Lady Sarah had now entered her 80th year, and her long and eventful life was rapidly drawing to a close. She passed peacefully away on August 26, 1826, surrounded by most of her well-beloved children and grandchildren.

[1] See Appendix J.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

J'AI VU.

(*Written by Lady Susan O'Brien in* 1820, *for one of her nieces, Lady Charlotte Lemon.*)

J'ai vu George 2nd, a neat little old man, honest, upright, & well-meaning, passing his time between his kingdom & his Electorate: a troublesome half-year in Engd, the other tranquilly & much more to his mind at Hanover. He was a fortunate prince, & had great Ministers. Ld Chatham was forced upon him; but by his respectful & even obsequious behaviour soon gain'd all the power & confidence necessary for the exercise of his great talents.

J'ai vu his daughter, the Princess Amelia, holding the drawing-room at St James'; was presented to her; her manner not pleasing, rather *gruff*. Intended dancing at the Birthday Ball, but His Majesty dying suddenly, *J'ai vu* his funeral at Westminster Abby instead, & C. F.[1] say'd "*c'est égal*" to comfort me for my disappointments.

J'ai vu George 3rd when Prince of Wales, at that time a fine pleasing-looking young man—that is to say, a healthy youthfull complexion (not so white as his brothers were), fine teeth, a look of happiness & good humour that pleas'd everyone—me in particular, as he was desperately in love with my most intimate friend. No prince ever came to his throne under more brilliant circumstances—fleets & armys triumphant, a Minister the admiration of Europe & the idol of the people; but one false step overthrew all. Ld Bute was brought forward, & Ld Chatham

[1] Charles Fox.

injur'd. Attempts were made to unite them, but their politicks, their tempers, & opinions were as far as pole from pole asunder.

Lord Chatham resign'd; Lord Bute succeeded him. The consequences—a bad peace & the loss of all the King's popularity. He had better have given up his *favourite* than his *Berenice;* an *English* beauty, queen, wd have pleas'd his people as much as a Scotch Minister disgusted them. The talk of such a marriage was never unpopular & pretty generally expected, even the *White Sticks* shew'd most remarkable deference & respect at the drawing-rooms; for some time after the first Birthday Ball few doubted the event. A fall from her horse at Redlynch prevented Ly S. dancing; she was therefore near His Majesty's chair, who had neither eyes nor ears for any other object. I almost thought *myself Prime Minister,* & when the Princess of Mecklinburg was named in Council the surprise was great to all who were not in the secret.

J'ai vu the coronation of George 3rd & his German Queen, a very fine sight, but much less interesting to me than I expected it to be.

J'ai vu the young King insulted in the City, going to the Ld Mayor's feast. No huzzays, no acclamations for him, but whenever the discarded Minister pass'd, the loudest & most continued acclamations followed him. The King cld not but be much mortify'd, but here he had his first lesson in not showing discontent, whatever he felt—a necessary lesson for our kings to learn.

J'ai vu L'Europe boulversée, & an Empire lost by an Act of Parliament.

J'ai vu that Empire in such a state of happiness & prosperity, that nothing but embecility & folly cld at that time have lost: liberty enjoyed in the highest degree.

J'ai vu le Marq's de Fayette in the pitt at the Opera, going to America to fight against us; he stop'd to see what sort of people *er* were, & to get what intelligence he could to make use of against us.

J'ai vu two Fox's, father & son, both Ministers—the father never popular, the son alternately so with each party, but never so with both.

J'ai vu two Pitts, father & son, both great Ministers. The father brought us gloriously through 7 years' war, the son saved us in a more dangerous moment from the fatal effects of the French Revolution: both very popular as well as great characters.

J'ai vu Washington & Franklin, both of Engsh stock, but chang'd by the climate; wonderful are the changes these two men have brought on the face of the earth.

J'ai vu a great general in Europe redeem the characters of English cowardness w'ch those in America had sadly blemish'd.

J'ai vu 100,000 bibles given to the people, & *salons* built at our theatres for the reception & entertainment of prostitutes & their attendant swains. This one may call neutralizing.

APPENDIX B.

Changes between 1760 and 1818.

(By Lady Susan O'Brien.)

Court.—Drawing-rooms once a week. Very select company: that is, few without titles or offices or connexions at Court; on some occasions crowded drawing-rooms, but in general a well-regulated & elegant assembly of the best company.

Now held but 3 or 4 times a year, & every body man or woman that assumes the name of gentleman or lady go to it. The crowds are so great & so little decorum attended to, that people's clothes are litterally torn to pieces.

Theatres.—Were generally well attended by people of fashion. They were well regulated; of size to see & hear the performers; the access easy and safe; every lady went to her box without interruption or offence, & return'd equally safe, whether attended or otherwise. There were always boxes upstairs set apart, & generally occupy'd by women of bad character.

Now ladies of character can't go to the Play without gentlemen to take care of them, to guard them, to remain with them in their boxes. The avenues are filled with prostitutes & men that go to meet & talk to them, & people are liable to see & hear very improper things. The new theatres are built with a view to this, & apartments fitted up for company that never think of seeing the Play. The side boxes, which were always filled with the best company, are now frequently occupied by prentices, valets, & every body that can pay. A man who had offer'd as a

cook in the morning was seen by the gentleman who had refused to hire him sitting in the side box near him with some *ladies* in the evening.

Assemblys.—There were but few that were call'd great or very numerous: Bedford House, Northumberland House, Norfolk House, Lady Hilsborough's, Lady Shelburne's, & perhaps one or two more where foreigners were acquainted & received; others had their own acquaintance in such partys as their house cd accomodate agreeably, always according to the card-tables—for cards were indispensible in all partys. Balls were few. One place in an eveng was an engagement, & sufficient amusement.

Now assemblys are become so numerous that 2 or 3 of a night it is common to go to. The size of the house is not thought of much consequence, as if it is not quite crowded it is not thought good or agreeable; more people can be contained in a large one, but the crowd must be equal everywhere. No cards are admitted. Music, in which all are proficients, has taken their place. Balls extremely numerous.

Hours.—They are so changed that the change has occasioned many others. The Houses of Parlt met early & when no particular business was expected, were up time enough for the dinner-hour, universally four o'clock. This allowed for going easily to the Play, Opera or to card-partys, & for keeping early hours at night; long speeches were very rare, even with the great orators.

Now Parlt does not meet till 4 or 5 o'clock; long speeches are in daily practice on every topic, & by everybody. All are orators. This mania has occasion'd the lateness of every amusement & every topic & family transaction—dinner 7 or 8 o'clock, partys beginning at ten, balls at eleven or twelve. Thus everything is done by candle-light, which adds greatly to the expense in large familys, is hurtful to the health of young persons, & the morals of the lower classes.

Manners.—Great civility was general in all ranks. Form was much abated; none remained that was troublesome, yet there was a sort of respect shewn to elderly people & those of high rank greater than to those more on equality.

Titles were used in common, & none but by parents or the greatest intimates were ever call'd by their Christian names. Servants always call'd those they served My Lord or My Lady, My Master or My Mistress. They were in general respectful & anxious to please, & continued in the same service.

Now there is a certain rudeness or carelessness of manners affected both by men and women. Ladies pretty and young may go and seek their own carriages, & meet with no assistance; persons with or without titles are called by their Xtian names, Mary P., Louisa S., etc. *Misses* likewise give up their *titles*, Maria H., Emily B.; all follow this laudable humility, & every rank contributes its mite to equality. Every man, tradesman, or farmer is Esqr., & every prentice girl a young lady. Servants speak of their masters in the third person, Ld I. or Mr F. There are fewer lady's good horsewomen owing to their driving much in open carriages, which makes them greater rovers about the kingdom than formerly.

Language—has been always changing, & it has been said, as morals grow worse language grows more refined. No one can say "breeding" or "with child" or "lying in," without being thought indelicate. "In the family way" & "confinement" have taken their place. "Cholic" & "bowels" are exploded words. "Stomach" signifies everything. This is delicate, but to very many unintelligible, & in writing wd be entirely so, very difficult for a foreigner to translate, or a medical man to understand that was not in the high *ton*; "fair Cyprians," & "tender" or "interesting connexions," have succeeded to "women on the town," & "kept mistresses."

Trade—will be & was always in this country consider'd respectable as well as profitable; an English merchant was a high character. He felt responsible for his merchandise.

Now the change has been very great. Every adventurer, every speculator is a merchant, & all whose gains do not answer their mad expectations become bankrupts, wh being so common seems hardly to have any reproach. All are distress'd by this proceeding, but greedyness has no bounds; character is little attended to, & the cheating

swindler has sometimes more advantages than the honest trader.

Character.—A woman of doubtful character was shy'd ; if bad, decidedly avoided.

Now the very worst are countenanced by many. It is difficult to say where any line is drawn ; & the number of ladies who choose to have particular attendants suppos'd for them proves that neglect or contempt do not follow such conduct. This is one of the changes of manners in the period. *Virtue* may, as some say, have been pretty much the same ; *character* is certainly much less attended to.

Politicks. — Whig & Tory, peace & war, lamentations about the taxes, or a general election were the subjects that occupy'd the politicians. Englishmen admired the Constitution as much as all but Englishmen do at present.

Now since the French Revolution the topic is become universal. No man of any degree but reads, studys the newspapers, to form a creed for themselves. No ale-house club but meets to descant on the conduct of the Royal Family, or the Constitution, the state of representation, the use that Kings are of to the people, the inequality of ranks & riches, & everything that can tend to raise discontent in minds quite unfit for such discussions. Every parish has its commitee to arrange something or other. No commitee but call themselves gentlemen, thank their chairman, & ape every thing of this kind in their superiors. At present (as once before) the kingdom is governed by commitees. The consequences may probably be the same.

Religion—was injured & opinions shaken by the writings of the philosophers in fashion. This mischief was not so counteracted as might have been expected ; the Bishops were too negligent of the conduct & character of their clergy, & the clergy of their parishes : this gave great openings for the introduction of Methodists, who are indefatiguable in their pursuits.

SUSAN O'BRIEN.

1818.

APPENDIX C.

The Ilchester Oak.

(*Extract from "Seventy Years of Irish Life," by W. R. Le Fanu.*)

'Tis well nigh a hundred years, perhaps more, since Cappercullen House was tenanted by a widower named O'Grady —not rich, but of an old & honoured family. He had one only daughter, Mary, the prettiest and merriest little maid in all the country side, one of whose favourite sports was riding on this old oak bough. Prettier & prettier year by year the maiden grew, till, when just seventeen, at her first dance at a Limerick race ball, she was declared by all to be the loveliest & the brightest girl in the country, which was then, & I believe still is, famous for the beauty of its lassies. It was there she met young Lord Stavordale, eldest son of Lord Ilchester, who had just joined his regiment, & whose admiration she at once attracted. Afterwards they often met, for he lost no opportunity of seeing her as often as he could. He would ride out to Cappercullen, & join her in her walks with her father through the Glen & the Old Deer Park. Soon he loved her with all the ardour of first love. O'Grady saw that his daughter liked the bright & handsome young fellow, but knowing that Lord Ilchester would be sure to object to his eldest son marrying the daughter of a poor Irishman, & fearing that his daughter's affections should become too deeply engaged, he wrote to Lord Ilchester to the following effect:—

"My Lord, I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you about your son. My only excuse is

the great interest I take in the young man, & my fear that if he remains in Limerick he is likely to be involved in an unpleasant scrape. I would therefore most strongly advise you to have him removed elsewhere as soon as possible, & I trust to your honour that you will not tell him that I have written to you, or mention to him the subject of this letter."

He received a reply full of gratitude, in which Lord Ilchester said that he regretted that he might never probably have an opportunity of thanking him in person for his kindness, but had requested his old friend Colonel Prendergast, who was likely ere long to be in the South of Ireland, to call upon him to convey to him his thanks more fully than he could do by letter. Young Stavordale immediately disappeared from Limerick. The poor girl heard no more of him. She tried to be bright and cheery with her father, but he saw that her spirits sank, & that day by day she grew paler & more sad. Thus things went on for some months, when, late in autumn a letter came from Colonel Prendergast to say that he expected to be in Limerick on the following Friday, & would, at Lord Ilchester's request, call to see Mr O'Grady on Saturday, if he would receive him. O'Grady wrote to say he would be delighted to see him, & hoped he would be able to arrange to stay for some time at Cappercullen. The Colonel arrived accordingly, & it was soon settled that he would stay for a week. At once he took a fancy to the girl, & many a walk they took together, & every day he was more charmed by her pale but lovely face, her gentle manners, & her pretty ways. The week was soon over, & the morning of his departure had arrived. Before leaving he asked his host whether he could allow him to have a few words with him in private when they were alone.

"I hope, too," he said, "you will forgive me for speaking to you about your daughter. I have been closely observing her, & though you do not seem to see it, I greatly fear she is far from strong. I dread the winter here for her, & I venture to urge you strongly to take her to a warmer climate for a time."

"I am greatly obliged for the interest you take in my

girl," said O'Grady, "but I am glad to say you are quite mistaken as to her health. I am convinced that there is nothing serious the matter with her, & trust she will very soon be as well as ever."

"I am afraid you are deceived," said the other. "She is so pale, & at times so depressed & sad, that I fear she is more seriously ill than you suppose."

"I see," said O'Grady, "I may as well tell you, in the strictest confidence, what is really the matter with her, but you must promise never to let Lord Ilchester know what I now tell you. It was about her that young Lord Stavordale was making a fool of himself; it is about him that she is so depressed, but as she has never heard of or from him since he left, she will very soon get over it."

Colonel Prendergast at once said, "My dear Sir, you must really allow me to tell Lord Ilchester. I am certain if he knew what a charming girl, in every way, your daughter is, he would only be too glad that she should be his son's wife."

"No," said O'Grady; "you must never tell him. I know he would never consent to it."

"But I know he would," said the other, "for I am Lord Ilchester, & shall be proud to have such a wife for my son."

So they were wed, & many happy years they spent together. Long years have passed, & they are dead & gone; but the old Ilchester oak still stands in Cappercullen Park to remind us of them; & from this marriage the present Earl of Ilchester & the Marquis of Lansdowne are descended. I give the story as it was told me. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of all the details, but the main facts I believe to be perfectly true. Some years ago I told it to Miss Jephson, now Mrs Boyle, & from it she took the plot of her charming novel, "An April Day."

APPENDIX D.

Colonel and Lady Sarah Napier's Children.

Colonel & Lady Sarah Napier's children were :—

1. Charles James (Sir, G.C.B.). Born in 1782. General in the Army, Commander-in-Chief in India. Married, first, in 1827, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Oakeley, Esq. ; and, secondly, in 1835, Frances, daughter of W. Phillips, Esq. He died in 1853.

2. Emily Louisa. Born in 1783. Married, in 1830, Sir Henry Edward Bunbury, Bart., and died in 1863. She was brought up by & lived with Lady Louisa Conolly, her aunt, at Castletown, till the latter's death in 1819.

3. George Thomas (Sir, K.C.B.). Born in 1784. General in the Army. Married, first, in 1812, Margaret, daughter of John Craig, Esq., who died in 1819 ; secondly, in 1839, Frances Dorothea, eldest daughter of R. W. Blencowe, Esq., and widow of W. P. Williams-Freeman, Esq. He died in 1855, leaving five children by his first wife.

4. William Francis Patrick (Sir, K.C.B.), General in the Army, author of "History of the Peninsular War." Born in 1785. Married, in 1812, Caroline Amelia, second daughter of General the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, third son of Henry, first Lord Holland. Sir William Napier died in 1860, leaving seven children.

5. Richard, Barrister-at-law. Born in 1787. Married, in 1817, Anne Louisa, daughter of Sir J. Stewart, Bart., widow of Captain Staples. He died in 1868.

6. Henry Edward. Born in 1789. Captain in the Navy. Married Miss Caroline Bennett, natural daughter of Charles,

third Duke of Richmond, who died in 1836, leaving three children. He died in 1853.

7. Caroline Henrietta. Born in 1790, died in 1810.
8. Cecilia Mary Margaret. Born in 1791, died in 1808.

Louisa Napier was Colonel Napier's daughter by his first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Captain R. Pollock. Mrs Napier died in 1779. Louisa Napier died, unmarried, in 1856.

APPENDIX E.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald. 1798.

(*Extract from Elizabeth, third Lady Holland's Journal.*[1])

May 23rd.—The sad intelligence of poor Ld Edward's arrest came. A personal misfortune could scarcely have grieved or shocked one more, & tho' I should at all times feel strongly for a man endowed, as he is, with every good & estimable quality, yet I felt more acutely, because for the last month I have been intimately with his mother & family & had witnessed their love & anxiety on his account; excellent woman, I fear if the business ends fatally for him, it will not do less for her. He is the child of her heart, & the idol of his family. The circumstances of his being seized are accompanied with many awkward facts—the wounding the messengers, & even after the warrant was shown, the resisting. Mr Fox came over to pass the day with the Duke of Leinster. He was extremely agitated about Ld E., & intends doing everything friendly, such as going over to the trial (as does Ld H.) to make a show of friends & family, for a strong appearance in a man's favour has its effect upon a jury, especially where there are titles & celebrity. Ld Henry came to see him before he went. He was to have gone last night, but he waited for an answer from the D. of Portland, to whom he had applied for permission to see his brother. I can hardly think, steeled as hearts are become, this request can be denied, but bad times make bad men, & one can't answer for one's best friend.

[1] Holland House MSS.

June 10th.—Death has placed the gallant Ld Edward beyond the reach of his enemies. His confinement & illness & all the previous transactions were accompanied with circumstances so disgustingly cruel, that for the sake of the human character one feels almost inclined to suppress ye details, but as it is essential for the unfortunate victim that all should be known, I hope a faithful narrative will appear well attested. It appears that he was sick with a bad sore throat, & lying upon his bed, when Ryan fired at him through the door, burst it open, & seized upon him. He, naturally (as any man would), resisted, wounded Ryan in the scuffle, and was seized himself by Swan and a file of Musqueteers; not, however, untill by repeated wounds he had himself been disarmed. Those into whose custody he was placed were violent against him, & did not attend to his wounds for 24 hours. As he was carried to prison six persons separately attempted to rescue him, &, as might be expected, perished in the endeavour; the man at whose house he had been secreted, on the first impulse of honest zeal and rage, flew with his drawn sabre upon the soldiers. He was seized and hanged. Such was the winning character of poor Lord Edward; that without patronage, wealth, no very superior abilities, he had the facility of attaching men of all ranks to his person. He was universally beloved both among his family & country & acquaintances; his loss has brought forth more genuine, unfeigned tears of sorrow than would perhaps the death of 50 other individuals even in his own rank of life, & taken out of a family as numerous. Ldy Edward was sent out of the country upon his apprehension; it was notified harshly, intimating that unless she obeyed speedily she would be arrested & tried for her life, as Govert could hang her from proofs they had against her. She said she would stand ye trial, provided she might be allowed to share the prison of her ever-to-be-lamented husband. This was denied her, & she was compelled to set off with her two children, one only a month old, to this country with a passport limiting her stay. Ld Henry upon his arrival in Dublin was peremptorily refused an interview with his brother; I shall not give the

particulars of what passed when he did see him, until I have heard it from himself, as he returned last night. The D. of Richmond came forward in the warmest manner. He had an audience with ye King, & laid before him the letter he had written to Ld Camden.

When the excellent Duchess set off full of hopes & anxiety she was overtaken at Coleshill, after travelling night & day to reach Dublin as soon as possible. She bore the dreadful news with composure & resignation. Lord Henry is in such an agitated state, that he cannot yet see any of his family. His state of mind is violently affected by the shock of seeing his dying brother perishing by wanton cruelty. Upon his first application to see Ld E. he was refused. On Saturday, the 2nd of June, Ld E. was roused from sleep by an unusal noise under his window; upon enquiring he was told that the military were in the act of hanging a man just condemned by martial law; the man's name was Clinch, a friend and adherent of his. The effect upon his nerves was immediate; he became raving mad, & a keeper from a madhouse was nessary to attend him; the next day, the surgeons declared that the symptoms of death were upon him.

The titled murderers, when they heard what had caused his approaching dissolution, began to relent, & acceeded to the prayers of Ld Henry. He was admitted with Ly L. Conolly to see him; they found him almost expiring, but even at that moment anxious to do what he knew would be acceptable to the opinions of his mother & aunt. He entreated her to read him the service for the dying.

APPENDIX F.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald's Death.

(Extract from a Paper written by Miss Emily Napier, now in the possession of Sir Henry Bunbury, Bart.)

On the morning of June 3rd, inflamation of the wound in his side set in, & Dr Lindsay sent to inform Lady Louisa Conolly of his being in great danger. She, accompanied by her niece Emily Napier, drove to the Vice-Regal Lodge to obtain permission from Lord Camden (the Lord-Lieutenant) to see her dying nephew. He absolutely refused, on the pretext that Lord Clare (the Lord Chancellor), Mr Forster (the Speaker) having declined to give the permit, he could not do so. Then they drove to Lord Clare's House in Ely Place. Lord Clare at once assented to Lady Louisa's heart-broken request; he ordered his carriage, & took her himself to the prison, calling at Leinster House on the way for Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Lord Edward's brother.

On arriving at the prison, Lord Clare, Lady Louisa, & Lord Henry went in. (Miss Napier returned to Leinster House.) Lord Clare behaved with the utmost consideration, turned every one out of Lord Edward's room, & himself remained at the far end of it out of ear-shot, while Lady Louisa received the last messages of her dying nephew. She & Lord Henry remained with him till he expired about 2 o'clock in the early morning of June 4th.

APPENDIX G.

Death of Charles James Fox.

(Extract from Mrs. C. J. Fox's Journal.[1])

June 19, 1806.—I went to Lady Cork's in the evening; came home about two, found Carl not very well.

June 20.—Carl came home to dinner. We took a drive in the open carriage; called at Lady S. Napier's.

June 21.—Carl far from well. We dined at Lord Ossory's—a very pleasant dinner.

June 22.—Carl, not better, dined at home. I had a very large and pleasant party in the evening to music and supper; they went away about one. Carl did not come out of his dressing-room, but saw a few people there.

June 24.—Worse; saw Dr Vaughan.

July 6.—I have thought him worse, though Vaughan and Moseley assured me there was no danger, but I thought yesterday the worst day.

July 12.—All the days so much alike, that I did not think it necessary to say anything about them till yesterday, when I thought him a great deal better indeed, and, God Almighty be praised, I was not deceived, for he has had a charming night, and seems still better than yesterday.

July 19.—Some days better and some worse, but very bad and low the day before yesterday, but, thank God, pretty well yesterday, and seems better still.

July 20.—A good night, but very heavy to sleep this morning.

July 24.—Much the same as for some days passed.

[1] Holland House MSS.

God Almighty be praised, I think by what the physicians said this morning that there is every reason to hope he is rather better, and that they have a better opinion of the case.

July 25.—Much the same.

July 26.—A good deal better.

July 27.—The same, though still no appetite, but in good spirits, and seems to get stronger; a poultice, put on both legs at one o'clock and taken off at 1 o'clock at night, could not be put on again at night as there was a slight erysipilas.

July 28.—A good night; seemed very well when he first awoke, but afterwards very heavy to sleep.

August.—On the 7th, he was tapped, which he bore very well, and seemed relieved by it. He went on much the same, some days better, some worse, till about the 15th or 16th, when he appeared to get much better, and continued so much so that we settled to go to St Anne's; but the physicians were afraid it would be too far for him to go in one day, and as the Duke of Devonshire had kindly offered us Chiswick we went there on the 27th. He bore the going there very well, and the next day was so very much improved that I flattered myself he had quite got rid of the disorder, and that a few days would enable us to get to our dear little home; but alas! the dreadful disorder increased so very rapidly that on Sunday, the 31st of August, he was obliged to be tapped again, and thirteen quarts of water brought away; it lowered him very much, but in a day or two he seemed to get better and recovered a little appetite, went out airing on the Friday in the garden-chair, and on Saturday and Sunday in the carriage with me; he was very cheerful, and talked a good deal to me, kept my hand in his all the time we were out, made me kiss him several times, and admired the Thames that we saw in the road back from Kew Bridge, and made me repeat from Cooper's Hill, "Thames, the most loved," etc. I thought he seemed very heavy to sleep all the afternoon, but in the evening and in the night he had Mr Trotter to read to him. He got some sleep in the night, but not

much, and on Monday, the 8th of Septr, soon after, when Mr Trotter was reading to him Johnson's "Life of Dryden," the fatal symptoms came on, which left no grounds for reasonable hope afterwards; oh! my God, and I am here to write this, but I must not repine, for by His great goodness to me in giving me strength to go through my last sad duty in the way I knew my angel husband would like best, which was by staying by him and giving everything he wanted.

On Tuesday, Lord Rt Spencer came to Chiswick, and brought Mr J. Bouverie with him. He read prayers for Miss Fox, Harriet, and I; he missed me out of the room, and asked Dr Vaughan if I was gone to get a little rest. He had asked Dr V. that afternoon what he thought of his case, and his answer was that the symptoms were not so good as was expected. I saw him the moment after, and could see no change in his dear countenance, except that he seemed to look at me with a greater degree of tenderness. Harry Fox came in the course of the day, Wednesday, and he was pleased to see him. I forgot to mention above that he talked alone with Ld Holland after he had spoke to Dr Vaughan; he saw and shook hands with General Fitzpatrick. Mr J. Bouverie read prayers by the bedside on Wednesday morn; there were in the room besides Harriet and I, the General, Ld Robert, Mr Trotter, Miss Fox, Mr Hawkins, Harry Fox, and Conway and Dr Vaughan. He put his dear hands together, and kept his eyes fixed on me. Dr Pitcairn saw him on Wednesday night, and said he thought all over; on Thursday morning he seemed to be a great deal better, and I could not but flatter myself with hope; he walked as far as the drawing-room with Mr Trotter, and talked to him very cheerfully of different books; he continued pretty well all Thursday till between nine and ten, when he got very restless, getting out of bed every instant.

Friday he was very weak and every moment was expected to be his last; I was so low and weak that I could not, as I had hitherto done, hide my feelings, and when he felt that I was almost in hysterics he looked up and said, "Oh fie, Liz, is this your promise?" We had

agreed some years ago that whichever was likely to die first, the other should stay by all the time, and to try to look gay and cheerful; but, my God, who could do it? I did, I believe, more than most people could have done, and I shall never forget the goodness of the Almighty in enabling me to do it. It was dreadful all night and all Friday from the extreme restlessness, but, thank God, he had no pain. Friday evening, Ld Fitzwilliam came, but it was thought best not to mention to him for fear it might disturb him. He had very little sleep, and continued getting out of bed every moment almost as soon as he was in; he said he wanted to get up again. I had sent to St Anne's Hill for a comfortable sick-chair that I knew he liked, and he was much pleased with it, though he did not say so, but we found that he sat up longer at a time than he had done before, and he looked up at me with a sweet smile and said, "I like this chair, Liz." Oh! Father of Mercy, help me to go on. Saturday morn he seemed rather quieter; I think it was about 12 or one o'clock that he bid Ld H. good-bye; he had hold of my hands, bid me kiss him, looked at me with a heavenly smile, said "I die happy, but pity you."

From that time his voice was less intelligeable, and he said something that I could not understand, and when he saw that I was unhappy, he made an effort and said, "It don't signify, my dearest dearest Liz." Those were his last words. He remained very quiet with his dear eyes on me; I was seated on the bed, and he had my hand between his two, but as he grew weaker he took away his left hand and made a sign to me to leave my hand on his right, which I continued to do. Dr Mosley sitting on the right-hand side of the bed, Miss Fox, Mr Trotter, Mr Hawkins, and Conway at the foot; all out of sight except Mr Trotter; about three his dear eyes lost all motion, but seemed quite fixed still on me, and lay as quiet as a lamb, only breathing rather hard. I still stayed with him, and till Mr Hawkins saw the last moment was at hand and had me carried into the next room.

Merciful Father, let me adore Thy great goodness to me.

Oh! make me worthy of it, and of my dear departed angel's affection for me. Give me strength, I beseech thee, to bear with fortitude and resignation the calamity that has pleased Thee to inflict me with. Oh! grant, great God, that it may enable me to make myself more worthy of Thee, by teaching me humility & kindness to all mankind & purity of thoughts, so that I may not be quite unfit to appear before Thy Mercy's seat, when it may please Thee to call me from this world.

APPENDIX H.

(*Letter from Mrs George Napier to her step-mother Mrs Craig*, 1812, *now in the possession of Miss Craig, Mrs G. Napier's step-sister-in-law.*)

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—There is a great deal of time for doing as one likes here, so do not think when you see this long sheet that I am scribbling when I should be giving my attention to others. Lady Sarah, George, & I breakfast together, and this gives us an hour or so before she goes to her own room; after that every thing is chance till between five and six, when we dine; she never leaves the room from that till near twelve, when we go to bed. I cannot tell you how delighted I am with Lady Sarah, & how very kind she is to me, she is affectionately so, and in her whole manner to her family there is a tenderness and indulgence I have never seen before; so very mild, and when she finds fault, or any little thing happens which she cannot approve of, her opinion is given in a manner quite her own. Then her approbation is so warm, and the smallest thing done right and well-timed gives her so much pleasure; I perfectly see how her approbation should be felt by her sons as their greatest reward. She seems very cheerful and perfectly happy, and draws every one around her; in short, there is something about her that seems to soften and improve every one within reach of the influence of her manners. Louisa has not been quite well for two days; she is as kind and friendly as possible, and I like her much—very showy in her appearance, and certainly more like a woman of fashion than anyone I have yet seen, though a great many of the friends of the

family have called for me. I shall not here give a string of names, but shall only say I am delighted with my reception ; it is quite cordial, and I have felt more at ease than I thought it possible I could in a room full of lords & ladies. I even felt satisfied I was making a very good appearance, and Lady Sarah introduces me so kindly by the appelation of "dear Margt," or "my dear daughter, George's wife," or something that at once shows the footing I am on with her. George is so beloved too that seeing him so happy seems assurance enough of my title to their regard. The Bunburys I like much, and nothing can be kinder than they are.

We dined with the Bunburys, and met Col. Lorrence, who is very high in the Duke of York's office : he told George that we go on the Staff very soon, and he believes the northern district, Yorkshire, but it is not fixed. George, I knew, was not quite at ease about accepting the situation, and Lorrence has in the kindest manner set aside all his doubts, assuring him that he has a full right to remain at home, that it cannot be mistaken by any one for hanging back, & that while he remains at home every thing will be done for his comfort that they have in their power, so he feels very happy about it. I am very much pleased indeed with Caroline, and we are quite friends already. She is quite superior to what I was led to expect ; her manner is innocent, kind, and engaging, at least towards me, and to all my husband's family ; then she is very sensible and well informed, and by no means so silent as George represented her ; she has quite taken to me, which perhaps adds to the favorableness of the impression. Indeed, my dearest Mrs Craig, I am surrounded by kindness, and feel received into the very bosom of George's family and whole conversations. Our own friends here too have been so kind in talking favourable of us all. I feel we owe a very great deal to all the Moores in that way : they seem so glad to see me, and have held me higher than I can possibly deserve, but it seems to gratify Lady Sarah to find me valued by them. Old Mrs M. sent for me to come to her alone, and told me how kindly Lady S. had expressed herself towards me all along ; said she knew

what my fears must have been, and if I would only believe her could dispense them all. She talked to me on a thousand subjects, and all as the best and most deeply interested friend would have done; all the family talked so highly, and loudly of my father; in short, they seem to enter into our feelings with enthusiasm. Lady Sarah was struck with the way James Moore received me; they all dine here to-day. The Baillies have been most kind, we dine there next week. The doctor called yesterday, and doctorlike took me to the window to see how I looked. His report was very good: I never was stronger or better. George is a little bilious, and his arm threatening a little, but I trust it will not break out. By the bye, ask my father to get at Mr Alison, and enquire of him if he ever received a letter from Miss Jane Moore, accompanied by a print of her brother Sir John Moore. You would be quite pleased if you could see how completely the style of this family corresponds with our own: table, and appearance in every way. In short, I can hardly call up my former feelings or fears. This morning I have been sitting for some time quietly with Lady Sarah, and am convinced that I can meet all her wishes with regard to her son; it is impossible that rank or fortune could for one moment enter her mind. Louisa and I, and Lady S. too, have had a great deal of conversation about our *ménage*, & I am to have two women servants: less cannot be attempted in England, particularly on the Staff, but, to comfort one for the extravagance, one is to work to be a complete dress-maker and to take her share of the house work besides, and I have one of that description in view. Louisa says that washing and saving dress-maker's bills will make it a great saving on the whole. Lady Sarah sent for me to say she would write you to-day, but feeling unwell just at the moment I prevailed on her to give it up, and have remained with her till it is almost too late for post. The last letter was sent off in mistake by Richd without a frank. George's marriage is greatly approved at Holland House, where my father is held very very high from Mr Allen's account of him. I have written my aunts to-day. Rigmarole still.

Keep up the remembrance of me I do intreat with my little boys: I cannot reconcile to giving them up, often thinking of them so long as my greatest interest. I write to you not to my father, because to you I tell every sort of thing, and you can cull for him.

Best & dearest love to you all from yours,

Mt Napier.

APPENDIX I.

(*Part of a Letter from Mrs George Napier to Mrs Craig.*)

ANSWER to your question of, "How Lady Sarah contrived to make her sons so good and affectionate to her."

As I know you wished to learn how Lady Sarah created for herself the place she holds with all her sons, I have questioned her and George, and shall lay down here all I have gathered and in her name, for my own ease in writing.

MARGT NAPIER.

The foundations of, what you feel so enviable I shall endeavour to trace so far as I remember them, and the great and primary source certainly was seeing me from their infancy the object of their father's tender love and care, seeing me at the same time holding a high place in his estimation as his friend and companion. This taught them that I was to be loved, to be greatly considered, and to be respected, and when they thought of my own conduct to them they found in it evident proofs of tender affection, and the pursuance of what they knew to be their father's wishes and my own with regard to them; steadiness in denying what I considered wrong, but an eager desire to indulge them when I conceived it right they should be indulged.

As they rose out of infancy I left them to their father's management, and studied to become the friend, not the tutoress of my sons. They knew that my influence never

would be made use of improperly towards their father, nor had they any idea of mollifying him or changing his views by their applications to me, but they knew that their confidence in me delighted him, that it pleased him when they went to me in their little difficulties, or to make their confessions, and in me they trusted to find sympathy, kindness, my opinion or advice if they sought it, knowing at the same time that it was unaccompanied by the necessity of adopting it, and when left to me at the most dangerous period of life little able to conduct themselves, little disposed to be directed, I found the happy effects of the system I had followed.

I continued the same practise, and while I secured to them a friend to whom they could and did confide their actions, feelings, difficulties, follies, sorrows, and pleasures, it gave me the best opportunity of influencing them by repeating and recalling to them their father's sentiments, and suggesting my own ; and then left to decide for themselves, their actions (probably even unknown to themselves) were somewhat of the hue of what they had just heard.

The rest of my sons' education was their father's system, growing as they grew, and communicated to me, as I was always the joint partner of the care of our children and made the source through which all indulgencies and pleasures flowed.

I certify the above to be correct in all points.

GEO. NAPIER.

APPENDIX J.

Conversations between the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and Lady Susan O'Brien during a Visit at Melbury.

(*Extract from Lady Susan O'Brien's Journal.*)

Oct. 22, 1817.—Duke & Duchess of Gloucester[1] came; the Duchess first about 5 o'clock, the Duke something later. He, as at Stinsford, treated me as an acquaintance he was glad to find here. Before dinner all met in the saloon. Lord Ilchester led the Dss, the Duke led Lady Il.; they were seated opposite in the middle of the sides of the table. He called me to sit by him, & talked a great deal, & as all the Royal Family that I have met with, incessantly returning to the subject of Lady Sarah & the King's admiration of her & his confidences with me. Like everything else, time & distance have added somewhat to the truth; he asked if some things he repeated had not been said to me; something like them had, but not in the strong & clear manner he supposed; if they had, they could not have been stopped there.

I shewed him her picture, which he & the Dss thought beautiful. I always get out of the subject as well as I can, as it is an unpleasant one, & I really cannot exactly remember things that were said in the unconnected &

[1] William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, born in 1778, son of William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III.; he married, in 1816, his first cousin, Princess Mary, daughter of George III. He died in 1834, and the Duchess in 1857.

lover like style, sometimes half joking, sometimes with more seriousness, so many years ago.

He talked too of his father's *great attachment to me;* how we sat at the Oratorios in boxes that joined, & what great friends we were. It seems surprising to me that all this youthful nonsense gets still talked of. I should not have thought a father's flirtations likely to be transmitted to his son, or that ever it sld be thought of or mentioned when once at an end.

The Duchess talked to me of the Queen's clothes, of her distressing situation on arriving, that the Princess of Wales could not be at St James', & that the King himself told her what she must put on to be married in, that she was quite oppress'd with the weight of her dress. This I cld confirm, for never was any body more loaded. She said the Queen often mentioned her agitation, & her hand trembling as the Duke of York led her, & his comforting her by saying continually, "Courage, Princess, courage!"

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PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES.